



# THE BOYS OWN PAPER

*Quicquid agunt pueri nostri farrago libelli.*

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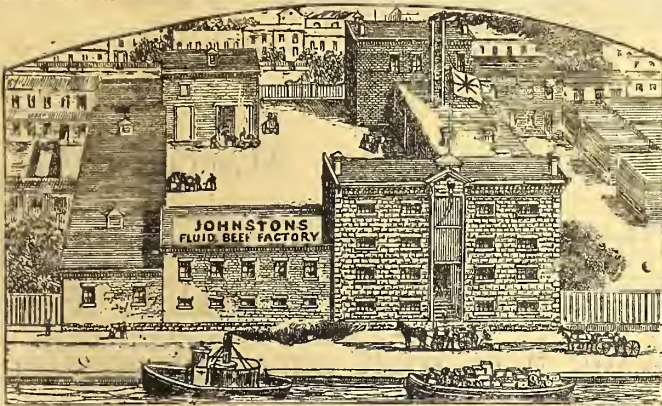
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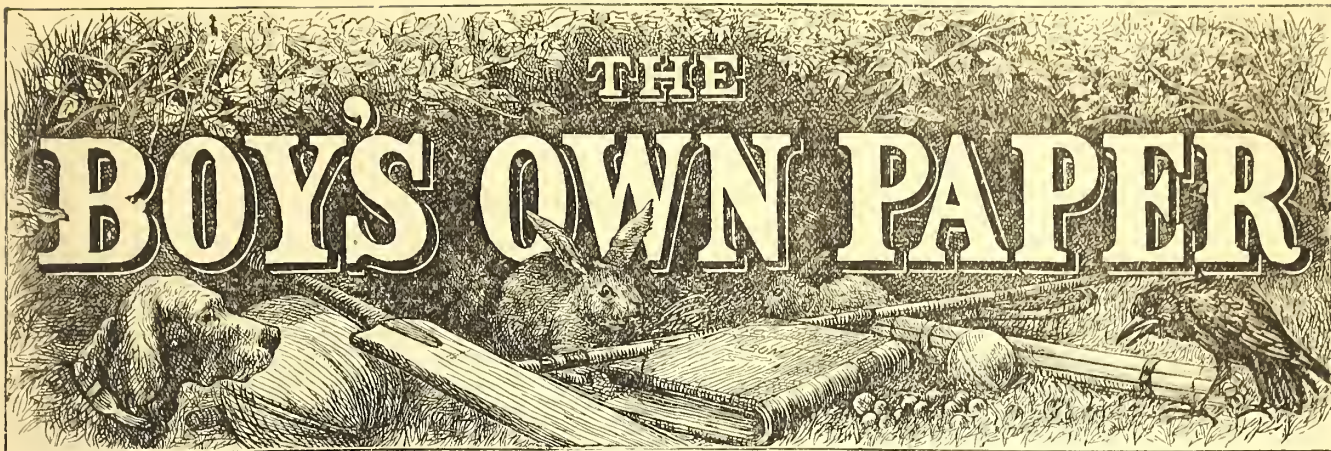
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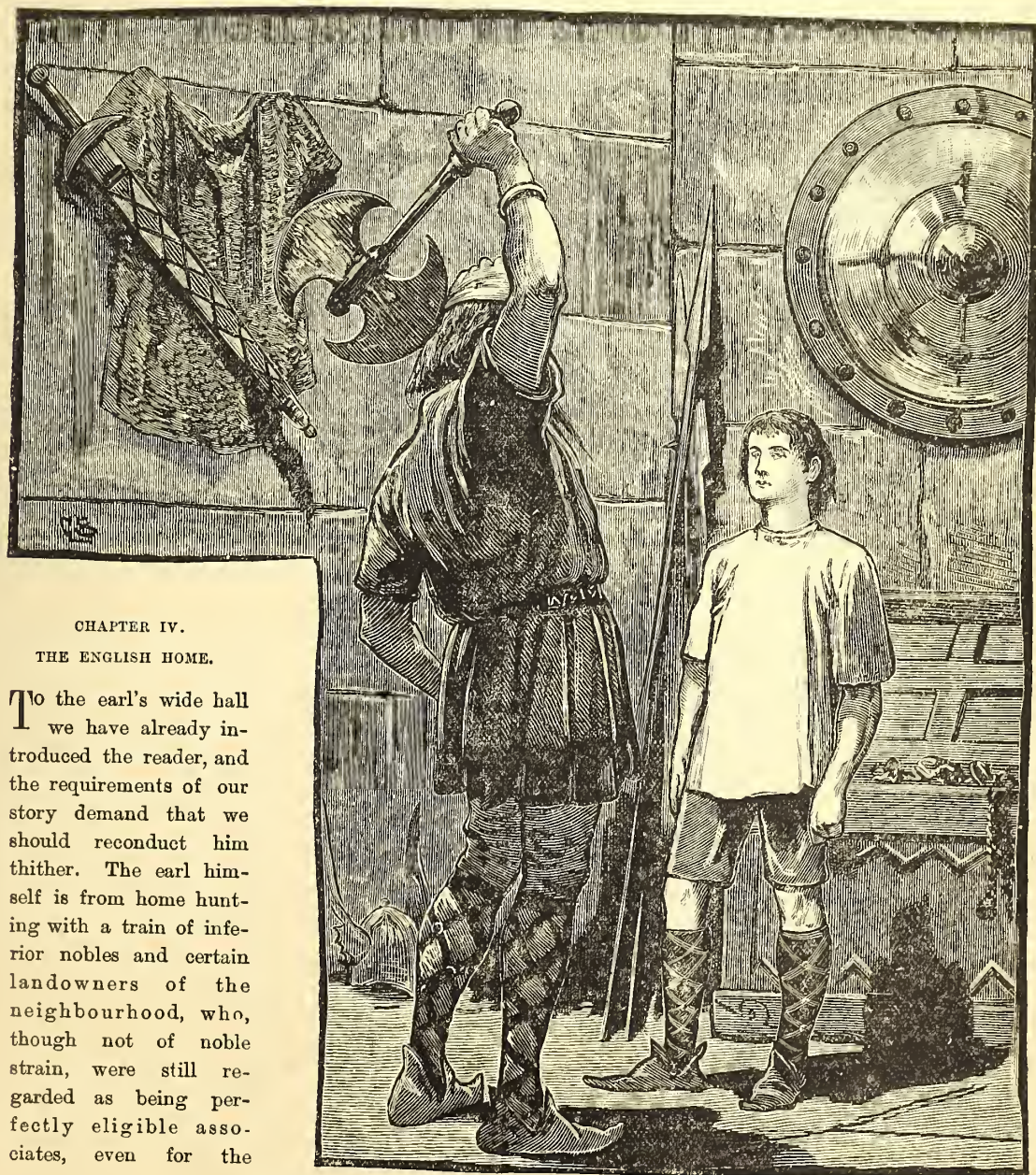
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## HAROLL, THE BOY-EARL: A STORY OF OLD ENGLAND.

By PROFESSOR J. F. HODGETTS.



### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE ENGLISH HOME.

To the earl's wide hall we have already introduced the reader, and the requirements of our story demand that we should reconduct him thither. The earl himself is from home hunting with a train of inferior nobles and certain landowners of the neighbourhood, who, though not of noble strain, were still regarded as being perfectly eligible associates, even for the

"The boy stood stiffly and proudly erect without wincing."—See p. 508.

proud and powerful "Blue Tooth" himself; and the Hlæfdige sat in her "bûr"—or bower, as we now write the word—with her maidens, and embroidered in snow-white wool the stories of the heroes and the wonderful myths of Valhalla. As in later times, these groups of damsels formed a sort of school of art, presided over by the Hlæfdige, or dispenser of bread—our modern lady. Under her guidance they learnt the necessary arts of those days. They could decipher runes, as the ancient English letters of the alphabet were called; they could embroider hangings for the wall, or the small pennons used below the "token," or *sign*, of a warrior's name or family, equivalent to the *badge* of later heraldry. They were taught the science of medicine as far as it was understood in those days, and it was to the full as mysterious and uncanny a science then as it is now. They were acquainted with the use of simples, and of all the various herbs used in medicine; and, as medicine and mystery in those days were closely associated, they were accustomed to employ spells and incantations in their cures, to which they gave quite as much credit as they did to the natural powers of the roots and herbs which they used.

A great delight was when one of the band was called upon to relate some story of the "brave days of old" to the rest, or perhaps a scôp, or poet, would tell some glorious piece of scaldic poetry of the doings of Beowulf, of Walthere, of Hyglac, and of the warriors of old; or the gleeman would at other times sing wonderfully melodious verses made harmonious by a system of alliteration which was well adapted to give force to English verse, and which, indeed, is much better adapted, in my view, to add to its beauty than our modern system of rhyme, to which our language does not seem to take kindly, and which is a modern innovation. These grand old stories in verse were the delight of our forefathers—ay, and of our foremothers too, if we come to that!

On the present occasion one of the gentle craft was telling the story of the death of Baldur, the White God—the god of purity, truth, and goodness; and he dwelt with great feeling on the cruel trick of the evil genius of Valhalla, Utgård Loké, who, placing an arrow of the mistletoe in the hands of Höder, the twin-brother of Baldur, who was born blind, directs his aim so that the arrow pierces the heart of the hero-god, who must descend to the Goddess of the Dead and remain with her. Then the brave gods beg Odin the All-wise, the Father of the race of Valhalla, to ordain that Baldur shall be exempt from the cruel law, but the God of Wisdom declares that the laws cannot be changed, although a compromise may be effected. Then they apply to Hela, the Goddess of the Lower World, whither all cowards are banished, together with those who have led bad lives, or have not died gloriously in the field. At last she relents, and consents to allow Baldur to return to heaven if his hride Nanna can obtain the tears of all things, whether animate or inanimate, in the world. Accordingly Nanna hastens to the earth and obtains the tears of all things save and except those of one little white flower, which the goddess passed over because Utgård Loké was sitting on the stone near which it grew in the disguise of an old woman, hiding it with the garment which he wore. The little flower exclaimed, "Forget me not," but the goddess passed

on and never heard the agonised cry. The flower became blue from sorrow, but he who regards it properly may hear the cry even now. Nanna returned to Valhalla with all the tears collected on the mistletoe arrow, where they remain until this very day. The Goddess Nanna embraces her lord in triumph, holding the mistletoe arrow over his head, and at this day we embrace our friends under the mistletoe to show our love for Baldur. But Hela remarks the absence of the tears of the little blue flower, and declares that Baldur is her lawful prize. Odin now steps in with a compromise, and decrees that Baldur shall remain half his time in the lower regions and half his time on high. This is the origin of day and night! It shows, too, how, if we are blind to evil, we destroy good. Baldur has a son named Forsetti, the God of Justice, and this shows us that if evil succeed in destroying good, justice remains to avenge the deed.

This is only a very brief abstract of the long mythological story chanted by the bard on the occasion of our return to the home of the haughty earl. We add a specimen of scaldic versifications that our readers may see how the alliteration was carried through a poem; but we do not think that they would care to have the whole tale told in this peculiar kind of verse:—

Low boweth Baldur  
Bending to Odin,  
Loud Laughs base Lóké  
His triumph to gain.  
"Home now to Hela  
Hasten thou High one!  
Never shall Nanna  
Name thee again."

Valfather Voweth  
Valhalla's darling  
Half of his time in  
High Heaven shall live.  
And his Bright Bride, too,  
Golden-haired Goddess,  
Her life for her Loved Lord,  
Loving shall give.

Forsetti their Fond son  
Vows his great Father  
Baldur the Beautiful  
Deep to avenge.  
Justice and Judgment  
Jealous pursuing  
Evil and Enviousness,—  
Live without change.

As this last verse was chanted to the sound of the harp, one of the maidens rose and quickly left the room, evidently greatly moved by the sentiment just uttered.

"Gweneth seems to feel the might of song, and truly the lays of high Valhalla are sufficient to move all things, animate and inanimate. Your lay, Osric, has had such effect on the heart of this British maiden as the wonderful words of Nanna had upon the stones and stocks of yore in that they have moved her to tears."

"Nay," said one of the maidens, "Gweneth weeps much and often when alone, but she is too proud to show her grief when other girls are there."

"Well," said another, "it wonders me greatly that our noble earl should put a British captive here amidst our band. She has none of our blood within her veins, and she is wild and wayward: sometimes gentle, soft, and kind; at others fierce and cruel in her looks, so that I almost fear her."

"Bethink thee, Hilda," said the Hlæfdige, with dignity; "the poor child has had no teaching as thou hast to school her thoughts aright. The poor-souled Christians know nothing of Valhalla and its countless joys. And when she hears some verses only of our grand English faith it

touches her straight home. I wonder if it would be good to teach her some of our high mysteries? She is not of the blood of Odin, still we might find a vala to beseech dear Freya to have mercy on her and take her to her bower of bliss hereafter. Yes, Hilda, let some maiden send a churl to Thorgerd Herdabrud, the Danish prophetess; we will consult her. Take this golden arm-ring for the Dane, and let the churl present it in my name. Or stay, bring me a rune-staff. Osric, carve the runes to tell the vala what we want. If she deny my prayer, and say she cannot come to me, tell her that I myself will seek her dwelling in the wood and ask her what I fain would know."

"Lady," said the gleeman, "pray give me leave, and I will do thy bidding to the vala better than the churl. I will say all I can to bring her to thee, and surely in my voice lies much more art than even in the runes!"

"'Tis well!" replied the lady; "and I shall be glad to show that I know how to reward good service."

The gleeman rose, and, standing a moment before the lady, gently inclined his head and bent his knee much as a little girl is taught to make a "curtsey" at the present day—precisely in the attitude which we have seen the boy-earl assume before his father.

With slow and stately steps the scôp withdrew.

"'Tis better he should go!" exclaimed the lady, as the heavy arras fell over the door at his departure. "Thorgerd will scarce come hither, but she will tell Osric when she will see me; and, sooth to say, I yearn to know if she has tidings of my boy."

"The young earl must be proud and happy to have his youthful fellows with him," said Hilda. "Nor can I think it accident that keeps him thus from home. The earl is wise, and loves young Harold dearly—who does not?—and he would never send him forth to danger."

"Hilda," said the lady, proudly, "has contact with yon British girl in fitted thee to speak of Harold and thy lord? Danger! Would any English boy shun danger? Would any English mother sink so low as to withhold her son from danger? And knowest thou the earl so little that thou couldst think he would keep his only son from glory? I think it shame to speak with thee almost if thou hast lost thy English heart and hast become a Briton! If it should be the will of great All-Father to take the boy, right gladly would I part with him; but I believe he has great deeds to do upon the craven Britons, and therefore think not he will die an early death. But this must be as Odin wills it. We are nothing more than tools to work his will."

"Canst thou tell me, gracious lady," said Hilda, "why the mistletoe was chosen by Utgård Loké wherewith to injure Baldur?"

"That is in itself a noble story," said the lady, "and, like all holy lore, has very solemn teachings. It was on this wise:—

"There are three fates in high Valhalla, Urda the past, Verdandi the present, and Skuld the future. The fate of the future, Skuld, prophesied that the bright and beaming one, Baldur, the favoured son of Odin, would die a coward's death in being slain without resistance, and that too by a mortal weapon. On hearing this Odin sent for the Goddess of the Under World, whose name is Hela, and he asked her Low

it might be possible to avert this fate from his beloved son. So Hela said she would give up her claim if all things in creation—beasts, birds, reptiles; trees, shrubs, flowers; metals, earths, stones, fire and water—all should swear a solemn oath never to injure Baldur. Then Nanna, Baldur's wife, was sent to lower earth, and her beauty, goodness, innocence, and eloquence combined won from all created things the promise never to injure Baldur. But as she passed through a forest to ask the trees to give their promise, she saw not the mistletoe which grows thereon, because Utgård Loké was sitting on the bough in the form of a white bird called the crow—so she passed on and the mistletoe never gave the promise.

"Baldur is now pronounced invulnerable. No spear, no weapon can wound him, so the gods institute a game in which each throws his shaft at Baldur, who, unhurt by all their efforts, remains as well as ever. This shows that the powers of Truth and Virtue are such that those who are really good at heart, however they may examine and indeed seem to attack them, can never do them harm. Now Loké, seeing Baldur placed with his back against the holy tree (ever since so called—*our holly*), says that it is unfair for all the gods to shoot at Baldur to the exclusion of his blind brother Hödur, so Hödur is allowed to try his skill, and Loké directs the aim. On flies the shaft—in vain does the golden-combed cock, who had hitherto been the chosen bird of Odin, fly upwards to intercept the arrow. It pierces him and sinks into the heart of Baldur, who falls wounded against the tree. The tree bears the red drops of his blood to this day, and Hela claims her prey. The rest you know. The saga-man or scöop tells the story thus:—

'There is Baldur, the Bright-Browed God of Truth,  
With Nanna near him,  
Who bade all beings, beasts, stones in sooth,  
Swear never to wound her wondrous youth,  
Till Utgård Loké in guise uncouth  
Shapes a mistletoe shaft to spear him.'

"Now, maidens, away, each to her office and then meet we in the maidens' garden and see who best can throw the quoit or fling the gore (a javelin used by the Scandinavian English), and then to deck my lord's gift hall and see the horns are set and mead enough provided. What, girls! 'Tis a noble life and free. Grand is our lot to minister to those who each would gladly give his noble life rather than a hair of our heads should be injured! Honour the brave and virtuous! the daring and the good! See, girls, of such the hosts in high Valhalla are composed, and they are Odin's champions chosen from the field. Why do they seek to die in the grim game of war? Because in yonder life eternal they know that we shall see them once again and never more to part. It is an iron door that leads to life eternal, but that once passed the warrior knows his bliss is certain. All-Father is right good to his sons, he gives them joy on earth and everlasting joys when this life closes on his fame. His body dies, his soul dies never. His fame on earth shall live for ever."

In this way the great and good lady, much as great and good ladies do now, taught and cheered her maidens. She was but a pagan, yet was there even in those pagan times that in our English blood that proved good ground for the seed when sown.

The ways of God are inscrutable; they are not our ways, and most certain it is that

there was in the pagan creed of our own race two thousand years ago matter which in His hand has served to prepare the way for a fuller reception of the truth than seemed possible among other races enjoying what some people are apt to regard as a higher state of civilisation than that known to our own ancestors.

The good lady paused as she left the hall with her maidens on hearing the din made by the boys in their exercise, or "play" as it was called, and, perhaps a pang shot through the mother's heart as she heard so many voices, but not that of her own Harold! Where was he? Whatever feelings arose in her mind, she suppressed them, and turning to her maidens said, "Walk gently on, my children, I will join you anon." Saying these words, she opened a small wicket in the palisade which separated her special part of the house and grounds from that which was devoted to the training of the youth of good blood belonging to various families in the neighbourhood, and all entrusted to the great earl so that they might have the advantage of learning somewhat of the grand art of war under so renowned a champion. An old man, a trusty warrior grey in the service of the earl and true as the steel he wore, had been appointed "schoolmaster," and was now waving a mimic blade on high, as the boys, breaking from the formation of the wedge in which they had been drawn up in silence for a time, formed a line in excellent order, shouting, "Tius, Tius!" as they ran each to his place. This, by the way, is the name of the warrior god who was supposed to be the especial patron of the youthful hero. It is said that the frequent appeals to this deity being so often heard by the Romans was the origin of their calling all the Germans *Tiutones* or *Teutones*.

This was the din that the lady heard as, stepping to the little gate, she opened it and looked in. Instantly a deafening "Hurrah!" burst from the boys, who struck their small linden-wood bucklers with their little swords so as to produce no bad imitation of the applause thundered by their sires at the great "things," or general meetings, which they frequented, and which later on we hope to exhibit to our readers. The sound was hushed at a wave of Hilding's hand, and the old man advanced to the great lady of the house with respectful but not servile demeanour which sat uncommonly well upon him. Using the same kind of graceful bend to which we have already alluded, he asked her in a low tone, "Comes the lady of the hall to tell us tidings of Harold the earl?"

Low as the tone was in which this question was put, it had not escaped the boys, and though no one left his place each head was thrust forward to catch her answer. The lady, seeing their great desire to have tidings of her son, replied, in a loud, clear, cheerful voice, "Harold has not sent for aid, so we may fairly deem he wants none. I trust my son, and that he knows; he dares not act amiss lest it should grieve my heart. So I am sure he will not disappoint me. Nor will these bonny boys," she added, with a smile that gladdened those young hearts like sunshine falling on a bed of freshest flowers, "disappoint me either."

The reader must remember that Harold, at the time of our return to the home of his father, had been many days absent, and no dove had returned, nor had any of the boys come home alone. The idea of

his having merely ridden forth on a hunting expedition and lost his way was never for a moment entertained, and the other boys looked upon the whole proceeding with mingled awe and envy. Harold was a great favourite with them; his invariable good temper, coolness, and "dash" were qualities sufficient to win him adherents and partisans, even though he had been son of a less distinguished father. As it was, he was highly popular, and was, in every sense of the word, a thorough boy. His mother was a woman of her time and class—kind, well-meaning, benevolent to all, but very proud of her position as wife to the "great earl." Enthusiastic in military matters, she gazed with pride on the little band of future warriors, who were not less proud at being seen to advantage by the Hleifdige, who, however, shortly withdrew to join her maidens.

Left to themselves, the youngsters now resumed their "play," as all kinds of martial exercise were called by our ancestors, and many evolutions they practised, and many clever feats displayed. Among these the most conspicuous were—throwing heavy bars to a considerable distance with great precision and skill; attacking with swords of wood, and defending themselves adroitly with their model shields; shooting with the bow and arrow. Rowing, leaping, running, swimming, and wrestling were then as now important items in a boy's education. But there was an accomplishment, now forgotten, which took a very prominent position in the Anglo-Saxon curriculum, and that was rolling immense masses of stone up the sides of hills or along plains; and it is astonishing to what a degree of proficiency these youngsters attained in this singular art. Nor was the mind forgotten. In winter, long sagas and scaldic poems had to be learnt by heart. Runes were taught—that is to say, the boys had to learn the outer signs of these letters, their inner mystic meaning, and how to carve them and use them for sending messages. The long recitals learnt by heart gave the boys great power over their native tongue, which was the only language taught. They spoke it fluently, and very purely, because as yet there were no admixtures of Latin words to complicate it.

(To be continued.)

## THE TIGERSKIN:

A STORY OF CENTRAL INDIA.

By LOUIS ROUSSELET,

Author of "The Two Cabin Boys," "The Drummer Boy," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE BANQUET OF THE SHARKS.

HALF an hour after their arrival the three travellers, thanks to John, had made good all damages received at their landing. The doctor had abandoned his travelling jacket for his best black coat, and looked exactly like a notary. Barbarou had resumed his beloved garb of a merchant captain, and Lord Everest had become the correct gentleman we met at Marseilles.

"This hotel," said Holbeck, "seems to me a very wretched shanty, but there is none better in the country."

"At Bombay; that is to say, in the town," observed Everest. "I looked up Murray on the subject. But there are

better in the suburbs, and I would suggest that, if it is your intention to stop here, we go in search of a more comfortable place to-morrow."

"Meanwhile," said Barbarou, "let the hotel be good or bad, it seems to me that the time has come for us to try its cookery. I do not know what time it is, but my inside has long since sounded the dinner hour."

"It is at this moment noon at Mar-

attendants. The diners paused in their silent mastication, and, shocked and surprised, looked up at the author of this unpardonable proceeding, and then, having recognised him as merely a French sailor, they gave their heads a disdainful toss and continued their rapid process of deglutition.

Barbarou, seeing no one coming, continued his carillon without troubling himself about the company.

At last the master of the establishment

their position behind the chairs of our friends, and soon enabled them to make up for lost time.

Everest, forgetting his melancholy, followed the example of his comrades, and without a thought partook of the dishes which succeeded each other with giddy rapidity. Malligatawny soup, fish and curried prawns, chickens and chutney, beef and red sauce, etc., etc. It was not till after the thirteenth plate that Barbarou took occasion to observe,

"It seems to me that all these things are tremendously peppered."

"You can well say that," added Holbeck; "the dishes are worthy of Pluto's table. I can no longer feel my tongue, and I am sure that my lips are blistered. The hotel-keeper wishes to show us that we are in the proper country for spices."

The speed with which the plates succeeded each other almost stopped conversation. It was necessary to be silent and to hasten unless you wished to lag behind and disturb the harmony of the well-ordered service.

To the peppered meats there now succeeded a series of sugared confections, puddings, blanchmanges, fruit patties, guava jellies, tarts, conserves, etc.

Imitating his countrymen at the table, Everest in a slow and wearied manner attacked all that was put before him; but in spite of his apparent slowness the impetuous Holbeck had great difficulty in keeping up with him, and when the doctor saw the fruit appear he gave a deep sigh of satisfaction.

"Ha! we are nearing the end of this banquet of the sharks. My dear friend," said he to Everest, "I should like you to know that if I am doomed to feed in this way for many days I shall go off with plethora."

"Nonsense!" said the young man. "It is the proper thing. Look at our neighbours, they none of them seem to suffer."

"Nevertheless," said the doctor, "the English here are said to die like flies. I see now that the climate is not the only cause. If you feed like this the climate of an earthly paradise would be fatal to the strongest stomach."

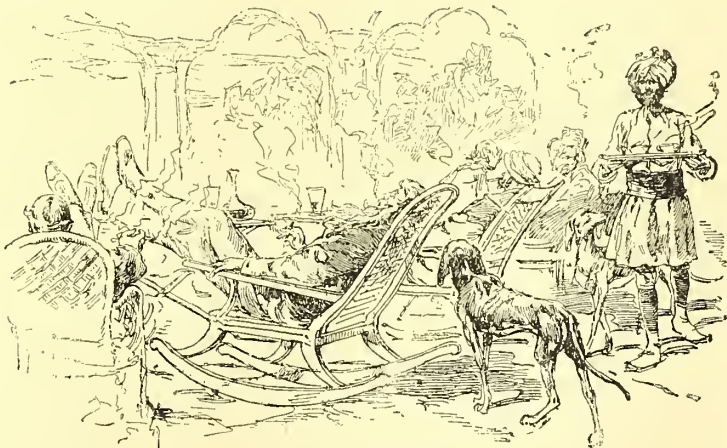
Among the fruits there was one which more than any other excited the doctor's curiosity; it was the mango, the celebrated fruit which is at its best at Bombay. However, when Holbeck, cutting a mango in two, had taken a spoonful of the yellowish pulp, he made an atrocious grimace.

"Alas!" said he. "How can we believe what travellers say? I have read a description of the mango comparing the fruit to the nectar of Olympus, and it tastes to me like sherbet and turpentine."

"Only a question of appreciation," said Everest, philosophically. "Perhaps after a fortnight of turpentine the throat would get so accustomed to it that it could not do without it. In London the publicans, under the name of gin, are said to sell American petroleum broken down with a little alcohol, and the people are quite indignant if they are deprived of the delightful mixture."

At last the meal reached its close. The ladies rose and left the room, while the gentlemen, after saluting their departure with a mere attempt at a rise, resumed their seats. Everest took a case out of his pocket and offered it to his companions.

"My dear friends," said he, "I can hardly express my happiness at finding myself at last in this land of India, where



Preparing for Dinner.

seilles," said Everest, consulting his watch.

"And that means, unless I am mistaken, six o'clock at Bombay," said the doctor.

He had scarcely finished when the loud roar of a gong made the wooden walls of the hotel shake again.

"That is dinner!" shouted Barbarou, with much glee, recognising a signal in the unusual disturbance.

The three friends came down from their room in great haste. To reach the dining-room they had to cross a veranda crowded with idlers, who, lolling about in careless attitudes, were preparing for dinner by the free absorption of various drinks.

The dining-room was a large hall with an immense table in its centre covered with fruits and flowers and glass. Above the table and along the whole length of the room hung a frame of wood covered with calico, which was swinging backwards and forwards by cords leading away from it, and served as a gigantic fan.

Our three friends took their seats; the guests, both ladies and gentlemen, came in, and soon the table was full. The native butler quietly clapped his hands. Instantly a crowd of servants clothed in long white robes and wearing large turbans began to serve the soup. Each domestic brought in a plate and placed it in front of one of the diners, and, having done so, stood upright and motionless behind the chair with arms folded.

Barbarou was the first to notice that they were not being served; but Holbeck calmed his impatience by pointing out that as they were the last to arrive it was only just that they should be the last to be served. He was still speaking when again at a signal from the butler the servants started off all together, took away the plates, and, replacing them by others, again stood motionless.

At this Barbarou, who, like his friends, sat in front of his empty plate, could contain himself no longer. Seizing his knife, he jingled it furiously against his glass.

The unusual sound seemed to astound the

approached, scared almost out of his wits, and bending down confidentially between the doctor and the Marseillais, whispered to them.

"Let me beg you to stop this disturbance. My table is only frequented by gentlemen, and a noise like this will bring discredit on my house. What can I do to please you?"

"This is too much!" exclaimed Holbeck, whose anger had begun to rise; "he asks what he can do to please us! Man, can't you give us something to eat?"

"To eat?" exclaimed the hotel-keeper, quite astonished.

"Has he gone mad?" asked the doctor, all of a fume. "Do you think we have sat down here to see other people eat?"

A ray of light seemed to penetrate the obtuse cranium of the Parsee.

"I see what it is," he said, "these gentlemen possibly have not got khitmatgars?"

"What's that?" said Holbeck.

"The khitmatgar is the domestic that waits at table," answered the hotel-keeper.

"Call my servant, will you?" interrupted Lord Everest.

"Impossible, my lord," answered the Parsee; "your servant is European, and he cannot wait at table with natives, for they would lose their caste."

"Well," exclaimed Barbarou, "you can do what you like; get us khitmatgars or Chinamen just as you please, but if you don't give me my dinner I'll jump on this table, I'll smash your crockery, and I'll soon put a stopper on these people eating away before my eyes."

Frightened at this terrible threat, the hotel-keeper hastened to say,

"Stop, sir, pray; my own private servants will wait on you, but your excellency will pardon my saying it is very unusual."

"My dinner!" said Barbarou, now become quite fierce.

The Parsee disappeared; a moment afterwards three turbaned men took up

a secret presentiment warns me that I shall find the catastrophe of my sorrowful fate."

"Everest!" said Holbeck, interrupting him, in a tone of friendly reproach. "And our bargain?"

"I forget it not!" continued the young man; "and I promise to do all I can to help you to attain the result you desire. Only I have yet another favour to ask of friend Holbeck. He knows how all money matters are painful to me—the sight of a gold coin fills me with distress; and consequently I beg him to become the administrator of our finances—the manager of our expedition—with the consent of Barbarou, of course, understood."

"Barbarou is agreeable," said the Marsellais.

"From to-day," continued Everest, "let the doctor have charge of the cash-box; he it is who will arrange and pay and engage. I know it is a heavy task I am asking him to assume, but I appeal to the goodness of his heart, for my recovery is concerned."

"Oh! the artfulness of the man!" exclaimed Holbeck. "Just as I was going to refuse he appeals to my feelings. But it is too bad what you ask. I shall have to make notes and keep accounts."

"We don't want any notes or accounts," replied Everest. "Each puts what he can spare into the fund, and when there is no more money it is because there is no more."

"Oh, I see!" said Holbeck. "Quite so! When we put in a penny you put in a pound. No, no; we must go equal shares."

"Doctor!" said the young Englishman, imploringly.

"Well, I will say neither yes nor no; we will arrange it by-and-by;" and as he said so the good doctor jumped up from his chair as if he had been stung by one of his own *cryptoceri*.

He had just turned his head a little, and behold! in front of him an immense pair of boots, placed in the middle of the table. To the boots belonged a pair of legs of interminable length, and the pair of legs ended in a gigantic Englishman, who was carelessly sprawling in a rocking-chair. But his astonishment became stupefaction when, following the example, Holbeck saw all the rest of his table companions in the same position, lolling at full length in their chairs and stretching their legs among the glasses and bottles on the mahogany of the table. With a scared look he demanded an explanation from his companions.

"Custom of the country," said Everest, calmly. "I have often seen old Indian officers put their feet on the table after meals."

"Oh, indeed!" said Holbeck. "The custom is not particularly elegant, but travellers are always learning something. For my part, I only stretch myself when I go to bed. Let us go."

#### CHAPTER IX.—A RESTLESS NIGHT.

THE travellers regained their room, and before surrendering themselves to the pleasures of well-earned sleep proceeded to explore their apartment.

It was a large square place, with white plastered walls. Rice-straw matting, fine and silky, covered the floor, but the ceiling was only a cloth hooked up to the rafters and ornamented with several holes, through which the roof was visible. A few cane chairs and two dressing-tables were the only furniture. We were forgetting, how-

ever, the three beds so pompously announced by the Parsec hotel-keeper. Ranged in battle array in the centre of the room, they looked, with their high mosquito curtains, more like catafalques. It was towards them that the prudent Holbeck first advanced.

"Certainly," said he, "this room is not a palace; "but I have seen better at St. Louis on the Senegal, and even at Rio Janeiro. The great thing is that the beds

it. Then, having accomplished these different operations, he gave a long sigh of satisfaction.

"At length," said he, "we are near the close of this terrible day of arrival. Do you remember what I said to you, Everest—there is nothing more dreadful than such a day? Be it fine weather or wet weather, it is always the time of disappointment and disillusion. You arrive with your head stuffed full of what you have read



"By its feeble glimmer he beheld Barbarou."

should be passable; that they should be good would be asking too much."

And, opening one of the curtains, he peeped into the interior of the muslin cage.

"Confound it!" he said, briskly withdrawing his head; "the mattress is as little and thin as a farthing jumble, and they have forgotten to give us any bed-clothes!"

"John, go and find some," said Everest. "I see, in this country, if you want anything done you must do it yourself."

While John went to execute his orders Holbeck made himself comfortable in one of the chairs, took his pipe out of his pocket, deliberately loaded it, and lighted

about the country, and you are astonished to see that the reality in no way resembles the picture. And it is always the same. When you first see Paris you are surprised to find the famous boulevards bordered with houses much like those of other towns; in Switzerland the mountains appear very much like hills; and the first sight of the sea is a disappointment to most people. Here doubtless you expected to land on a sandy beach shaded with palm-trees, whose summits were garlanded with creepers and flowers; a golden palki, borne by men of bronze, to lead you to a palace of marble encrusted with jasper and onyx, and turbaned servants clothed in cashmere prostrate at your feet.

Do not say no! These are the pictures which I am sure vaguely floated through your mind, evoked by the magic name of India. I see in your face that you are disappointed. As for me, I am not."

"That is because you are a philosopher," interrupted Everest.

"Not at all," replied the doctor; "but I remember what happened to me with one of the most illustrious poets of our time. His works made my heart thrill, and I thought of the happiness I should have in beholding the immortal genius face to face. The happiness was accorded me. One day I met with the poet at one of my friends'. The Titan had the face and figure of a tradesman retired from business; and when he opened his mouth it was to complain of a cold in the head, which he had had for a week. Countries are like men; you must not judge them by appearances."

"But, my dear Holbeck," said Everest, "you are not making enough of it. Do you really think I was silly enough to pass judgment in that daring fashion on a country in which I have barely set foot? I admit that at first sight it is not very promising, and that I should not have been sorry for your gilded palki to get across the flat through which we had to paddle, but I hope that we shall manage that sort of thing in time, and that the country will prove more hospitable to us as we go on."

"Ah! at last here is John," said Barbarou, repressing a yawn, for these philosophical dissertations had a soporific tendency.

The servant entered. Behind him came the hotel-keeper.

"My lord," said the Parsee, addressing Everest, "I have come myself to inquire what you want, for your servant cannot make it clear to me what it is."

"They have forgotten to put the clothes on the beds," said the young man.

"Clothes!" repeated the Parsee, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, clothes!" said Holbeck, who had evidently become very irritable; "clothes to cover the beds."

"Clothes!" said the hotel-keeper. "But I have not got any!"

"What! you have not got any?" exclaimed the doctor, bounding from his chair. "Is this a new species of the dinner joke? If so, please say how you go to bed in this country!"

"We people," said the Parsee, "lie on the ground on the mats, but European gentlemen lie on the beds."

"With their clothes on?"

"Yes, sir."

"Really!" said the doctor, somewhat abashed.

"It is so, sir," continued the Parsee. "It will be easy for you to-morrow to procure clothes of very fine soft silk which are used for the purpose. It would be impossible for you to go to bed in any other way; you would be stifled in a European bed, or else you would be devoured by mosquitos."

"You are right," said Holbeck, a little ashamed of his hastiness. "We will do as the rest do. You can retire."

The hotel-keeper left them, followed by John, who went off to the small room which had been secured for him in a corner of the hotel.

"In short," said Barbarou, "this is quite a country of savages, and is no better than the Gaboon. Just look! The windows have no glass in them; they are only

luffer-shutters. And half the laths are missing. If we were on the ground floor I am sure the jackals could get into the room, as they did one day when—"

But the gallant sailor did not finish his yarn, for he suddenly dropped the light he held in his hand and rolled on to the ground with a fearful yell. The light went out as it fell, and the room was plunged in profound darkness.

Everest rapidly felt his way to his companion's assistance, while Holbeck was so startled that he upset the table and all that was on it.

All the time Barbarou seemed to be fighting in the dark with some mysterious enemy, and keeping up a continual roar. Everest was unable to reach the Marseillais; in his hurry he ran up against one of the beds, fell sprawling into the curtains, and got wrapped up in their folds as if he had been in a net.

Holbeck, in quite an agony, heard the loud shouts of the Englishman mingled with the yells of Barbarou, and felt his heart fail him. Thoughts of thugs, of garotters, of dacoits, rushed through his brain. With all the force of his lungs he shouted for help, and at the same time, remembering that he had some wax matches, he endeavoured to throw a little light on the scene of carnage; but the matches had shared in his bath when he arrived and refused to strike.

At last the voice of Barbarou rose again above the uproar, and the trembling doctor heard him exclaim, in a tone of triumph,

"Ah! I've got him this time! I think I've strangled him!"

With a frenzied scrape Holbeck lit one of the matches, and by its feeble glimmer beheld Barbarou standing in front of him with his hand all covered with blood and holding up an animal of unfamiliar shape.

"I was talking about jackals," began the sailor. "Here is one that can boast of having given me a fright. I never should have believed that an animal could jump like this; he seized hold of my throat, and

museum. Look, its wings have a spread of nearly a yard. With its russet coat, slender head, pointed ears, and pointed snout, it is well worthy of its popular name of the flying fox. But it is only a bat; the queen of the cheiroptera, it is true. It is *Pteropus edulis*, a common Indian species, and derives its name from its cookery qualities. They say its flesh is equal in flavour and delicacy to a wild rabbit. And so, Barbarou, the author of all your terror was only a bat."

"I don't see," said Barbarou, rather humiliated, "that there is anything agreeable in being throttled by a vampire."

"Oh! a vampire!" said the doctor.

"That is a libel; the roussette is an honest, inoffensive sort of a bat. He had no intention of sucking your blood. He was attracted by the light, and accidentally knocked up against you, and then, losing his balance, he seized hold of your neck. The embrace of his cold sticky wings is not likely to have been very pleasant, and had I been in your place I should probably have shouted just as much."

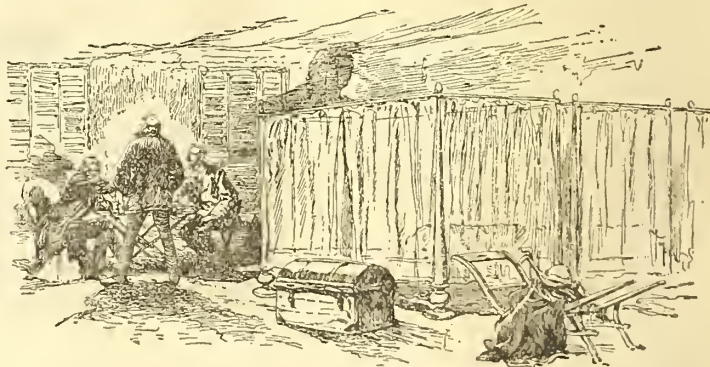
"The best part of all this is," said Everest, "that not a soul came to see what the noise was about. We must not trust to other people's help in this country."

"Well," said the doctor, "the adventure will add a curious specimen to our collection."

And to stifle their emotions, the three friends retired to their respective beds, or rather disappeared beneath the mosquito curtains and stretched themselves half dressed on the mattress.

In a few seconds Barbarou and Everest were sound asleep. Holbeck was awake for some time, the state of excitement in which he had passed the day prevented his resuming his habitual calm.

At length weariness triumphed, and he slept, but his sleep was troubled with a nightmare. He dreamt that he had been shipwrecked, and had taken refuge in a cavern, where he was attacked by hideous



"Countries are like men; you must not judge them by appearances."

in a little more I should have been strangled. And he has got pointed teeth, which stuck into my fingers like needles."

Everest having been rescued from the mosquito curtain, and the doctor having lighted the candle, the animal underwent a careful examination.

"But," said Holbeck, "this is no jackal, this is a bat."

And, taking hold of it, he extended the long membranes, which made it look like a fox furnished with a demon's wings.

"Yes," said he, "it is a roussette, and a better one than I ever saw in a

monsters. Suddenly he found himself a prisoner in a house on fire; the fire-bell sounded the alarm, the firemen sent the streams of water on to the flaming partitions, but a strange torpor prevented Holbeck from moving, and he beheld himself the prey of the flames. At length he made a superhuman effort—and awoke.

At first he thought the dream was a reality; the sound of bells filled the room, and water was trickling over his face. With a bound he was out of bed, but the cool grey light of the morning showed him his mistake.

Outside, the rain was falling in torrents, and the doctor found that the water had come through the roof, and, running along the calico ceiling, was streaming into the room. It seemed that this was nothing extraordinary, and had been provided for, inasmuch as copper basins had been placed at the corners to receive the main drippings. It was the drops falling on to the metal of the basins that gave the bell-like sounds. The rain-water in other places, but in lesser quantity, was coming through on the furniture and the beds.

What was to be done? Holbeck remained undecided. His comrades were bravely sleeping through the rain. To wake them would be cruel; on the other hand, it would never do to let them get

soaked. A sudden inspiration struck him. Spying their umbrellas at the side of the room, he opened them, and placed one inside the curtains over the head of each of the sleepers, and then, having prepared a similar shelter for himself, he lay down.

The thought of his companions sleeping calmly beneath the umbrellas made him smile.

"Why have we not an artist with us?" he said to himself; "he would have a fine subject for an allegorical tableau. Youth and strength, personified by Everest and Barbaron, reposing beneath the shield of Science."

And, quite contented with himself, he fell off to sleep.

(To be continued.)

## CHINESE GORDON.

ON Friday, January 18th last, at eight o'clock in the evening, the travellers at Charing Cross Station beheld Lord Granville buy a ticket at the booking-office and hurry along the platform in chase of Lord Wolseley, who was struggling under a portmanteau, while the Duke of Cambridge, acting as porter, held open the door of a first-class carriage, into which stepped a short, wiry-built, soldierly-looking gentleman, in whom all seemed much interested. The Adjutant-General swung in the bag, the Commander-in-Chief closed the door, the Foreign Secretary handed in the ticket, and as the last shake of the hand was given the guard blew his whistle and the train steamed out of the station.

The passenger so highly distinguished was "Chinese Gordon," bound for the Soudan—the man as distinguished for his simple faith and earnest prayers as a Christian, as for his military genius and courage.

The son of the late General Henry Gordon, he was born at Woolwich on January 23th, 1833. Since the days that the "soldier race" first came to the front beyond the Border, in the days of Malcolm Cammohr, no bearer of his world-wide name has had a more distinguished career.

Charles Gordon first saw service in the trenches before Sebastopol, where his capacity as an Engineer officer procured him many encomiums. As one of the Commissioners for settling the Russo-Turkish boundary at the conclusion of the Crimean War he again came into prominence, and for some years, while engaged in these demarcation duties, he resided in Armenia. He is one of the few men who have ascended Mount Ararat—and one of the fewer still whose ascent of that mystic mountain has been believed in. Ordered to China in 1860, he went through the Taku Fort War, and was present at the capture and looting of Peking.

In 1863 the Chinese Government were in great distress. The Taipings were closing round them, and the Manchoo race seemed in danger of that extermination which the fanatical rebels had threatened. Victory after victory had been won by the disciples of Hung, the "Heavenly King," who for twenty years had been gaining ground in Southern China, and had recently possessed himself of Nankin. Hung's armed followers were numbered by hundreds of thousands, and their five wings, under his five Wangs, ranged the country far and near, torturing and destroying in the most approved Celestial fashion in their steady advance to the cities of the seacoast. The British were asked to appoint a general to command the Imperialist forces in the place of the Yankee Burgiveine—who had mistaken his profession—and Colonel Gordon was selected. He immediately took command of the Sunkiang force, then consisting of about four thousand men, and these formed the nucleus of the now immortal "Ever Victorious Army."

Gradually the four thousand were added to; and thoroughly organised, and daringly led, they cleared the Chinese Empire of the dreaded Taipings. Fort after fort was taken, town after town was won from the rebels, and the march of victory was never stayed. For the first time

China found a general whose discipline was strict as iron, whose actions were dictated by no thought of self-enrichment, and whose word could be relied on alike by friend and foe. Gordon was no respecter of persons, as later on he told the Soudan Arabs, "I will hold the balance level;" so did he with the semi-civilised Chinese; and, revolver in hand, he even hunted Li Hung Chang himself from house to house for several days because he had dishonoured and massacred the prisoners he had pledged his word to save.

To give his men confidence, Gordon, in battle, bore no weapons. In his hand he carried what his superstitious troops called his "wand of victory"—a slender bamboo walking-cane. He seemed to bear a charmed life. Where the danger was greatest and the bullet-hail thickest there was the general, in the politest manner possible inviting his men to come on. By the most consummate audacity and skill he led his army from triumph to triumph, and disaster was unknown. Once it is even related that under a terrific fire which made his storming party waver, he turned quietly round and faced his men, and taking his cigar-case out of his pocket, chose a cigar, bit off its end, and leisurely lighted it with a fusee while the bullets whistled round him in vain, and the stormers, halting in their retreat, gazed on in wonder until at a word from him they re-formed and in their second effort carried all before them. Once he was hit in the leg, but he stood still giving his orders until he nearly fainted from loss of blood and had to be carried off the field; but even this did not break the charm or shake the faith that his men had in him. The "Ever Victorious Army" grew and grew, and simply elbowed the Taipings out of existence. The slaughter was terrific; out of a hundred officers he lost nearly half, but he rescued the Chinese Empire from extinction and saved the lives of at least a hundred thousand men.

"Never," said the "Times," "did soldier of fortune deport himself with a nicer sense of military honour, with more gallantry against the resisting and with more mercy towards the vanquished, with more disinterested neglect of opportunities of personal advantage, or with more entire devotion to the objects and desires of his own Government. A history of operations among cities of uncouth names, and in provinces the geography of which is unknown except to special students, would be tedious and uninteresting. The result of Colonel Gordon's operations, however, is this: He found the richest and most fertile districts of China in the hands of the most savage brigands. The silk districts were the scenes of their cruelty and riot, and the great historical cities of Hangchow and Sochow were rapidly following the fate of Nankin, and were becoming desolate ruins in their possession. Gordon cut the rebellion in half, recovered the great cities, isolated and utterly discouraged the fragments of the brigand power, and left the marauders nothing but a few tracts of devastated country. All this he effected—first by the power of his arms, and afterwards still more rapidly by the terror of his name."

Honours and wealth were pressed upon him, but with the exception of a few complimentary decorations, making him one of the greatest subjects of the Emperor, he left China without taking a penny of reward; and when he returned to his country he refused to be lionised, and quietly resumed his duties as a colonel of Engineers.

From 1865 to 1871 he was stationed at Gravesend, engaged in fortifying the banks of the Thames, and during his leisure there did an immense amount of good work among the poor and needy. "God Bless the Kernel!" was the legend chalked on many a fence in those days by the Gravesend street-boys, by whom he was almost worshipped; and many grown men still bless the Colonel for having taken them out of the gutter and given them their start in life. On his mantelpiece was a map of the world, stuck all over with pins, each showing the whereabouts of some lad whom he had helped on to the ladder. Very many of these "arabs" did he rescue. He used to clothe them and keep them for weeks at his own home, read to them and teach them, and then when he thought they were fit to go to sea he would come up to London with them, take them round with him to find suitable berths, and personally see them safely on shipboard; and from them, from all parts of the globe, grateful little letters would come, showing that the Colonel's influence for good had not been lost by time or distance. "God Bless the Kernel!" indeed! Verily the lads of Gravesend, though weak in their spelling, were strong in their sense, and had good cause for their chalking. "His house was a school and hospital and almshouse in turn, and more like the abode of a missionary than of a colonel of Engineers. The poor, the sick, the unfortunate, were ever welcome, and never did suppliant knock vainly at his door." But herein, as in all things else, he had a horror of publicity and self-advertisement. He kept away from all fashionable gatherings; and just as he tore up the major part of the first book written about him, so that all his acts of personal bravery and events in which he was the principal figure were omitted from it, so would he have no details given of his noble work during these six years of well-doing. His great life-motive was all sufficient. The love of Christ constrained him.

In 1871 he left England for Turkey to assume an appointment as one of the Danube Commissioners, and thence he went to Africa, where he had been requested by the Khedive to succeed Sir Sammel Baker. Baker had been appointed by Ismail in 1869 to conquer the countries to the south of Gondokoro, to suppress the slave trade, to introduce a system of regular commerce into the Soudan, to open to navigation the great lakes of the Equator, and to establish a chain of military stations and trading depôts throughout Central Africa; and after four years of exciting work, admirably described in his "Ismailia," had come back to civilisation.

The district thus entrusted to Gordon's care was about the size of India. He entered on his duties in February, 1874, and with characteristic energy began with an expedition from one end of his domain to the other. He ascended the Nile to within a few miles of Lake Victoria, and turned back only at the border of King Mtesa's country. Military posts were established all up the river from Khartoum to the lakes, and a steamer was taken overland in sections and launched on the Albert Nyanza.

To Gordon's war with the slave-dealers, and his final defeat of the slave-king Zehelr, we have space but to allude. The difficulties of the task were enormous. Short of food, short of men, the climate so unhealthy that nearly all the Europeans were killed or invalided, he kept on his way undaunted, and it was only when the Court intrigues became too glaring, and the prisoners he sent to Cairo for punishment were found dancing at the Khedive's balls, that he resigned his arduous task.

In December, 1876, he was back in London; but Ismail knew his value, and followed him with invitations to return. Trusting to the Khedive's promises to let him have his own way

and to honourably support him, he consented to re-enter the Egyptian service; and on February 18th left Cairo for Massawa, and thence on to Khartoum. His feats on camelback on this and other occasions were really marvellous. Says he in one of his letters: "I have a splendid camel—none like it; it flies along, and quite astonishes even the Arabs. I came flying into this station in marshal's uniform, and before the men had had time to unpile their arms I had arrived, with only one man with me. I could not help it; the escort did not come in for an hour and a half afterwards. The Arab chief who came with me said it was the telegraph. The Gordons and the camels are of the same race—let them take an idea into their heads, and nothing will take it out. If my camel feels inclined to go in any particular direction, there he will go, pull as much as you like. The grand cordon was given to a man who guaranteed to give it to me as we approached the station; but, alas! it did not come for an hour afterwards. It is fearful to see the Governor-General, arrayed in gold clothes, flying along like a madman, with only a guide, as if he was pursued. The Mudir had not time to gather himself together before the enemy was on him. Some of the guards were down at a well, drinking; it was no use, before they got half-way to their arms, the goal was won. Specks had been seen in the vast plain around the station, moving towards it (like Jehu's advance), but the specks were few—only two or three—and were supposed to be the advance guard, and before the men of Fogia knew where they were, the station was taken. The artillerymen were the only ones ready!"

In 1877 he rode 3,840 miles on camels; in 1878 nearly as many; in the three years he travelled over 8,500 miles. He was indefatigable in his pursuit of the slave-dealers, flying across



[Photographed on his return from China.]

the country like a meteor, taking them unawares, and freeing the slaves in all directions. Round his palace-gates at Khartoum a huge crowd stood all day to catch a glimpse of the Governor "who held the balance level." At the door was a letter-box for petitions; every one could put his petition into it, and every petition was considered, and justice promptly administered. When he became absolute ruler of the Soudan he warned Ismail that he would make it impossible for Turks and Circassians ever to govern it again. He kept his word. "By treating the people justly, by listening attentively to their grievances, and mercilessly repressing all those who defied the law, he accustoms the Soudanese to a much higher standard of government than any that had prevailed in

those regions before. He found little difficulty in making both ends meet, and the Soudan at the close of his administration was no burden to the Egyptian Exchequer." In 1879 came the substitution of Tewfik for Ismail, and Gordon resigned. The old style of pillage and oppression was resumed, and the people who had tasted the sweets of justice raised the standard of revolt under the Mahdi.

From India Gordon went on a mission to Abyssinia, and then started for India as Secretary to the present Governor-General—an appointment which was incompatible with his independence, and which he almost immediately threw up to hurry on to China and bring about the treaty of peace between that country and Russia in connection with the Kuldja affair. From China he went to the Mauritius, where he remained until he was ordered on to the Cape, whose heterogeneous population were in their usual state of pugnacious exuberancy.

From the Cape he went to the Holy Land, and was in retirement at Jerusalem when a telegram from the King of the Belgians informed him that Stanley was going to give up command of the stations on the Congo, and that he had been chosen as his successor should he care to accept the post. He left Jerusalem, and after being nearly shipwrecked came to Southampton. Thence he came to London, and so on to Brussels, arriving there on January 17. But he was wanted for other work than the Congo: a telegram from the War Office was sent after him, he immediately came back, and reaching London in the morning, had a long consultation with the ministers, received his instructions, made his preparations, and was off, as we have seen, in the evening by the Indian mail.

The subsequent history of the Governor-General of the Soudan is doubtless fresh in the minds of all our readers.



Wild Tribes of the Soudan.

The First Ball—  
*The Willoughby Captains.*  
 A School Story  
 by  
 TALBOT B. REED.

Before,

After.



"I don't want the thing."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

WELCH'S V. PARRETT'S JUNIORS.

"Of course," said Riddell, as he and Wyndham strolled down by the river that afternoon, "now that your mystery is all cleared up we are as far off as ever finding out who really cut the rudder-lines."

"Yes. My knife is the only clue, and that proves nothing, for I was always leaving it about, or lending it, or losing it. I don't suppose I kept it one entire week in my pocket all the time I had it. And, for the matter of that, it's not at all impossible I may have dropped it in the boathouse myself some time. I often used to change my jacket there."

Riddell had half expected Wyndham would be able to afford some clue as to who had borrowed or taken the knife at that particular time. He was rather relieved to find that he could not.

"Tom the boatboy," said he, "distinctly says that the fellow who was getting out of the window dropped the knife as he did so. Of course that may be his fancy. Anyhow, I don't want the knife any more, so you may as well take it."

So saying he produced the knife from his pocket and handed it to his companion.

"I don't want the wretched thing," cried Wyndham, taking it and pitching it into the middle of the river. "It's done mischief enough! But, I say, whoever wrote you that note must have known something about it."

"Of course he must," said the captain, "but he evidently intends the thing to be found out without his help."

"Never mind," said Wyndham, cheerily, "give yourself a little rest, old man, and come down and see the second eleven practise. I've been too much up a tree to turn up lately, but I mean to do so this evening. I say, won't it be jolly if my brother can come down to umpire in the match?"

"It will," said Riddell, and the pair forthwith launched out into a discussion of the virtues of Wyndham senior, in which one was scarcely more enthusiastic than the other.

On their way back to the Big they met Parson and Telson trotting down to the bathing sheds.

The faces of these two young gentlemen looked considerably perplexed as they saw the captain and his supposed victim walking affectionately arm-in-arm. However, with the delightful simplicity of youth they thought it must be all right somehow, and having important news of some sort to relate, they made no scruple about intruding on the interview.

"Oh, I say, Riddell," began Telson, "we've just come from the Parliament. No end of a row. Last time was nothing to it!"

"What happened?" asked the captain.

"Why, you know," said Parson, "it was Game and Ashley's affair summoning this meeting. They sent round a private note or something telling the fellows there would be a special meeting, signed by Game, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Ashley, Home Secretary. A lot of the fellows were taken in by it and turned up, and of course they had taken good care not to summon anybody that was sweet on you. So it was a packed meeting. At least they thought so. But Telson and I showed up with the whole of the sky-rockets, and gave them a lively time of it."

"You see," said Telson, eagerly taking up the narrative, "they didn't guess we'd cut up rough, because we've been in rows of that sort once or twice before."

Wyndham broke out laughing at this point.

"Have you, really?" he exclaimed.

"Well," continued Telson, too full of his story to heed the interruption, "they stuck Game in the chair, and he made a frightfully rambling speech about you and that boatrice business. He said you knew who the chap was, and were sheltering him, and all that, and that you were as bad every bit as if you'd done it yourself, and didn't care a hang about the honour of the school, and a whole lot of bosh of that sort. We sung out 'Oh, oh,' and 'Question,' once or twice, but, you know, we were saving ourselves up. So Ashley got up and said he was awfully astonished to hear about it—howling cram, of course, for he knew about it as much as any one did—and he considered it a disgrace to the school, and the only thing to do was to kick you out, and he proposed it."

"Then the shindy began," said Parson. "We sent young Lawkins off to tell Crossfield what was going on, and directly Ashley sat down old Telson got up and moved an amendment. They tried to cry him down, but they couldn't do it, could they?"

"Rather not," said Telson, proudly. "I stuck there like a leech, and the fellows all yelled too, so that nobody could hear any one speak. We kept on singing out 'Hole in the corner! Hole in the corner!' for about twenty minutes, and there weren't enough of them to turn us out. Then they tried to get round us by being civil, but we were up to that dodge. Parson went on after me, and then old Bosher, and then King, and then Wakefield, and when he'd done I started again."

"You should have seen how wild they got!" cried Parson. "A lot of the fellows laughed, and joined us too. Old Game and Ashley were regularly mad! They came round and bawled in our ears that they gave us a thousand lines each, and we'd be detained all the rest of the term. But we didn't hear it; and when they tried to get at us we hit out with rulers, and they couldn't do it. You never saw such a lark!"

"And presently Crossfield turned up," said Telson. "My eye! you should have seen how yellow and green they looked when he dropped in and walked up to his usual place! We shut up for a bit as soon as he came—and, you know, I fancy they'd have sooner we kept it up. They had to say something when the row stopped. So Game tried to rush the thing through, and get the fellows to vote before Crossfield knew what was up. But he wasn't to be done that way."

"I didn't quite hear what the motion was?" says he, as solemn as a judge.

"Oh! it's about the honour of the school. Riddell—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Deputy-Chairman and ex-monitor," says Crossfield, and there was a regular laugh at that hit, because, of course, Game had no more right in the chair, now he's not a monitor, than I had. 'If it's anything to do with the honour of the school, of course it couldn't be in better hands than yours, who have summoned the meeting on the sly, and taken such care to select a nice little party!'

"They tried to stop him at that."

"You can't stop the business now. We were just going to take the vote when you came in," said Game.

"Exactly!" says Crossfield, propping himself up comfortably against the back of the form as if he was going to stay all night; "that's just why I came, and that's just why Bloomfield and Porter and Coates and Fairbairn, and a few other gentlemen who have a sort of mild interest in the honour of the school—although it's nothing, of course, to yours—are coming on too. They'll be here before I've done my speech. By the way, one of you kids," said he, with a wink our way, "might go and fetch Riddell; he'd like to be here too."

"We shoved young Wakefield out of the door to make believe to go and fetch you. But they'd had quite enough of it, and shut up the meeting all of a sudden."

"I adjourn the meeting!" cried Game, as red as a turkey-cock.

"All right! that will suit me just as well," says Crossfield, grinning. "Is it to any particular day, or shall we get notice as before?"

"Of course they didn't stop to answer, and so we gave no end of a cheer for old Crossfield, and then came on here."

And, having delivered themselves of this full, true, and particular account of the afternoon's adventures, these two small heroes continued their trot down to the river to refresh their honest limbs after the day's labours.

Their version of the proceedings was very little exaggerated, and, as Crossfield and several others who were present each entertained his own particular circle of friends with the same story, the whole affair became a joke against the luckless Game and Ashley.

Even their own House did not spare them, and as for Bloomfield, he evinced his displeasure in a way which surprised the two heroes.

"What's all this foolery you've been up to, you two?" said he, coming into the preparation-room after tea, where most of the senior Parretts were assembled.

It was not flattering certainly to the two in question to have their noble protest for the honour of the school thus designated, and Game answered, rather sheepishly, "We've been up to no foolery!"

"You may not call it foolery," said Bloomfield, who was in anything but a good temper, "but I do! Making the whole House ridiculous! There's been quite enough done in that way without wanting your help to do more!"

"What's the use of going on like that?" said Ashley. "You don't suppose we did it to amuse ourselves, do you?"

"If you didn't amuse yourselves you amused every one else," growled Bloomfield. "Everybody's laughing at us."

"We felt something ought to be done about Riddell—" began Game.

"Felt! You'd no business to feel, if that's the best you can show for it," said

Bloomfield. "You'll never set things right!"

"Look here," said Game, quickly, losing his temper; "you know well enough it was meant for the best, and you needn't come and kick up a row like this before everybody! If you don't care to have Riddell shown up, it is no reason why we shouldn't!"

"A precious lot you've shown him up! If you'd wanted to get every one on his side, you couldn't have done better. You don't suppose any one would be frightened out of his skin by anything a couple of asses who'd been kicked out of the monitorship had to say?"

Bloomfield certainly had the habit of expressing himself warmly at times, and on the present occasion he may have done so rather more warmly than the case deserved. But he was put out and angry at the ridiculous performance of the Parrett's boys, in which he felt the entire House was more or less compromised.

As to Riddell, Bloomfield still kept his own private opinion of him, but the difference between him and his more ardent comrades was that he had the sense to keep what he thought to himself.

At any rate, he gave deep offence now to Game and Ashley, who retired in high dudgeon and greatly crestfallen to proclaim their wrongs to a small and sympathetic knot of admirers.

Perhaps the most serious blow these officious young gentlemen had received—hardly second to their snubbing by the Parretts' captain—had been the mutiny of their own juniors, on whose co-operation they had calculated to a dead certainty.

To find Parson, Bosher, King, and Co. standing up in defence of Riddell against them was a phenomenon so wonderful, when they came to think of it, that they were inclined to imagine they themselves were the only sane boys left out of a house of lunatics. And this was the only consolation that mixed with the affair at all.

As to these juniors, they had far more to think about. In three days the match with Welch's would be upon them, and a panic ensued on the discovery.

They had been contemptuously confident of their superior prowess, and it was not until one or two of them had actually been down to inspect the play of the rival team, and Bloomfield had come down to one of their own practices and declared publicly that they were safe to be beaten hollow, that they regarded the coming contest seriously.

Then they went to work in grim earnest. Having broken with Game, on whom they had usually depended for "instruction and reproof," they boldly claimed the services of Bloomfield, and even pressed the willing Mr. Parrett into the service.

Mr. Parrett pulled a very long face the first afternoon he came down to look at them. He had been coaching the Welchers for a week or two past, and therefore knew pretty well what their opponents ought to be. And he was bound to admit that the young Parretts were very much below the mark.

They had a few good men. Parson was a fair bat, and King bowled moderately; but the "tail" of the eleven was in a shocking condition.

Everything that could be done during the next few days was done. But cricket is not a study that can be "crammed" up, like Virgil or Euclid; and, despite the united efforts of Bloomfield and Mr. Parrett, and a few other authorities, the team

was pronounced to be a "shady" one at best as it took its place on the field of battle.

Riddell had kept his men steadily at it to the last. With a generosity very few appreciated, he forebore to claim Mr. Parrett's assistance at all during the last few days of practice, but he got Fairbairn and one or two of the School House seniors instead, and with their help kept up the courage and hopes of the young Welchers, wisely taking care, however, by a little occasional judicious snubbing, to prevent them from becoming too cocky or sure of the result.

It was quite an event to see the Welchers' flag hoisted once more on the cricket-ground. Indeed, it was such an event that the Doctor himself came down to watch the play, while the muster of school-boys was almost as large as at a senior House match.

Among all the spectators, none were more interested in the event than the seniors who had taken upon themselves the responsibility of "coaching" their respective teams.

Riddell was quite excited and nervous as he watched his men go out to field, while Bloomfield, though he would have been the last to own it, felt decidedly fidgety for the fate of his young champions.

However, Parrett's, who went in first, began better than any one expected. Parson and King went boldly—not to say rashly—to work from the outset, and knocked the bowling about considerably before a lucky ball from Philpot got round the bat of the former and demolished his wicket.

Wakefield followed, and he too managed to put a few runs together; but as soon as his wicket fell a dismal quarter of an hour followed for the Parretts. Boy after boy, in all the finery of spotless flannel and pads and gloves, swaggered up to the wicket, and, after taking "middle" in magnificent style, and giving a lordly glance round the field, as though to select the best point for placing their strokes, lifted their bats miserably at the first ball that came, and had no chance of lifting it at another.

It was a melancholy spectacle, and far more calculated to excite pity than amusement. Bloomfield chafed and growled for some time, and then, unable to stand it any longer, went off in disgust, leaving the young reprobates to their fate.

Scarcely less remarkable than the collapse of Parrett's was the steadiness of Welch's in the field. Although they had little to do, they did what there was to do neatly and well, and, unlike many junior elevens, did it quietly. The junior matches at Willoughby had usually been more famous for noise than cricket, but on this occasion the order of things was reversed, and Riddell, as he looked on and heard the compliments on every hand directed to his young heroes, might be excused feeling rewarded for all the labour and patience of the past month.

It offended him not at all to hear this good result attributed generally to Mr. Parrett's instructions. He knew it was true, but Mr. Parrett himself took care to disclaim any but a small amount of merit in the matter.

"It's a wonder to me," said he to Fairbairn, in the hearing of a good many seniors, who were wont to treat anything he had to say on athletic matters as authoritative—"it's a wonder to me how Riddell, who is only a moderate player himself, has turned out such a first-rate eleven. He's about the best cricket coach we have had, and I have seen several in my time. He has worked on their enthusiasm without stint, and next best to that, he has not so much hammered into them what they ought to do as he has hammered out of them what they ought not to do. Three fellows out of five never think of that."

"I'm sure they don't," said Fairbairn.

"See how steady they were all the innings, too!" continued Mr. Parrett. "Three coaches out of five wouldn't lay that down as the first rule of cricket; but it is, especially with youngsters. Be steady first, and be expert next. That's the right order, and Riddell has discovered it. I would even back a steady eleven of moderate players against a rickety eleven of good ones. In fact, a boy can't be a cricketer at all, or anything else, unless he's steady. Now, you see, unless I am mistaken, they will give quite as good an account of themselves at the wickets as they did on the field."

And off strolled the honest Mr. Parrett, bat in hand, to umpire, leaving his hearers not a little impressed with the force of his views on the first principles of cricket.

The master's prophecy was correct. The Welchers, notwithstanding the fact that they had only twenty-five runs to get to

equal their rivals' first innings, played a steady and careful innings, in which they just trebled the Parretts' score. The bowling against them was not strong certainly, but they took no liberties with it. Indeed, both the captain and Mr. Parrett had so ruthlessly denounced and snubbed anything like "fancy hitting," that their batting was inclined to err on the side of the over-cautious, and more runs might doubtless have been made by a little freer swing of the bats. However, the authorities were well satisfied. Cusack carried his bat for eighteen, much to his own gratification; and of his companions, Pilbury, Philpot, and Walker each made double figures.

It required all Riddell's authority, in the face of this splendid achievement, to keep his men from jeopardising their second innings in the field by yielding prematurely to their elation.

"Whatever you do don't halloo till you're out of the wood!" he said; "they may catch up on you yet. Seventy-five isn't such a big score after all. If you don't look out you'll muddle your chance away, and then how small you'll look!"

With such advice to hold them in check, they went out as soberly as before to field, and devoted their whole energies to the task of disposing of their enemies' wickets for the fewest possible runs.

And they succeeded quite as well as before. Indeed, the second innings of the Parretts was a feeble imitation of their first melancholy performance. Parson, King, and Wakefield were the only three who made any stand, and even they fared worse than before. All the side could put together was twenty-one runs, and about this, even, they had great trouble.

When it became known that the Welchers had won the match by an innings and twenty-nine runs great was the amazement of all Willoughby, and greater still was the mortification of the unlucky Parretts. No more was said about the grand concert in which they intended to celebrate their triumph. They evidently felt they had not much to be proud of, and consequently avoided a public entry into their House, but rather slunk in quietly, and, shutting out the distant sounds of revelry and rejoicing in the victorious House, mingled their tears over a sympathetic pot of tea, to which even Telson was not invited.

(To be continued.)

## THE SILVER CAÑON: A STORY OF ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

By G. MANVILLE FENN,

Author of "In the King's Name," "Nat the Naturalist," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—MOURNING LOST FRIENDS.

THE failure of the Beaver and his follower to put in an appearance made Bart's heart sink down like lead, while Joses turned to him with a dull look of misery in his eye.

"It's bad, Master Bart," he said; "it's very bad. I hate all Indians as hard as ever I can hate 'em, but somehow the Beaver and me seemed to get on well together, and if I'd knowed what was going to happen it isn't me as would have come away and left him in the lurch."

"No, Joses, neither would I," said Bart, bitterly. "But do you think—"

"Do I think he has escaped, my lad?" said Joses, sadly, for Bart could not finish his speech; "no, I don't. The savage creatures came upon him sudden, or they knocked him over with a bull-t, and he has died like an Indian warrior should."

"No," said a sharp voice behind them; and the interpreter stood there with flashing eyes gazing angrily at the speakers. "No," he cried again, "the

Beaver-with-Sharp-Teeth is too strong for the miserable Apaché. He will come back. They could not kill a warrior like that."

"Well, I hope you're right, Mr. Interpreter," growled Joses. "I hope you are right, but I shall not believe it till I see him come."

There was no time for further conversation, the approach of the enemies being imminent. On the one side, far out on the plain, were scattered bodies of the Apachés evidently in full war-paint, riding about in

some kind of evolution, and, as the doctor could see with his glass, for the most part armed with spears.

Some of the men bore the strong short bow that had been in use among them from time immemorial, and these could be made out by the thick quiver they had slung over their backs. But, generally speaking, each Indian carried a good ser-

They had crept on and on till they were so near that from the hiding-place in the gallery which protected the cattle Josés could have shot them one by one as they came along, the men being quite ignorant of the existence of such a defence, as nothing was visible from the face of the rock.

"I shan't fire so long as they don't touch

though they did no more harm than to flatten their bullets, some of which dropped harmlessly into the rifle-pits, and were coolly appropriated by the Beaver's followers for melting down anew.

"Don't shoot, my lads," said Josés before long; "it is only wasting ammunition. They are too well under cover. Let them fire away as long as they like, and you can pick up the lead as soon as they are gone."

The interpreter told his fellows Josés's words, and they ceased firing without a moment's hesitation, and crouched there with their white friends, listening to the loud crack of the Apachés' rifles, and the almost simultaneous *pat!* of the bullet against the rock.

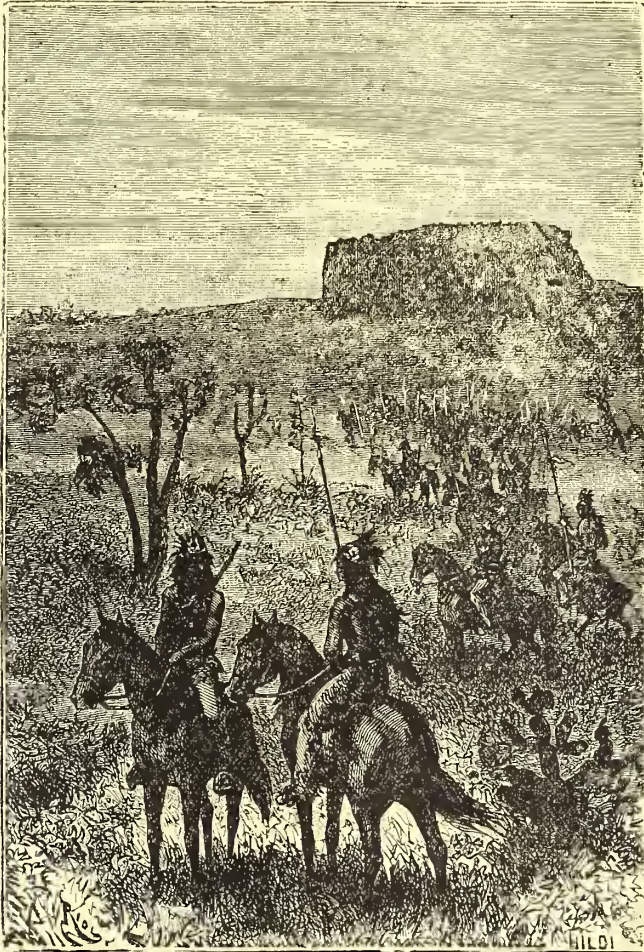
Not a man in the gallery was injured in the slightest degree, while, as soon as he had got over a sort of nervous feeling that was the result of being shot at without the excitement of being able to return the fire, Bart lay watching the actions of the Apachés, and the senseless way in which they kept on firing at the spots where they fancied that their enemies might be.

The cover they had made for was partly scrubby brush and partly masses of stone, lying singly in the plain, and it was curious to watch an Indian making his attack. First the barrel of his rifle would be protruded over some rugged part of the stone, then very slowly a feather or two would appear, and then, if the spot was very closely watched, a narrow patch of brown forehead and a glancing eye could be seen. Then where the eye had appeared was shut out by the puff of white smoke that suddenly spirted into the air; and as it lifted, grew thin, and died away Bart could see that the barrel of the rifle had gone, and its owner was, no doubt, lying flat down behind the piece of rock, which looked as if no Indian had been near it for years.

Five minutes later the muzzle of the rifle would slowly appear from quite a different part, and so low down that it was evident the Apaché was lying almost upon his face. This time perhaps Bart would note that all at once a little patch of dry grass would appear, growing up, as it were, in a second, as the Indian balanced it upon the barrel of his piece, making it effectually screen his face, while it was thin and open enough for him to take aim at the place from whence he had seen flashes of fire come.

Bart saw a score of such tricks as this, and how a patch of sage brush, that looked as if it would not hide a prairie dog, began to send out flashes of fire and puffs of smoke, telling plainly enough that there was an Indian safely ensconced therein.

The Apachés' attitudes, too, excited his wonder, for they fired face downwards, lying on their sides or their backs, and always from places where there had been no enemy a minute before; while, when he was weary of watching these dismounted men at their ineffective toil, there were their friends out in the plain, who kept on swooping down after leaving their spears stuck in the earth a mile away. They would gallop to within easy range, and then turning their horses' heads, canter along parallel with the mountain, throw themselves sideways on the flank of their horse farthest from the place attacked, take aim and fire beneath the animal's neck, their own bodies being completely hidden by the horse. It is almost needless to say that the shots they fired never did any harm, the position, the bad aim, and the motion of the horse being



"In full war paint."

viceable rifle, pieces of which they could make deadly use.

At present there seemed to be no intention of making an immediate attack, the Indians keeping well out in the plain beyond the reach of rifle-ball, though every now and then they gathered together, and, as if at the word of command, swept over the ground like a whirlwind, and seemed bent upon charging right up to the mountain.

This, however, they did not do, but turned off each time and rode back into the plain.

"Why do they do that, Josés?" said Bart, eagerly.

"To see all they can of our defences, my lad. They'll come on foot at last like the others are doing, though I don't think they'll manage a very great deal this time."

For the party from the cañon, now swollen to nearly fifty men, were slowly approaching from the direction of the chimney, and making use of every tuft and bush and rock, affording Bart a fine view from the gallery of the clever and cunning means an Indian will adopt to get within shot of an enemy.

the horses or the cattle," said Josés; "though perhaps I ought to, seeing how they have killed our best friend. Somehow, though, I don't feel like shooting a man behind his back as it were. If they were firing away at us the thing would be different. I could give them it back again then pretty sharply, I can tell you!"

Josés soon had occasion to use his rifle, for, finding themselves unmolested, the Indians took advantage of every bit of cover they could find; and when this ceased, and there was nothing before them but a patch of open plain, they suddenly darted forward right up to the cattle corral, the tracks of the animals going to and fro plainly telling them the entrance, as the odour did the men who had crept up by night.

Reaching this, they made a bold effort to get an opening big enough for the cattle to be driven out; but, without waiting for orders, the Indians in the rock gallery opened fire, and Josés and Bart caught the infection, the latter feeling a fierce kind of desire to avenge his friend the Beaver.

The rifle-shots acted like magic, sending the Apachés back to cover, where they began to return the fire briskly enough,

sufficient to send the bullets flying in the wildest way, either into the plain or high up somewhere on the face of the rock.

All at once this desultory, almost unresisted attack came to an end, as a fresh body of Indians cantered up, many of the

latter leading horses, to which the attacking party from the cañon now made their way; and just at sundown the whole body galloped off, without so much as giving the beleaguered ones a farewell shot.

(To be continued.)

## TRAPS, AND ALL ABOUT THEM;

INCLUDING HINTS ON MOLE, OTTER, WEASEL, RAT, SQUIRREL, AND BIRD TRAPPING.

BY J. HARRINGTON KEENE,

Author of "Fish, and How to Catch Them," etc., etc.

### VIII.—BIRD-CATCHING WITH TRAPS, ETC.

THE word "trap" in the title of this paper is intended to be made use of in a somewhat wide and also narrow sense. Under it I shall include what would otherwise be called a snare, namely, the "springe," or "springle." On the other hand, I shall make use of it in what may seem a rather restricted sense, inasmuch as that I do not intend to tell you how to catch birds by means of the "gin," or steel trap. Mind you, there are some birds, such as the magpie and crow, which it is almost impossible to catch in any other manner; for them the deadly, pain-



Fig. 6.

dealing "gin" is justifiable. For the use of boys I do not, however, recommend it in bird-catching; it always maims if it does not kill outright, and thus, should any of you desire to stuff the bird you have captured, its injured plight is much against its appearance.

The springe, as many of you know, is a horsehair loop fixed to some immovable object, such as the branch of a tree, etc. Mr. Montagu Brown, in his "Practical Taxidermy," thus describes the making of it. "Here," he says, "I have a black horsehair about two feet long; I double it, holding it between the right-hand finger and thumb, leaving a little loose loop about half an inch long; from this point I proceed by an overhand motion of the thumb to twist it up. On reaching the bottom I make a small knot to prevent it unrolling, then pushing the knotted end through the eye of the loop, I thus form a loose noose. I then attach a piece of wire to the free end by a twisted loop (Fig. 7).

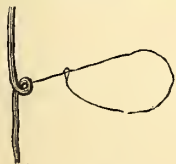


Fig. 7.

With about half a dozen of these coiled in an oval tin box, I am ready to snare any small bird whose haunt I may discover."

This springe is varied in a variety of ways, but it is remarkably deadly for nearly all birds.

The piece of wire is of course twisted round a branch or other fixed point, and the noose, for such it is, is so arranged that the bird pecks through it, and so gets "haltered." I always make my springes of silkworm gut, used in fishing, as being stronger and practically invisible.

Ducks, moorhens, and dabchicks can be caught with nooses or springes made of a sufficient number of hairs or strands of gut, and suspended to a line fixed across the ditches and small streams they are known to frequent. A springe mounted as shown in Fig. 8 (A in 9)

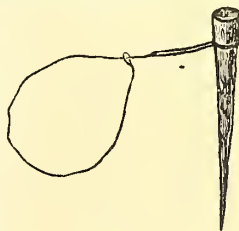


Fig. 8.

can also be fixed in the ground, with the noose hanging over the probable spot of emergence from the water of either of these birds. Their exact "run" can easily be determined by the freshness of the excrement. Snipes are to be taken by simply attaching the springe to a bullet and burying this in the soft ooze or mud where snipe are known to feed or run. Plovers can be taken in a similar way.

On the Continent, according to Mr. Box, as

tain-ash; this is fixed to the bow by inserting the stalk into a slit in the wood. The bird-catcher is provided with a basket, one compartment of which holds his twigs, bent or straight, another his berries; his springes being already attached to the twigs, he very rapidly drives his knife into a lateral branch, and fixes them, taking care that the springe hangs neatly in the middle of the bow, and that the lower part of the springe is about three fingers' breadth from the bottom. By this arrangement, the bird, alighting on the lower side of the bow, and bending his neck to reach the berries below, places his head in the noose, finding himself obstructed in his movements, attempts to fly away; but the treacherous noose tightens round his neck, and he is found by the sportsman hanging by the neck, a victim of misplaced confidence.

Another adaptation of the springle is shown at Fig. 9. It consists of a wand of hazel, willow, or any other suitable wood, which is set in the ground firmly. A short piece of string, hair, or gut connects it with a cross-piece of wood, and to this string also several (two or more) horsehair or gut springes are attached, set in pre-



Fig. 9.

cisely the same manner as shown in Fig. 8. A in Fig. 9 is a piece of wood which is so cut as to present an arm at right angles to the perpendicular. This piece of wood is driven in the ground and the wand bent over, the cross-piece is now placed to the edge of the arm of A, and there retained as "ticklishly" as possible. On this fine setting everything depends. Now get some short grass and cover up the cross piece at A, so that it cannot be seen, then arrange your hair springes on the surface, and strew some crumbs or grains of rice, wheat, etc. The bird will settle on the cross-piece or on A, and peck at the crumbs, etc., and will then be caught by the legs or head. I have had excellent results with this.

Another springle shown at Fig. 10 is a remarkably good one for moorhens, or, in fact, any bird having a run, for the description of

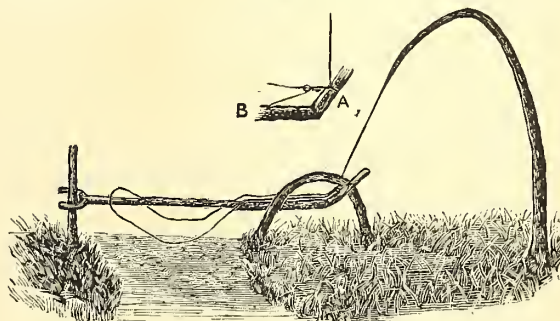


Fig. 10.

quoted by Gould (in "Birds of Great Britain"), the following is the method of using the springe for the capture of thrushes and such birds. The springes being made, the snarer cuts as many twigs about eighteen inches in length as he intends hanging springes. There are two methods of hanging them—in one the twig is bent in the form of a figure 6, the tail end running through a slit cut in the upper part of the twig. The other way is to sharpen a twig at both ends, and insert the points into a stem of underwood, thus forming a bow, of which the stem forms the string below the springe, and hanging from the lower part of the bow is placed a small branch with three or four berries of the moun-

which quote "Practical Trapping," by Moor-man (though, indeed, I believe he got his description from Doucie's "Rural Sports"!)." "The wand, or spring-stick," he says, "cross-piece, and nooses as before, but instead of the simple crutch use a complete bow with both ends stuck in the ground. At some distance from this drive in a straight piece of stick; next procure a piece of stick with a complete fork or crutch at one end. To set it draw down the spring-stick and pull the cross-piece under the bow by the top side farthest from the spring-stick. Now hold it firmly with one hand while you place the forked stick with its crutch pressing against the opposite upright stick, and bring

its free end against the lower end of the cross-piece, and adjust as fluently as you can. Finally arrange the nooses in such a manner that if one of them or the crutched stick is touched the latter falls, and releasing the cross-piece, the spring-stick flies up and the bird with it. A indicates the cross-piece, B the forked stick, C the adjustment (Fig. 10).

(To be continued.)

## THE ABBEYS OF BRITAIN.

### PART III.

CROYLAND comes next. Here St. Guthlac drifted from Repton in Derbyshire in 817, but the present buildings date from six hundred years later. It was one of the wealthiest of English abbeys, and its ruins are very striking; not so striking, however, as the curious triangular bridge, now left high and dry on the village green, which is the oldest of our bridges not of Roman build. The strange abutments of this bridge form an equilateral triangle, and three roads meet at its crown.

The York St. Mary's was one of the first abbeys founded after the Conquest. Its west front must have been very beautiful, but it owes much to the lovely leafage amid which it is embosomed. From St. Mary's went its prior, disgusted at its easy living, to found Fountains, and live under the yew-trees till the pride of Studley Royal was built.

The legend of Llandor's Llanthony takes us back to the times of Pendragon. At the foot of the Black Mountain, in the vale of Ewias, where a "calm peace and perfect charity invite to holy religion," came St. David, King Arthur's uncle, after his conversion in the Isle of Wight. He built himself a small chapel on the Honddy, and, as Drayton says—

"He did only drink what crystal Honddy yields,  
And fed upon the leeks he gathered in the fields.  
In memory of whom in the revolving year,  
The Welshmen on his day that sacred herb do wear."

In the days of King Rufus, Hugh de Lacy was hunting the stag in the Ewias vale, and accidentally discovered the deserted chapel of the first Archbishop of Menevia. He was so struck with the sight that he resolved to leave the world forthwith, and in the chapel took up his abode. He became a famous hermit; and, to defend himself against his spiritual enemies, continued to wear the light armour he had on when he so suddenly left off chasing the deer. That armour he never cleaned or changed, and it gradually rusted off him ring by ring, many of the rings flying off into dust when the queen, in order to endow the future monastery, adopted the curious course of slipping a shower of gold between his shirt and his bosom. The new monastery, however, had a dubious history, and the proceedings were so discreditable to the order that the more pious of the monks withdrew, and received permission to found another Llanthony Abbey near Gloucester. For years the two Llanthonies flourished, the younger more abundantly of the two; but the Gloucester offshoot always kept up its allegiance to the parent stem at Abergavenny.

Next to Llanthony we have Byron's Newstead, founded by Henry II. in 1170, and coming into the poet's family at the Dissolution in 1540. Newstead is now famous for its Livingstone relics, but the poet's bedroom is very much as he left it, and on the lawn is still the monument to his dog Boatswain, with the well-known epitaph. Tewkesbury comes next to Newstead. It is famous for its hexagonal choir. The field where the fight took place in 1471 is about half a mile to the south of it, and was for long known as the "bloody meadow." The fine old abbey was founded in 715. When, six hundred years after his death, the tomb of the first abbot was opened, the body was found unchanged in full costume. As the spectators looked the boots began to shrink and shrivel up, and then—the lid was hurriedly replaced.

To the left of Llanthony we have St. Agatha's Eastby, in the Swale valley, founded for the white canons in 1152, whose granary near the mill-race has ever since been in yearly use; and above it we have Bath, which comes perhaps more appropriately here than among the cathedrals.

Wenlock, the burial-place of St. Milburg, the granddaughter of King Penda of Mercia, was originally a nunnery, and was founded as an abbey by Roger de Montgomery in 1080. It boasts some of the finest architectural work in England in the beautiful intersected arches of its chapter house. With a sketch of Alnwick and St. Augustine's Gate, we come to Wimborne, also originally a nunnery, founded by Cuthberga, sister of King Ina, about 700. Wimborne Minster is a place of great beauty, and was one of great wealth. It had in olden times ten altars of alabaster. Within it is buried our first King Ethelred, the great withstander of the Danes; but the most noticeable tomb is that of the eccentric Ettrick, Poole's first recorder, who made up his mind he would die in 1691, and prepared this tomb ready dated accordingly. Alas! for the vanity of modern prophecy! He lived another six-and-twenty years, and the date he had fixed upon had to be set right by a cancel. The spire of Wimborne collapsed in 1600. It was market-day, the Minster held a full congregation, and the streets around were thronged with people; a heavy mist rolled down on the town, and as it passed over the church and hid it for an instant, a mysterious rattling crash was heard, and when the cloud had passed the spire had fallen, and not one of the crowd either inside or outside was hurt.

Over Bath comes the graceful ruin of Netley, distinguished above all monasteries by the smallness of its library. In it Leland found but one solitary book, and that—Cicero's Rhetoric! But Netley never was of much importance. There is a wonderful story of the carpenter who bought its roof having been warned that the bargain would be his death, and his persisting nevertheless, and being killed by the falling rafters. The finest specimen of Decorated in the county of Durham, the ruin of Finchall Priory, comes next to Netley; and then we have the lovely window at Valle Crucis, near Llangollen, the most perfect and beautiful of all the Welsh abbeys.

Who has not heard of the Boy of Egremond, whose greyhound held back as he was stepping across the Strid, and dragged him to destruction in the torrent below, and in memory of whom was founded Bolton Priory, in the valley of the Wharfe? Who does not know Wordsworth's "White Doe of Rylstone" and Landseer's picture of the abbey "in the olden time"? With its mouldering grey walls and nearly perfect nave, set on the long spit of land round which the river sharply curves, backed by the green rampart of foliage, and flanked by the precipitous cliff across the stream, Bolton stands pre-eminent amongst the picturesque ruins of England.

We have left our central picture to the last. The world knows not a more famous abbey than that at Westminster. As at St. Paul's, the site is said to have been occupied in Roman times by a temple of Diana, so on Thorny Island is said to have originally existed a temple of Apollo. The temple of Apollo gave place to the church of Lucius, the church of Lucius gave place to the monastery of Sebert, which was never consecrated by man—at least, so runs the legend. For on the night before Mellitus, London's first bishop, was to perform the ceremony, a certain Edric, though it was Sunday evening, was fishing close by in the Thames, and, seeing a light on the Lambeth shore, pulled across the river and discovered a mysterious stranger who wished to be ferried over. As soon as the stranger left the boat on the Middlesex side he waved his staff, and, lo! the two springs gushed forth—familiar to us to-day in the pump in Dean's Yard and that in St. Margaret's Close—and then a light shone all round about, and the fisherman saw the stranger, assisted by angels, go through all the ceremony of consecration. Returning to the boat, the stranger revealed him-

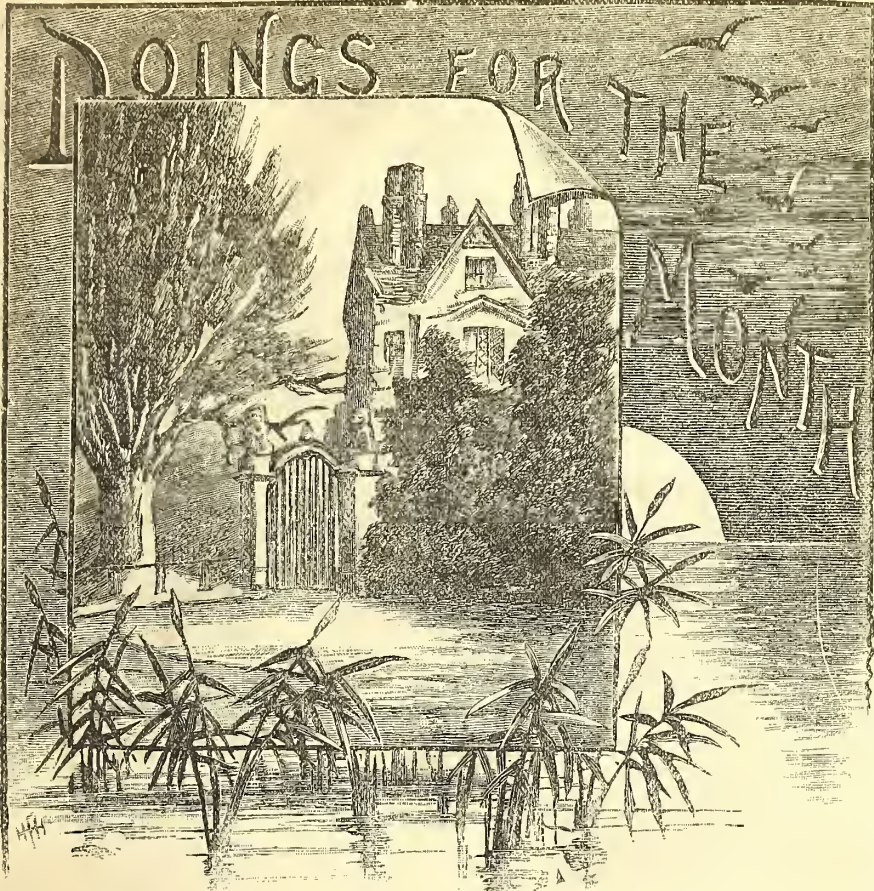
self to Edric as St. Peter, and said to him, "When Mellitus comes in the morning tell him what you have seen. And now go out in the river. You shall always catch plenty of fish, whereof the greater part shall be salmon, and you shall catch it on condition that you give a tenth to the Abbot of Westminster, and never again go fishing on a Sunday." When the bishop arrived on the morrow Edric told what he had seen and showed the fish, and the ceremony was held to have been performed.

It was in this monastery of St. Sebert that Harold Harefoot was buried, and it was on its site that was built the great memorial of our albino king. Fifteen years did it take in building, and it was consecrated on Innocent's Day, 1065, the Confessor dying on the following 5th of January. Though very little beyond the bases of a few pillars are now left of Edward's work, yet we knew that it was of striking merit, and formed even a more imposing block than its successor of to-day. For the surroundings were very different. Where the lake now lies in St. James's Park was then a marshy creek communicating with the Thames by a channel (whence Channel, now Cannon, Row). Through Prince's Street, Dean Street, and College Street went another channel, to fall into the river to the west; and the abbot's mill on its bank gave us the name of Millbank. From Hampstead came the Aye, or Tave, the Ty Bourne, to give us Mary-le-bourne on its banks—now Marylebone—Tyburn Gate, Brook Street, and Aye Hill—the Aye now cockneyfied into Hay. While from the other flank of the Hampstead hills came the Kilbourne, fed by the Westbourne, the Eastbourne, and the Bays Water, which, forming what is now the Serpentine on its way to the Thames, was lost with the other streams in the network amongst the meadows from which the mouths opening into the river cut off the Thorney Isle.

The history of Westminster Abbey is almost the history of England. No other English church was ever so steeped in interest. Let those who know it but imperfectly read the "Memorials" of the late Dean, and when Stanley's noble volume is closed they will appreciate how the greatness of the subject precludes our further touching upon it at the close of a rapid survey such as this.

(THE END.)

PREPARED FOR A WHIPPING. — When the Rev. Dr. Fisk was the presiding officer at Wilbraham Seminary there was one boy who was as full of mischief as a boy only could be. He taxed the well-known elastic patience of the principal to the last degree. One day the doctor said to him, after a more than usually provoking act of misconduct, "You must prepare yourself for a severe whipping." When the appointed time came the doctor was there, very much more afflicted, apparently, than the irrepressible mischief-maker. After a solemn and affecting admonition, the doctor laid the cane with considerable unction upon the boy's back. Nothing but dust followed the blow. The subject of the discipline was entirely at his ease, and evidently quite unconscious of the stroke. "Take off your coat, sir!" was the next command, for the doctor was a little roused. Again whistled the rattan around the boy's shoulders, but with no more effect. "Take off your vest, sir!" shouted the doctor. Off went the vest, but there was another under it. "Off with the other!" and then, to the astonishment of the administrator of justice, he exposed a dry codfish defending the back of the culprit like a shield, while below there was evidently stretching over other portions of the body a stout leather apron. "What does this mean?" angrily asked the doctor. "Why, sir," said the young rogue, in a particularly humble and persuasive tone, "you told me to prepare myself for a severe whipping, and I have done the best I could in the time; I have indeed, sir!" It was out of the question to pursue the act of discipline any further at that time, and it is doubtful whether it was ever resumed again.



**THE POULTRY RUN.**—A few warm days about the beginning of this month may make us imagine that summer has commenced in earnest. To think so will be for our advantage, if it causes us to at once see after the perfect cleanliness and perfect working order of the poultry-run. Straw for the laying nests should be kept in a place that is handy to reach, but out of the way of the fowls themselves. The nests should be so arranged that the birds cannot perch on them or over them, so as to soil them with their droppings. The straw of the nests should be kept tidy and clean, and renewed as often as is desirable. Disinfectants of some kind should be used, but never to hide bad smells arising from filth. The fowl-house should be kept very clean, and the disinfectant only put down to make assurance doubly sure. I have little hesitation in saying that a few pounds of Sanitas powder may be worth triple its weight in fowl-flesh and eggs. Fowls make very unsatisfactory patients, and prevention of illness should be studied. To imagine that summer has come will not be to our advantage, however, if we do not continue to take precautions against cold. The nights in May are often quite as low in temperature as those of January, and frosts are not at all uncommon.

Particular attention should now be directed to the dust-bath and shelter or shed. Summer showers come on very suddenly, and it is far better your birds should have a shed to run to than they should run into the fowl-house itself, and probably disturb laying hens. The shed, as we have before said, should be open only in front, and that side ought to be exposed to the south. The dust-bath may be old mortar, gravel, and earth, or it may be peat earth. Well, whatever it be, sulphur is very cheap, and it kills vermin; do not forget, therefore, to frequently mix a few good handfuls up in the dust-bath. The whole should be renewed about once a month.

You will still be setting fowls, and in dry weather it will be necessary to dip the eggs occasionally, or to sprinkle them with warm water, and also the straw around. This will not be so necessary if the nest be on the ground. Separate cockerels and pullets, and see that all have a good allowance of food. Have the fowl-house well ventilated at night, but leave no open doors or holes for rats to run in. Feed chickens frequently, and give plenty of change. Bones with a little meat on them do good, and scraps from the table mixed with the soft food.

Those fowls that have not a large grass run should have an unlimited amount of green food, only do not leave it about the place to rot. If any birds show a tendency to diarrhoea or looseness, mix bone-meal with their food, which must not be too soft. Rice is a capital grain in cases of this kind, but remove any fowl from the run entirely that shows actual symptoms of diarrhoea; give her three or four times a day a bolus as follows: arrowroot or powdered rice a tea-

spoonful powdered chalk as much as will lie on six-pence, chlorodyne four drops. Moisten with wine or spirits. Keep the bird warm and dry.

Here is the pith of a letter from a contemporary: "My fowls' roosting house is six feet square, which I consider is big enough for a dozen hens and two cocks. The run is six feet wide by twenty-five long. Both run and roost are rain-proof, the run having a brick wall eight feet high on the north side, and a wire fence five feet and a half in front, boarded from back to front, thus forming a shed over them. The food consists of a little green stuff daily, with plenty of corn before retiring to roost, the proportion being two-thirds of sound barley and one-third of maize. For the morning meal they have barley-flour made into a thick paste, and a sprinkling of cayenne on it. Fat, such as that skimmed off broth or soups, is an excellent egg-producer, and if given alternately with boiled butcher's offal, will ensure a good supply of eggs all the winter. Crosses of Houdan, Brahma, Leghorn, or Plymouth Rocks are good." This letter is sensible enough.

The Houdan is a French fowl, of about six to ten pounds in weight. Large, serrated, spreading, coral comb, large crest and large beard, five toes, pink-white legs, large tail, black in cock. Shape somewhat like a Dorking, plumage speckled black and white. The Houdan is a non-sitter, lays good large white eggs, bears confinement well, and the cockerels ought to be fit for the table in four or five months.

**THE PIGEON LOFT.**—Read the DOINGS for last month carefully, and continue to act on the advice therein given. Look after young ones well. See that the loft is always clean, and free from damp and draught, and well ventilated. Pigeons that are very valuable will of course be kept prisoners, but they will not do well unless they have a nice large flight in which to take exercise. It may be made on a house-top, with a door or window opening to it from the loft. On the floor of it should be sprinkled plenty of sandy gravel, and that kind which is found at the seaside, and contains broken shells, etc., is best; to this may be added broken mortar from old walls. This gravel should be renewed whenever soiled. It is on the floor of the flight that the bath should be placed. You thus avoid a sloppy mess indoors in the loft proper. Even in summer three times a week will be often enough for the bath. I am convinced that it does the bird a deal of good. There should be plenty of perches in the flight, not too thin. The birds can have no comfort on perches that are either too thick or too thin. Give only the very best of food; you will find this cheapest in the long run.

Magpie pigeons are great favourites in this country, and they are really very pretty. A short-legged, round-headed, tumbler-shaped bird, with medium-sized beak, of a flesh-colour, or tipped with dark.

Blacks, reds, and yellows are the choicest colours. The head, the neck, the breast, the back, shoulder, feather, and tail are coloured, the rest of the feathers white.

**THE AVIARY.**—Canaries.—This will be a busy month in the canary world, and owners of these birds will do well to watch and see that everything is going on well and comfortably. Feed the parent birds well, and see that the food you give them be clean, sweet, and wholesome. Give water fresh every morning, and if you put a little saffron sometimes in it, just enough to tinge it, this will be of service. But even when we do our very best things sometimes turn out badly. Barren eggs are sometimes the result of pairing two birds together that are not both very strong and lively. It is a fault then that has to be remedied *ab initio*. As soon as there is any indication of new nesting put the young birds into the nursery cage, and see that they get plenty of soft food, with green food, and supply them also with crushed canary-seed.

Egg-bound is remedied by holding the bird for a few moments over the steam of water, having previously touched the vent with oil. It is a sign of weakness in the bird, and the cure should be sought for in more strengthening food. A tonic would do good, a rusty nail in the water being the simplest and probably the best. A little crushed hemp-seed may also do good, mixed with the egg and biscuit crumb, or a little poppy (maw) seed, or scalded summer rape. We believe that when a hen sweats the young she cannot herself be in a state of health; there is debility, and this should be seen to. What we may call external remedies are and can be no good. Some recommend placing little skewers across the nest, others washing the breast with salt water, others removing the cock, so as to make the hen come off the nest to feed herself, etc., etc. **Foreign Birds.**—Proper food, gravel, fresh water, and shelter from cold winds and overmuch sun, are necessary to keep foreign birds in health, be they what they may.

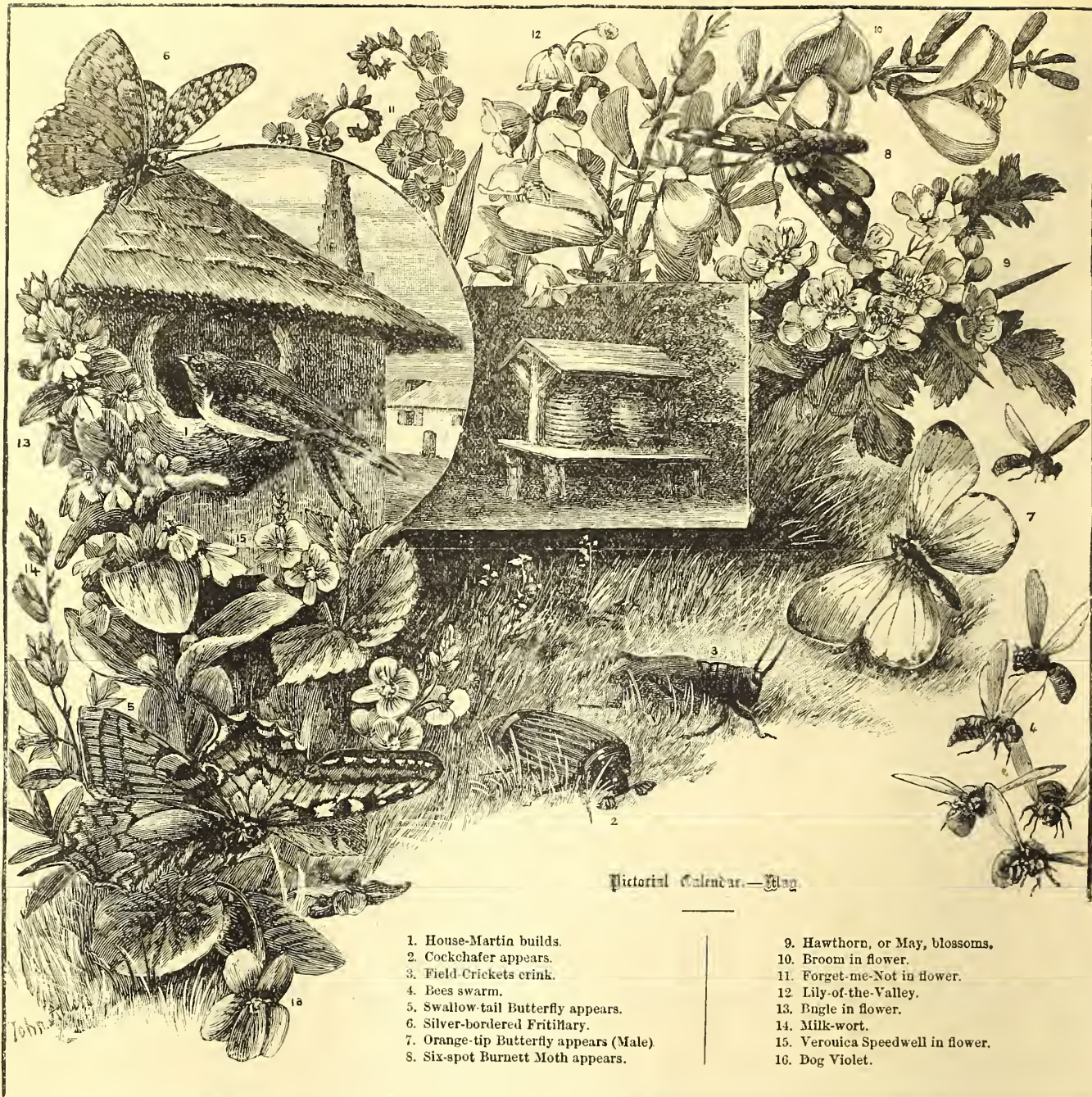
**THE RABBITRY.**—Rabbits ought now to have free access to the sunshine and open air. These that are kept in an outdoor court roofed over do ever so much better than those kept in sheds and half-dark indoor houses. As summer is commencing be extra careful to keep the bedding dry and clean, and to change it frequently. You may commence now to gather stuff to lay past for bedding. Make hay while the sun shines, but see that it is thoroughly dry before being put away. Give no green food wet; it is better to let it lie in a shed all night. Look carefully over the green food you give. We feel sure that a good deal of disease is caused by giving unwholesome and filthy green food. Feed well; let the oats you give be good. Peas that have been soaked for twelve hours or more make a good change of diet. Pour the water off before you give it. Do not forget that variety in diet is most essential if you would keep your rabbits healthy. The coats of Angoras require frequent seeing to, in order to prevent matting. Bedding should be well shaken, to get rid of the dust before it is put down. Roots are best given in the middle of the day, supposing that you feed three times; let them be rubbed clean, and if there be any diseased pieces about them cut these away.

**THE KENNEL.**—We are sometimes asked to recommend breeds of dogs suitable for boys. We have already mentioned the Scotch terrier and the fox-terrier. Well, there is the black-and-tan, or Manchester terrier, and the white English terrier, both very game and companionable little fellows, only do not have apple-headed ones. The head should be long and shapely. The collie is an excellent companion, and not at all fickle in temper, as many people tell us. He, however, costs more to keep than a terrier, but there are no bounds to his wisdom and sagacity. However, any ordinary-sized dog may be kept easily enough on the scraps from the table, and kept in health, if he has a comfortable kennel, good bedding, and plenty of fresh water, with a good combing and brushing every morning, and a wash about once a fortnight on a fine day.

**THE KITCHEN GARDEN.**—Everything will now be growing apace, and the kitchen garden, especially after a shower, will be looking very delightful indeed. It is after a shower that you ought to pull up weeds, and also to thin growing rows of vegetables. Sow peas for late crop, and beans may also be put in. French beans should be sown now, and all kinds of cabbages and greens, in spare corners to plant out. Plant out celery and tomatoes. Sow dandelion and endive. Plant vegetable marrows, and be sure to protect them well for a time against high winds and overmuch sun, and cold at night.

**THE FLOWER GARDEN.**—Spring flowers should be removed from the beds where they have bloomed, and the ground stirred and raked, and made ready for planting out. Do not be in too great a hurry to do this, however. Geraniums are expensive, and unless there are a good many in a bed, and they are well assorted, they do not look well. A bed of zinnias looks charming in later summer, so do asters—the dwarf kinds; and there are a hundred other choice annuals that look lovely in beds, and can be grown for very little expense indeed.

**THE WINDOW GARDEN.**—Keep the earth in your boxes well stirred and free from weeds; a little liquid manure will do good sometimes. Do not overcrowd them; and have the flowers you put in, such as blue lobelia, feather-flower, geraniums, and calceolarias, all of the best and brightest kinds. Do not forget your creepers, and add a few of the smaller and prettier kinds of ferns if there be room.



Picture Calendar.—May

1. House-Martin builds.
2. Cockchafer appears.
3. Field-Crickets crink.
4. Bees swarm.
5. Swallow-tail Butterfly appears.
6. Silver-bordered Fritillary.
7. Orange-tip Butterfly appears (Male).
8. Six-spot Burnett Moth appears.

9. Hawthorn, or May, blossoms.
10. Broom in flower.
11. Forget-me-Not in flower.
12. Lily-of-the-Valley.
13. Buple in flower.
14. Milk-wort.
15. Veronica Speedwell in flower.
16. Dog Violet.

## Correspondence.

**HARRY and DON.**—You require no licence to sail a canoe on the Thames. The licence applies only to boats for hire. You will have to pay pier dues, unless you leave the boat at your own garden wall.

**C. R.**—A tree-trunk is never quite round, it is more or less elliptical, and the major axis of the ellipse runs from east to west. The ellipse is not regular, it always bulges on the south side in the northern hemisphere, and on the north side in the southern hemisphere. The shape of the trunk depends, in fact, on the amount of sunshine that it gets, and in transplanting trees this should be remembered. If they are altered, so that their original north sides point to the south, the flow of sap has to alter its proportions with regard to its channels, and the effort to do so may cause the death of the tree.

**DIPLOACANTHOS.**—1. Try Jukes and Geikie's manual, or the smaller book by Jukes-Brown. 2. No work on general geology is unfitted for a beginner. 3. You are mistaken. They are the most popular plates. Those who do not live in schools do want them. You will never make a good geologist unless you are less dogmatic.

**R. P. Q.**—Messrs. Routledge publish an illustrated book on the war in Egypt, which gives an account of it in a popular form.

**F. E.**—Dip your hands in vinegar-and-water before you begin to play. The vinegar will harden your finger-tips and check the perspiration.

**A. E. F.**—There is nothing extraordinary in finding ripe wild strawberries or foxgloves in bloom in Cornwall in September. Such things depend on general climate and the special conditions as to shelter, etc.

**ANXIOUS INQUIRER.**—You will find a great deal about tea in the "Tea Encyclopædia," sold by most City booksellers.

**C. M. HALLARD.**—Quite so. The Forth Yacht Club is now the Royal Forth, and the burgee has been changed to a blue one, with a crown over the cross; the flag we gave is that given in the books, and the sheet was designed before the alteration.

**Y. L. C. U.**—A postmaster is not obliged to give change to purchasers of postage-stamps, but it is customary for a man who knows his business to do so.

**RAG, TAG, AND BOBTAIL.**—In January, 1882, we gave an article on "How to make a Perpetual Calendar." This is what you want to tell you the day of the week on which any event happened.

**J. H. D.**—Zinc is a metal, and one of the chemical elements. Its principal ore is calamine, so called from the reedy shape in which it adheres to the floor of the smelting-furnace. Calamine is the carbonate, blende the sulphide, hemimorphite the silicate, and sparralite the red oxide. All these ores are worked. Native zinc has been found in Australia, but nowhere else.

**J. WARD.**—Better leave your bicycle alone. You will never plate it properly without expensive apparatus. Why not Japan it a very light silver grey? We never decide questions as to the merits of competing makers.

**E. HARRIS.**—The plate of English Cricketers is the frontispiece of Volume III. You can get it in the packet of plates for that volume.

**P. WALSH.**—Such inquiries should be addressed to the publisher, and not to us. You can procure any book through your local bookseller, or by sending direct, with remittance, to any of the wholesale houses, such as Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Sampson Low and Co., etc., etc.

**S. J. C.**—1. Nothing will answer satisfactorily. 2. For the introductory part, and the newer systems, get "Professional Bookkeeping," price two shillings, published by Messrs. Wyman and Sons; and for the trading part, and the older forms, get Hamilton and Ball's "Bookkeeping," published by Macmillan and Co.

**PREGKINE.**—Communicate with the Secretary of the club you wish to join. We have given addresses in No. 198.

**R. S. W.**—1. There are five legal standards for gold jewellery—nine, twelve, fifteen, eighteen, and twenty-two carat. A sovereign has twenty-two parts of fine gold and two of alloy. The metal in the silver coinage is mixed in the proportion of eleven ounces and two pennyweights of fine silver to eighteen pennyweights of alloy. 2. A sovereign has in it 113 grains of gold; its total weight is 123.274 grains.

Answer to Knight's Tour on p. 475.

Chess is a pleasant game for all boys to learn. It is suited for winter evenings.

# THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

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CHAPTER XXXII.—A CLIMAX TO EVERYTHING.

AMONG the few Willoughbites who took no interest at all in the juniors' match was Gilks.

It was hardly to be wondered at that he, a School House boy, should not concern himself much about a contest between the fags of Welch's and Parrett's. And yet, if truth were known, it would have been



"'Stop the fight,' said Riddell."

just the same had the match been the greatest event of the season, for Gilks, from some cause or other, was in no condition to care about anything.

He wand red listlessly about that afternoon, avoiding the crowded Big, and bending his steps rather to the unfrequented meadows by the river. What he was thinking about as he paced along none of the very few boys who met him that afternoon could guess, but that it was nothing pleasant was very evident.

At the beginning of this very term Gilks had been one of the noisiest and liveliest fellows in Willoughby. Although his principles had never been lofty, his spirits always used to be excellent, and those who knew him best could scarcely recognise now in the anxious, spiritless monitor the companion whose shout and laugh had been so familiar only a few weeks ago.

Among those who met him this afternoon was Wibberly. Wibberly, like Gilks, felt very little interest in the juniors' match. He was one of the small party who yesterday had come in for such a smart snubbing from Bloomfield, and the only way to show his sense of the ingratitude of such treatment, especially towards an old toady like himself, was to profess no interest in an event which was notoriously interesting the Parrett's captain.

So Wibberly strolled down that afternoon to the river, and naturally met Gilks.

The two were not by any means chums—indeed, they were scarcely to be called friends. But they had one considerable bond of sympathy in a common dislike for the School House, and still more for Riddell. Gilks, as the reader knows, was anything but a loyal School House man, and ever since he became a monitor had cast in his lot with the rival House. So that he was generally considered, and considered himself to be, quite as much of a Parrett as a "School-Houser."

"So you are not down looking at the little boys?" said Wibberly.

"No," said Gilks.

"Awful rot," said Wibberly, "making all that fuss about them!"

"Pleases them and doesn't hurt us."

"In my opinion it's all a bit of vanity on the part of Riddell. He'd like to make every one think he has been coaching his kids, and this is just a show off."

"Well, let him show off; who cares?" growled Gilks.

"All very well. He ought to be hooted round the school instead of flashing it there in the Big, the hypocritical cad!"

"Well, why don't you go and do it?" said Gilks; "you'd get plenty to join you."

"Would I? No I wouldn't. Even Bloomfield's taking his part—he's gammoned him somehow."

"Well, that doesn't prevent your going and hooting him, does it?" said Gilks, with a sneer. "You've a right to enjoy yourself as well as any one else."

"What! have you come round to worship his holiness too?" asked Wibberly, who had at least expected some sympathy from Gilks.

"Not exactly!" said Gilks, bitterly; "but I've come round to letting the cad alone. What's the good of bothering?"

"And you mean to say you'd let him go on knowing who the fellow is who cut the rudder-lines of our boat and not make him say who it is?"

"I expect that's all stuff about his knowing at all," said Gilks.

"Not it! Between you and me, I fancy he's had a tip from somewhere."

"He has? Bah! don't you believe it. He'd like to make believe he knows all about it. It would pay, you know."

"But every one thinks he knows."

"Not he! He would have told the fellow's name long ago. Whatever object would he have in keeping it back?"

"Oh! I don't know. He says some gammon about not being quite sure. But he's had time enough to be sure by now."

Gilks walked on in silence for a little, and then inquired, "And suppose you did get to know who it was, what would be the use?"

"The use!" exclaimed Wibberly, in amazement. "Why, what do you mean? I'm sorry for the fellow when he turns up. He'll soon find out the use of it."

Gilks said nothing, but walked on evidently out of humour; and Wibberly having nothing better to do, accompanied him.

"By the way," said the latter, presently, seeing his companion was not disposed to continue the former conversation, "what's up between you and Silk? Is it true you've had a row?"

Gilks growled out something which sounded very like an oath, and replied,

"Yes."

"What about?" inquired the inquisitive Wibberly, who seemed to have the knack of hitting upon unwelcome topics.

"It wouldn't do you any good to know," growled Gilks.

"I heard it was some betting row, or something of that sort," said Wibberly.

"Eh?—yes—something of that sort," responded Gilks.

"Well," said Wibberly, "I never cared much for Silk. He always seemed to know a little too much for me. I wouldn't break my heart if I were you."

"I don't mean to," said Gilks, but in a tone which belied the words and even struck Wibberly by their wretchedness.

"I say," said he, "you're awfully down in the mouth these times. What's wrong?"

"What makes you think anything's wrong? I'm all right, I tell you," said Gilks, half angrily.

Wibberly was half inclined to say that he would not have thought it if he had not been told so, but judging from his companion's looks that this little pleasanter would not be appreciated, he forbore and walked on in silence.

It was a relief when Wibberly at length discovered that it was time for him to be going back. Gilks wanted nobody's company and was glad to be left alone.

And yet he would gladly have escaped even from his own company, which to judge by his miserable looks as he walked on alone was less pleasant than any.

He was sorry now he had not gone to watch the juniors, where at least he would have heard something less hateful than his own thoughts, and seen something less hateful than the dreary creations of his own troubled imagination.

"What's the use of keeping it up?" said he, bitterly, to himself. "I don't care! Things can't be worse than they are. Down in the mouth! He'd be down in the mouth if he were I—the fool! I've a good mind to— And yet I daren't face it. What's the use of trusting to a fellow like Silk! Bah, how I hate him. He'll betray me as soon as ever it suits him, and—oh, I don't care. Let him!"

Gilks had reached this dismal climax in his reflections when he suddenly became aware that the object of his meditations was approaching him.

Silk had his own reasons for not joining the throng that was looking on at the juniors' match. It may have been mere lack of interest, or it may have been a special desire to take this walk. Which-ever it was, his presence now was about as unwelcome an apparition as Gilks could have encountered, and the smile on the intruder's face showed pretty clearly that he was aware of the fact.

"What are you prowling about here for?" said he as he came up, with all the insolence of a warder addressing a convict.

"I've a right to walk here if I choose," replied Gilks, sulkily; "what are you here for?"

"To find you. I want to speak to you," replied Silk.

"I don't want to speak to you," replied Gilks, moving on.

"Don't you?" responded Silk, with a sneer. "You'll have to do it whether you want or not, my boy."

There was something about the Welcher which had the effect of cowing his companion, and Gilks, fuming inwardly, and with a face as black as thunder, said,

"Well—say what you've got to say and be done with it."

Silk laughed.

"Thank you. I'll take my time, not yours. Which way are you going?"

"No way at all," said Gilks, standing still.

"Very well. I'm going this way. Come with me."

And he began to walk on, Gilks sullenly following.

"You saw Wyndham the other day?" said Silk.

"Suppose I did?"

"What did he want?"

"I don't know—some foolery or other. I didn't listen to him."

"You needn't tell lies. What did he want, I say?"

"How should I know?" retorted Gilks.

"What did he want? do you hear?" repeated the other.

"He wanted me to let him blab about something—about Beamish's it was."

"And did you tell him he might?"

"Yes. I said he might blab about me too for all I cared. And so he may. I wish he would."

"And whatever business had you to tell him he might say a word about it?" demanded Silk, angrily.

"What business? A good deal more business than you've got to ask me questions."

"Do you know what he's done?"

"No, I don't, and I don't care."

"Don't you care?" snarled Silk, fast losing his temper; "that foolery of yours has spoiled everything."

"So much the better. I don't care."

"But I care!" exclaimed Silk, furiously, "and I'll see you care too, you fool!"

"What's happened, then?" asked Gilks.

"Why, Riddell—"

"For goodness' sake don't start on him!" cried Gilks, viciously; "he's nothing to do with it."

"Hasn't he? That's all you know, you blockhead! He suspected Wyndham of that boatrace business. I can't make out how, but he did. And the young fool all along thought it was Beamish's he was in a row about. But Riddell wouldn't have known it to this day if you hadn't given the young idiot leave to go and blab and so clear it up."

"Let him blab. I wish he'd clear up everything," growled, or rather groaned, Gilks.

"Look here!" said Silk, stopping short in his walk and rounding on his victim. "I've had quite enough of this, and you'd better shut up. You know I could make you sorry for it if I chose."

Gilks said nothing, but walked on sullenly.

"And the worst thing about it," continued Silk, "is that now Wyndham and Riddell are as thick as brothers, and the young toady's sure to tell him everything."

"And suppose he does?"

"There's no suppose about it. I don't choose to have it, I tell you."

"How can you help it?" said Gilks.

"We must get hold of the young un again," said Silk, "and you'll have to manage it."

"Who?—I?" said Gilks, with a bitter laugh.

"Yes, you. And don't talk so loud, do you hear? You'll have to manage it, and I think I can put you up to a way for getting hold of him."

"You can spare yourself the trouble," said Gilks, stopping short and folding his arms doggedly. "I won't do it."

"What!" cried Silk, in a passion.

It was the second time in one week that Silk had been thus defied—each time by a boy whom he had imagined to be completely in his power. Wyndham's mutiny had not wholly surprised him, but from Gilks he had never expected it.

"I won't do it, there!" said Gilks, now fairly at bay and determined enough.

Silk glared at him for a moment, then laughed scornfully.

"You won't? You know what you are saying?"

"Yes, I know," said Gilks.

"And you know what I shall do?"

"Yes, you'll tell—"

Silk's face fell. He was beginning to discover that once more he had overdone his part, and that the ground was taken from under him. But he made one last effort to recover himself.

"I say, Gilks," said he, half coaxing, half warning, "don't be a fool. Don't ruin yourself. I didn't mean to be offensive. You know it's as much in your interest as mine. If we can get hold of young Wyndham again—"

"If you want him, get him yourself. I'm not going to do it," once more said Gilks, with pale face and clenched teeth.

Silk's manner changed once more. His face became livid, and his eyes flashed, as he sprang at Gilks, and with a sudden blow, exclaimed,

"Take that, then!"

It was as good as proclaiming that the game was over. As Gilks's guilty confidant he had retained to the last some sort of influence; but now, with that blow, the last shred of his superiority had gone, and he stood there beaten before ever the fight began.

Gilks had expected the blow, but had not been prepared for its suddenness. It struck him full on the cheek, and for a moment staggered him—but only for a moment. Wasting no words, he returned it vehemently, and next moment the fight had begun.

The quarrel was not the growth of a day or a week. For many weeks it had been getting nearer and nearer, sometimes by rapid strides, sometimes by imperceptible steps; but always getting nearer, until

now it had suddenly reached its climax; and the cry, "A fight—Gilks and Silk!" spread like wildfire over Willoughby.

The Welchers, in the heyday of their triumph, heard it above even the chorus of the glorious Bouncer; and hearing it, forsook their revelry and hurried towards it. The Parretts quitted their melancholy teapot, and rushed with one accord to the spot. And ere they reached it Telson was there, and many a School House Limpet, and Game, and Ashley, and Wibberly, from Parrett's; and Tucker, and I know not what crowds from Welch's. And they crowded round, and took sides, and speculated on the result, and cheered impartially every hit.

Far be it from me to describe that fight. It was no different from twenty other fights that same term, except from the one fact that the combatants were seniors. No one cared an atom about the quarrel or its merits. It was quite enough that it was an even match—that there were straight hitting and real parrying, and that it lasted over a quarter of an hour.

It was a wonder it lasted so long. Not that the men could not stay, but because no monitor with power to stop it appeared on the scene. Indeed, the only monitor present was Gilks himself, and he took no steps to end the conflict.

At length, however, while the result was still undecided, a cry of "Cave!" was raised.

"Look out, here's Riddell!" cried some small boy.

A round was just beginning, and neither combatant evinced any desire to desist on account of the captain's approach.

Riddell was not alone, Fairbairn was with him, and, being naturally attracted by the crowd and shouting, they both hurried up in time to see the end of the round.

As soon as it was over they pushed their way in among the crowd and entered the ring.

"Stop the fight!" said Riddell.

The two combatants glared at him angrily, and Gilks replied, "Who says so?"

"I say so," said Riddell, quietly.

The days were long gone by when the captain issued his orders in an apologetic voice and a diffident manner. He had learned enough during this term to discover the value of a little self-confidence, and had profited by the discovery. Willoughby was far more docile to an order than to a request, and on the present occasion neither Gilks nor Silk seemed disposed to argue the matter.

They put on their jackets sulkily, and, without further words to one another or to the monitors, betook their battered selves to their several quarters.

Willoughby, perceiving that the matter was at an end, also dispersed and returned to its several quarters. The Welchers resumed their interrupted revel with unabated rejoicing, the melancholy Parretts called for more hot water to eke out the consolations of their teapot, the Limpets turned in again to their preparation, and the seniors to their studies—every one criticising the fight, and wondering how it would have ended, but scarcely one troubling himself much about its merits, and less still about its consequences.

One of these consequences the principals in the engagement were not long in learning. A message arrived for each before the evening was over that they were reported to the Doctor, and were to go to his room at nine next morning.

Silk did not get the message till late, as he had been absent most of the evening in Tucker's study, who was an expert at repairing the damage incurred in a pugilistic encounter.

When about bedtime he returned to his own study and found the captain's note lying on the table he broke out into a state of fury which, to say the least of it, it was well there was no one at hand to witness.

Late as the hour was, he went at once to Riddell's study.

Riddell was half undressed as his visitor entered. "What do you want?" he inquired.

"I want you? Do you mean to say you've reported me to the Doctor?"

"Of course. It was a fight. I'm bound to report it."

"Bound to report it. You snivelling humbug! Have you sent the name up yet?"

"Why do you want to know?" said Riddell, who had ceased to be in bodily fear of Silk for some time past.

"Because I want to know. Have you sent it up?"

"I have."

"All right, you'll be sorry for it," said Silk.

"I am sorry for it," replied the captain.

Silk saw at a glance that the captain was not to be bullied, and changed his tone.

"I suppose you know," said he, "we shall both be expelled?"

"The Doctor doesn't usually expel for fighting," said the captain.

"Of course not. But you remember getting a note from me a little time ago."

"From you? No—I never had a note from you."

"What, not one telling you to go down and see Tom the boatboy?"

"Was that from you?" exclaimed Riddell, in astonishment.

"Of course it was. And of course you know now what I mean."

"I don't. I could discover nothing," said the captain.

"You mean to say you don't know who cut the rudder-lines?"

"No—who?"

"Gilks."

(To be continued.)

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

SIR BULWER LYTTON'S ADVICE TO THE GLASGOW UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.—"Learn to say 'No' with decision; 'Yes' with caution. 'No' with decision whenever it meets a temptation; 'Yes' with caution whenever it implies a promise. A promise given is a bond inviolable. A man is already of consequence in the world when we know we can implicitly rely on him. I have frequently seen such a man preferred to a long list of applicants for some important charge; he has been lifted at once into station and fortune merely because he has this reputation: that when he says he knows a thing he knows it; and when he says he will do a thing he will do it."

"EVERY young man of sound principles and correct life is a moral lighthouse where he lives. Many will go by his light, and be guided into safe and prosperous ways. But one devoid of principle is like the false lights the wreckers used to hold up on dangerous reefs to lure ships on to ruin."

"To point a jest with the words of Scripture is as truly profanity as is swearing. By so doing we are breaking down a bridge we shall one day be willing to give all we possess to pass over."—From "*Capital for Working Boys*."

## THE TIGERSKIN: A STORY OF CENTRAL INDIA.

BY LOUIS ROUSSELET,

Author of "The Two Cabin Boys," "The Drummer Boy," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER X.—THE ANIMAL HOSPITAL.

THE storm had passed, and the sun, already high above the horizon, was filling the room with its joyous rays when Holbeck was awakened by the laughter of his companions. This explosion of gaiety was caused by the sight, so little expected by the sleepers, of the three umbrellas placed triumphantly over the beds. With a jump the doctor arose and rejoined Everest and Barbarou, who were already sitting down to the early breakfast just brought in by the faithful John.

"It seems I have been taking it easy," said he, in a jovial tone, "but I deserved to do so. Had it not been for me you would have awoke this morning crippled with rheumatism."

He then related the incidents of the

allow me to satisfy the Mennevals at once, give us a good profit, and, what interests you more especially, leave us with our hands free for a few months. We can then devote them entirely to ourselves, you to hunting and I to my scientific researches."

"That is splendid," said Everest, enthusiastically. "Doctor, you are the most excellent of men."

At this moment John entered and said,

"Here is a gentleman who wishes to speak to the doctor."

"A very early morning call," said Holbeck. "What is the gentleman like, John?"

"I cannot say exactly," replied the servant. "He looks like an officer, perhaps a general."

wait at table, order your meals, and look after your wardrobe; but, sir, you are a gentleman, and you know that it is necessary for you to have a baihra to brush your clothes and clean your boots, a mih-tar to wash out the room, a hammal to look after the luggage, a bihishti to carry the water, a sais for your house, a chokra for your dog, a lascar for your tent, and above all a bawarchi for a cook, without counting a chuprasi for errands, a—"

"That is quite enough!" interrupted Holbeck. "It is understood that I have a regiment to look after me. I had been told that you would all consider you had lost your caste if you ever worked from morning to night, but I thought it was a joke. I am satisfied now; and I see that, as far as you are concerned, you will do everything—if the others will do the rest."

The Indian smiled a vacant smile, not having in the least understood Holbeck's pretty little speech, and contented himself by answering with a new salutation even humbler than the first.

"Perhaps the gentleman," added he, "will look at my testimonials, which show that I have been in the service of sahibs for twenty years."

And he handed to the doctor a bundle of papers, all faded and frayed at the edges.

Holbeck opened the first with great care and read that "Latchman had been a faithful servant to Colonel Wood for two years, and had given satisfaction." Those that followed informed him that Latchman as a servant was "good, loyal, trustworthy, intelligent," etc. In fact, the epithets varied each time, but the praise was unanimous. Latchman was the pearl of khitmatgars.

The doctor had just concluded his examination when the last testimonial attracted his eye. The paper was white and new; evidently it came from the last master. It was not a bad effort; the few conventional lines had been replaced by quite a portrait.

"I might," said the writer, "do as my predecessors have done, and get rid of this rascal by copying one of the former testimonials, on the principle that he who wants to fly should always hang; but I prefer to enlighten my successor, and give him the benefit of my experience. I have said that Latchman is a rascal. I know that the term is rather strong, for he is only a little thief, a little more of a liar, and very much more of an idler—faults, however, that disappear on a vigorous application of essence of rattan. Once this has been used, it will be found that, notwithstanding his apparent stupidity, he has the undermentioned really excellent qualities. Latchman is very intelligent, very clever with his hands, and has great tact in getting out of difficulties when on a journey; he is not wanting in courage, and is capable of much devotion to an energetic master. But I repeat, in order to bring out these qualities, it is necessary to begin with a thorough dusting of his vicious carapace." (Signed) "T. Nixon, Major."



"As you can see, sir, by my costume."

night, which had formed so worthy a finish to those of the evening.

As they finished their breakfast of tea and toast Everest exclaimed,

"And now to work, let us arrange the plan of our future operations."

"Bother!" said Barbarou. "There you go! Let us have a little time to breathe. We have hardly got here yet. Have you already had enough of Bombay, when you have not even seen it?"

"To tell the truth," said Everest, "Bombay interests me very little. I am anxious to throw myself entirely into that exciting life of adventure that both of you have described so warmly. Every minute that separates us from our departure seems an age to me."

"Keep calm!" said the doctor, "I shall do nothing to hinder our going up the country. But if you will have a little patience the few days that we pass here will help your plans considerably. Let me have time to see the correspondents of our house, for whom I have letters and credits. I shall then complete the information which I have been collecting as we came along. If the pursuer of the Hougly is to be believed we shall find here a merchant in a large way named Parvon, who it would appear has large quantities of plumes and bird-skins in stock. Perhaps I can do some business with him, and that will

"A general!" exclaimed Barbarou, "but we cannot receive him with so little ceremony."

"Ask him in," said Holbeck.

John opened the door and there entered a tall, fine-looking native with a huge turban and wearing a long robe embroidered with gold. Across his chest stretched a broad belt, which did not now, however, hold a sword; but to make up for it he carried in his hand a heavy cane with a golden knob.

The Indian saluted the three travellers with much obsequiousness, and then he asked,

"Doctor Holbeck?"

"That is my name!" said the doctor.

"Do you wish to see me?"

"I have been told, sir, that you are in want of a khitmatgar, and I beg to offer you my services."

"Are you a khitmatgar?" said the surprised doctor.

"As you can see, sir, by my costume," replied the Indian.

"Bother!" said Holbeck in French to his companions. "They dress their servants well in this country, John took him for a general!"

And then he continued in English to the Indian,

"What can you do?"

"Everything, sir; that is to say, I can

The doctor, be it well understood, had read this report in a very low voice, and when he reached the end he said, in French, "This Major Nixon is very kind to look after my enlightenment in this way, but I imagine that he belongs to the pessimist school, for if Latchman had double the faults he points out, and half the good qualities, I should still consider him the pearl of servants. We can well pass over a fault or two in a man who joins dexterity to intelligence, and courage to devotion, and as to what the major so cruelly calls a little of a thief, it only means he looks after his perquisites. We can hardly hang a man for that. With your approval, I will engage Latchman."

"What!" said Barbarou, "is this magnificent general going to be our servant?"

"Quite so!" answered Holbeck; "but with the aid of an innumerable army of soldiers," and, turning towards the Indian, he continued, "Latchman, you are engaged. We will talk about your pay later on."

Then a suspicion arose in the doctor's mind.

"Can you read?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; Nagari and Arabic."

"And English?"

"Alas! no, sir."

"So much the better," said the doctor, as he handed back the testimonials. "You can begin your duties to-day; John will look after you."

The Indian bowed and retired.

"Well," exclaimed Holbeck, "what do you think of that? Don't you think, my lord, that I played the part of chief of the expedition very well? I am scarcely out of bed, and I have engaged a khitmatgar, and acquainted myself with the list of the long string of aids and assistants that this majestic personage requires."

"My sincere compliments," said the young man; "you began with a master stroke. For my part I should have been incapable of such a rapid decision."

"As far as I am concerned," said Barbarou, "I should never have dared to talk in that way to such a fine gentleman. When he came in I was just going to offer him an arm-chair."

"Now," said Holbeck, "let us make haste. I intend to devote to-day to the marvels of this metropolis of Western India. As it is fine let us go for a walk. To-morrow we can devote to serious business."

John was called, and assisted by Latchman, who had already got rid of his stick and his belt, set to work to open the boxes and get out for the travellers their best attire.

Holbeck, after a careful shave, went in search of a spotless cravat, but suddenly his astonished friends saw him make a regular dive into his box, and then arise with beaming visage, exclaiming,

"Superb! It is admirable! Come and look at this marvellous work."

Notwithstanding that Everest and Barbarou opened their eyes very wide, they could see nothing, and imagined the doctor had gone crazy.

"What! you see nothing?" said Holbeck. "Don't you see that the bottom of my box is absolutely perforated with holes? Did I say holes? Genuine galleries running all over it. Well, that is the work of termites, white ants, the work of a single night. Scenting their prey, the intelligent insects established communication between the floor and the box, and were hard at it."

And lifting up the box he uncovered the part of the floor on which it rested. His two friends then perceived the ground white with the ants and streaked with their galleries.

"Had my box been there only eight hours," said the doctor, emphatically, "at the end of that short lapse of time had you tried to lift it, the case and its contents would have tumbled into dust. One can imagine that at this moment this very house is perforated in all directions by these prodigious workers, and their work is so cleverly carried on that nothing reveals its importance until the day when the whole building, gnawed, mined, and swallowed, will collapse like a house of cards. Is it not admirable?"

"I see nothing admirable about it," said Barbarou, with the tone of a sceptic. "Your white ants are abominable vermin."

"Abominable! Say rather terrible," continued the doctor, full of enthusiasm. "We must bow down before the prodigious strength of these insects, against whom nothing can fight. A few dozen years ago termites brought over in a ship attacked the sous-prefecture at Rochelle. It had to be abandoned. In this country, where the buildings are of wood, a house once attacked is doomed."

A quarter of an hour afterwards the three travellers left the hotel, as Holbeck had suggested, to explore the curiosities of Bombay.

Scarcely had they appeared on the threshold than from all points of the horizon palkis and buggies came dashing up towards them.

Barbarou would have cheerfully shown off in a palki, but the doctor angrily declared that nothing in the world would make him consent to be carried about like a sick man shut up in a box. So they got into a buggy, a kind of high-perched cab, which is the traditional vehicle of the island. When the travellers had arranged themselves on the narrow seat, the native conductor squatted at their feet, and from this inconvenient position guided his skinny and speedy nag.

"Take us to see the bazaars," said the doctor to the coachman, and the vehicle went off at top speed.

Holbeck had made an excellent choice, for there is hardly a town in Asia which offers a more curious spectacle than these bazaars of Bombay. They are immense caravanserais, miles in length. A world of peoples and races, most varied in type and costume, throng the streets of this great city—the port of arrival for travellers from Persia, Arabia, Afghanistan, and the African coast, and that of departure for all the pilgrims from India to Mecca and the holy places of Islam. Among the crowd of natives, each wearing the special costume of his caste or his district, there passes the Persian with his astrakhan cap, the Arab with his biblical draperies, the Negro, the Chinaman, the Burman, and the Malay, a diversity giving to the crowd a distinctiveness that no other town in the world can present. The Tower of Babel could hardly have gathered round its base a more complete collection of the human race.

Palkis noisily knock up against each other. Chariots surmounted with roofs of red stuffs, drawn by beautiful white long-horned oxen, pass at a gallop. Horsemen clothed in armour and carrying shields caracole by the side of elegant carriages from Paris and London. And the whole crowd speaks, cries, and quarrels with a

volubility and a noise that is truly deafening.

The road is bordered by little shops where side by side are sold the products of the East and the West—idols, ebony furniture, shawls, objects in copper and ivory, calicoes and woven goods from England, and gimeracks from France. It is a wonderful chaos, a prodigious jumble, astonishing and charming both artist and tourist. The houses themselves overhang the road with their balconies of carved wood, their painted fronts and the large projecting roofs ornamented with little bells and fretted boards.

Holbeck and Everest were in ecstasies, but Barbarou took matters more coolly.

"All this is very curious," said he, "but the whole town has got a most insupportable odour."

"Certainly," said Everest, "I am compelled to admit that it all seems impregnated with a perfume that may be very agreeable in a small way; but too strong a dose of it is rather irritating to the nerves."

"The odour," said Holbeck, "is one of the peculiarities of Bombay. I once read a very interesting memoir on the subject, presented to the Royal Society by the celebrated Dr. Spencer. The town of Bombay, it seems, is entirely enveloped in a cloud of musk, owing to the presence of the thousands of musk rats that haunt its houses. The essence emitted by these little rodents is so subtle and penetrating that when the wind blows off the land sailors out at sea can by it detect that they are in the neighbourhood of Bombay. In time you get used to it, and the inhabitants hardly notice it. And now," added he, "before we go back to our hotel we will, if you please, visit the animal hospital. It is the one of the curiosities of Bombay that I am most particularly anxious to see."

"The animal hospital!" said Everest, with surprise.

"You will see," said the doctor. "I am told that it is a very curious establishment."

Holbeck gave the necessary orders to the coachman; and leaving the bazaars, they turned down a narrow road, and soon stopped before a fine large house. Getting down from their carriage, the doctor and his friends entered a large courtyard, and, although prepared for the spectacle, they uttered an unanimous exclamation of surprise. It seemed like a page from that charming book where Granville makes the animals take the place of men.

The courtyard was a regular hospital courtyard with its invalids; but the invalids represented every type of the animal kingdom. There were bullocks, horses, donkeys—some with bandaged eyes, some maimed, some crippled, moving about in groups, or lying at ease on litters of clean straw. A little farther off an enclosure was reserved for the bipeds. Old crows, the authors of many a crime, here peaceably ended their existence in this paradise of beasts in company with bald-headed vultures and featherless buzzards. On one side a heron, proud of its wooden leg, was throned in the midst of a group of blind ducks and limping fowls. Rats familiarly ran about amongst the crowd, on which the servants lavished every care, dressing the sick, and feeding the blind and the paralytic.

Barbarou could not help exclaiming,

"Would it not be better to kill off all these miserable creatures?"

One of the superintendents of the hospital, hearing the words, turned towards the visitors, and said to them, with a smile,

"Is that the way, gentlemen, that you treat your sick in your own country?"

Barbarou knew not what to reply; but Holbeck, after replying to the superintendent, said to his companions as they retired,

"What seems so ridiculous to you seems to me truly admirable. This institution is a witness to the gentleness of the people. Their charity will let nothing that has been created by the hand of God suffer without consolation. Do you think that the man who shows himself so kind towards the humblest creature does not in

his heart possess the treasure of love for his kindred? I know that at the bottom of these practices are the superstitions of metempsychosis; but, indeed, we, enlightened and civilised, show less elevated sentiments when we pitilessly hand over to torture the beings that the Creator has been pleased to give us as companions on this planet. The man who recognises the services that animals render him should show himself more just and generous."

"Well spoken, doctor!" said Everest. "You ought to be an honorary member of the Animals' Protection Society."

"You are making fun of my enthusiasm," said Holbeck, good-humouredly.

"No," said Everest—"indeed no. But it is noon, and I am getting hungry."

"Again!" exclaimed the doctor. "Well, let us return to the haunt of the sharks."

(To be continued.)



## THE SILVER CAÑON: A STORY OF ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

By G. MANVILLE FENN,

Author of "In the King's Name," "Nat the Naturalist," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

BART watched them go off in excellent order right away out into the plain, the orange rays of the setting sun seemed to turn the half-nude figures into living bronze. Then the desert began to grow dim, the sky to darken, a few stars to peep out in the pale grey arch, and after a party had been deputed to keep watch, this intermission in the attack was seized upon as

we might be saved, like a hero. But there, we have no time for repining. Let us get well into our places before dark. Josés, can you be a true prophet?" he added.

"What about, master?" said the frontiersman.

"And tell me when I may be allowed to mine my silver in peace?"

As he spoke he levelled his rifle at the first of two dusky figures that had appeared out in the plain, rising as it were out of the earth; but before he could fire there was a hand laid upon his shoulder, and another raised the barrel of his piece.

"Treachery!" shouted Josés. "Bart, Master Bart, quick—help!"

There was a fierce struggle for a few moments, and then Josés loosened his hold and uttered an exclamation full of vexed impatience.

"It's all right, Master Bart," he cried. "Here, give us your hand, old Speak English," he added, clapping the interpreter on the shoulder, "it's of no use for us English to think of seeing like you, Injun."

"What does all this mean, Josés?" whispered Bart, excitedly, for it seemed marvellous that two Indians should be allowed to come up to their stronghold unmolested.

"Why, don't you see, my lad," cried Josés, "Beaver and his chap aren't dead after all. There they are down yonder; that's them."

Bart leaped up, and forgetful of the proximity of enemies, waved his cap and shouted, "Beaver ahoy! hurrah!"

The two Indians responded with a cheery whoop, and ran up to the rocks, while Bart communicated the news to the doctor and his fellow-guardians of the gate, where the lad pushed himself to the front, so as to be the first to welcome the chief back to their stronghold—a welcome the more warm after the belief that had been current since his non-return.

The doctor's grasp was so friendly that the chief seemed almost moved, and, nodding quietly in his dignified way, he seated himself in silence to partake of the refreshments pressed upon him by his friends.

"The Apache dogs must live longer and learn more before they can teach the Beaver-with-Sharp-Teeth," said the interpreter, scornfully, to Josés.

"I'm very glad of it," said the latter, heartily. "I hate Injun, but somehow I don't hate the Beaver and you, old Speak English, half—no, not a quarter—so much as I do some of 'em. I say, how could you tell in the dark that it was the Beaver?"

the time for making a hearty meal, the sentries not being forgotten.

"And now, Bart," said the doctor, "I shall keep the gate myself to-night with half a dozen men. I should like you and Josés to watch in the gallery once more with the Beaver's men. These Apaches will be back again to-night to try and drive off the capital prize, if they could get it, of our cattle."

"Very good, sir," said Bart, cheerily; "I'll watch."

"So will I," growled Josés.

"I wish you had the Beaver to help you. Poor fellow!" said the doctor, sadly, "his was a wonderful eye. The interpreter will become chief now, I suppose."

"Perhaps so, sir," said Bart; "but he says that the Beaver is not dead, but will come back."

"I would he spoke the truth," said the doctor, sadly. "The poor fellow died that

"No, master, I'm not prophet enough for that. If you killed off all these Injun, you might do it for a time, but 'fore long a fresh lot would have sprung up, and things would be as bad as ever. Seems to me finding silver's as bad as keeping cattle. Come along, Master Bart. I wish we had some of them salmon we speared."

"Never mind the salmon," said Bart, smiling; "we escaped with our lives;" and leading the way, they were soon ensconced in their places, watching the darkness creep over the plain like a thick veil, while the great clusters of stars came out and shone through the clear air till the sky was like frosted gold.

"Do you think the Apaches will come again to-night?" said Bart, after an hour's silence.

"Can't say, my lad. No, I should say. Yes, I should say," he whispered back; "and there they are."



"Speak English has eyes," said the Indian, accepting the nickname Josés gave him without a moment's hesitation. "Speak English uses his eyes. They see in the dark, like a puma or panther, as much as yours see in the sunshine."

"Well, I suppose they do," said Josés, with a sigh. "I used to think, too, that I could see pretty well."

They were back now in the gallery, keeping a steady watch out towards the plain, Bart being with them, and all were most anxiously waiting till the Beaver and his companion should come; for they were steadily endeavouring to make up for a very long fast to an extent that would astound an Englishman who saw a half-starved Indian eating for the first time. Josés and Bart made no scruple about expressing their wonder as to how it was that the Beaver had managed to escape; but the interpreter and his fellows hazarded no conjecture whatever. They took it for granted that their clever chief would be sure to outwit the Apachés, and so it had proved.

At last the Beaver came gliding softly into their midst, taking his place in the watch as if nothing whatever had happened; and, in reply to Bart's eager inquiries, he first of all raised himself up and took a long and searching survey of the plain.

This done, he drew the interpreter's attention to something that had attracted his own notice, and seemed to ask his opinion. Then the Indian changed his position, and sheltering his eyes from the starlight, also took a long, searching look, ending by subsiding into his place with a long, low ejaculation that ended like a sigh.

"That means it is all right," whispered Josés.

"Yes; all right," said the Beaver, turning his dark face towards them, and showing his white teeth, as if pleased at being able to comprehend their speech.

"Then now tell us, Beaver, how it was you managed to get away."

Without following the chief's halting delivery of his adventures in English, it is sufficient to say that he and his follower kept the Apachés back as they made attempt after attempt to ascend the chimney, shooting several, and so maddening the rest that they forgot their usual cautious methods of approach, and at last gathered together, evidently meaning to make a headlong rush.

This, the Beaver knew, meant that he and his man must be overpowered or shot down before they could reach the pathway of the natural fort, so cunning was brought to bear to give them time.

He knew that the Apachés would be sure to spend some few minutes in firing, partly to distract their enemies and partly to give them the cover of abundant smoke for their approach before they made their final rush; and taking off his feather head gear, he secured it with a couple of stones so near the top of the rock which sheltered him and his companion that the eagle plumes could be seen by the Apachés as they gathered below.

His companion did the same, and as soon as this was done, they broke away from their hiding-place, and ran a few yards over the soft, sandy soil at the edge of the patch of forest, to some rocks, making deep impressions with their moccasins. Then, taking a few bounds along the hard rock, they found a suitable place, and there the Beaver bent down, his fol-

lower leaped upon his shoulders, and he walked quickly backward into the forest.

"And so made only one trail," cried Bart, excitedly.

"And that one coming from the trees if the Apachés should find it," said Josés, grinning. "Well, you are a clever one, Beaver, and no mistake."

To put the chief's words in plain English:

"We had only just got into cover when we heard the firing begin very sharply, and knowing that there was not a moment to lose, we backed slowly in among the trees till it grew stony, and our moccasins made no sign, and then my young man stepped down, and we crept from cover to cover, stopping to listen to the yelling and howling of the dogs, when they found only our feathers; and then we seemed to see them as they rushed off over the plain, meaning to catch us before we were in safety. But the dogs are like blind puppies. They have no sense. They could not find our trail. They never knew that we were behind them in the forest; and there we hid, making ourselves a strong place on the edge of the cañon, where we could wait until they had gone, and when at last they had gone, and all was safe, we came on, and we are here."

"They wouldn't have escaped you like that, would they, Beaver?" said Bart, after shaking hands once more warmly, and telling him how glad he was to see him back.

"Escaped me?" said the Beaver, scornfully; "there is not one of my young men who would have been trifled with like that."

This he said in the Indian tongue, and there was a chorus of assenting ejaculations.

"But the Apachés are blind dogs, and children," he went on, speaking with bitter contempt. "They fight because they are so many that one encourages the other, but they are not brave, and they are not warriors. The young men of the Beaver-with-Sharp-Teeth are all warriors, and laugh at the Apachés, for it takes fifty of them to fight one of my braves."

He held up his hand to command silence after this, and then pointed out into the plain.

"Can you see anything, Josés?" whispered Bart.

"Not a sign of anything but dry buffler grass and sage brush. No; it's of no use, Master Bart, I've only got four-mile eyes, and these Injun have got ten-mile eyes. Natur's made 'em so, and it's of no use to fight agin it. 'Tis their natur' to, and it aren't our natur' to, so all we can do is to use good medicine."

"Why, you don't think that physic would do our eyes any good, do you, Josés?" whispered Bart.

"Physic, no! I said medicine," chuckled Josés.

"Well, what's the difference?" replied Bart.

"Difference enough. I meant Injuns' medicine, as they call it. Didn't the Beaver say that the master's glass was all good medicine. He thought it was a sort of conjuring trick, like their medicine men do when they are making rain come, or are driving out spirits, as they call it. No; we can't help our eyes being queer, my lad, but we can use medicine spy-glasses, and see farther than the Injun. Hold your tongue! he's making signs."

For the Beaver had held up his hand again to command silence. Then he drew

Bart towards him and pointed outwards. "Apaché dogs!" he whispered. "Young chief Bart, see?"

"No," replied the lad, after gazing intently for some time; and then, without a word, he glided off along the narrow, rocky, well-sheltered path, and made his way to the doctor, who, with his men, were upon the *qui vive*.

"Well, Bart, what is it?" he said, eagerly.

"The Beaver can see Apachés on the plain."

"A night attack, eh?" said the doctor. "Well, we shall be ready for them. Why have you come—to give us warning?"

"I came first for the glass," replied Bart. "I'll send you notice if they appear likely to attack, sir."

"Then I hope you will not have to send the notice, my lad," said the doctor, "for I don't like fighting in the dark."

As he spoke he handed the glass, and Bart returned to the gallery.

"Are they still there?" he whispered.

"Yes; Apaché dogs!" was the reply. "Good medicine."

"They won't find it so," growled Josés, "if they come close up here, for my rifle has got to be hungry again. I'm 'bout tired of not being left peaceable and alone, and my rifle's like me—it means to bite."

As he crouched there, muttering and thinking of the narrow escapes they had had, Bart carefully focussed the glass—no easy task in the deep gloom that surrounded them—and after several tries he saw something which made him utter an ejaculation full of wonder.

"What is it, my lad?" whispered Josés.

"The young chief sees the Apaché dogs!" said the interpreter.

"Yes!" exclaimed Bart; "the plain swarms with them!"

"Then they're gathering for a big attack in the morning," said Josés. "Are they mounted?"

"Yes, all of them. I can just make them out crossing the plain."

"Well, their horses are only good to run away on," growled Josés; "they can't ride up this mountain. Let me have a look, my lad."

Bart handed the glass, and Josés took a long, eager look through at the gathering of Apaché warriors.

"I tell you what," he said, "we shall have to look out or they'll drive off every head of cattle and every leg of horse. They're as cunning as cunning, I don't care what any one says, and some of these days we shall open our eyes and find ourselves in a pretty mess."

"The Apaché dogs shall not have the horses!" said the Beaver, fiercely.

"That's right; don't let 'em have them!" cried Josés. "I don't want 'em to go; but here's one thing I should like answered—how are we going to find 'em in pasture with all these wild beasts hanging about, ready to swoop down and make a stampede of it and drive them off?"

"The Beaver's young men will drive the horses and cattle out," said the Beaver, in tones of quiet confidence, "and bring them back again quite safe."

"If you can do that," said Josés, "perhaps we can hold out; but it don't seem likely that we shall get much salmon from down in the cañon yonder, which is a pity, for I've took to quite longing for a bit of that, and if the Apaché don't take care I shall have some yet."

(To be continued.)

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every thing  
lost, dead  
snow-mantled  
rocks, &c.

Now no more  
the frost

Carries the snow  
Upon the silver  
Now no a cheer  
In triumph  
The valleys, hills, and  
Welcome the

Ice-cream  
Lake, or crystal stream  
Singing minstrels bring  
To the world the youthful spring  
Woods in rich array  
Coming of the long'd-for May.

DR

T. CAREW

## HAROLD, THE BOY-EARL: A STORY OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY PROFESSOR J. F. HODGETTS,

*Late Examiner to the University of Moscow, Professor to the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science, etc., etc*

## CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

At last the hour came for refection, and the whole troop marched into a sort of model of the grand hall of the great house. Here they received each a little bucket containing about half a gallon of strong and savoury soup, in which was found various enticing ingredients in the shape of the flesh of the wild boar, pheasants, geese, etc., with store of herbs to give it flavour. Each boy was provided with a wooden spoon, in which were certain little holes through which the liquid could run while the solid meat remained dry in the spoon. When the meat was all eaten they set their lips to the edge of the little bucket and drank off the contents. Each boy had a loaf of barley bread, and after the repast a horn of mead was served by the men-servants, from which each boy took a fair pull, and the man carried it on to the next in order. The midday meal over, the boys ran out into the neighbouring field, where a game at ball—very similar to what is now called “rounders”—again called for action and dexterity. But during this period of recreation there was no supervision by the old man, the boys being left entirely to themselves.

Let us listen to the conversation of two boys of the ages of eleven and twelve years respectively, and try to gather something of interest for our tale from their talk.

“Look here, Alfred,” said the elder; “I have made up my mind about Harold. I know what is going to happen!”

“Do you?” was the reply. “Oh, do tell me, that’s a good fellow, and I will carve you a new spoon!”

“That’s a ‘wed’ [*i.e.*, a bargain]. So here goes. Now mark me! There is weapon-stand [*truce*] or fred [*peace*] between the English and the British and all the Welsh [*foreign*] in the land. But this stupid fred has nothing to do with us. We are not men, but boys, and Hilding says that it shall last between English men and men of Britain for two years two months two days and two hours. This has been sworn on the sword, so the earl cannot break it. But there is no fred between English boys and the boys of Britain, eh, youngster? Am I right or wrong? Mark me, there will be a boys’ war!”

“No such luck!” was the sorrowful reply of Alfred, with a sad shake of his flaxen little head. “No such luck, Edgar; you see men never go to war before they are fifteen years old, because Odin wants *men*, not boys, in Valhalla; you see the maidens who ride down the rainbow and choose the slain would laugh at a lot of boys being sent to sleep by the sword, and then we should have to wait until some of the other gods happened to hear of it and came and took us to their halls. I want to go to Valhalla and to be one of Odin’s champions, and shall bide my time.”

“You seem to know all about it, Alf,” was the reply; “was your mother a vala or your father a priest that you are so well up in this kind of lore?”

“Neither one nor the other,” said the boy; “but Hilding has told us about the gods and the ways of mankind, so that we ought to know.”

“There shall be no strife between us, Alfred,” said Edgar; “but mine was a brave thought and a merry one, and I think still that the reason why Harold has been sent is, that although only a boy he is a stout man at arms with sword, battle-axe, and lance, and might well lead a host of boys against the enemy.”

“And dost thou think,” replied Alfred, “that the Welsh men would be content to send out boys against us? Not they, they would send their men of war with their thick leathern jackets, and they would make short work of us, although they stand but little chance against our fathers.”

“Well,” said Edgar, “that is the most sensible remark thou hast made yet, and it has truth in it too. Still, I doubt not that if it came to blows we English boys could hold our own. Hullo! you fellows, who’s for a game of Welsh and English?”

This was a favourite game at the time of which we are writing, and it was played in the following manner. A number of boys armed themselves with wooden models of the double-edged battle-axe of the Danes, sometimes used, and that to good purpose too, by the English; another party was armed with clubs to represent the Welsh. Two lines were then marked on the ground parallel to each other and about fifty yards apart. Behind each of these lines the ground was called “Britain” and the “Home of the English” respectively. The two armies then advanced from their lines and met in the middle space between, where they joined battle. Whichever of the two parties succeeded in forcing the other back on the lines was declared to be the victor. Sometimes the fray would become rather more serious than mere play; but the boys gave and took sturdy blows with right good humour, and there was a sufficient amount of laughter going on to show that this English playground was the legitimate ancestor of that of our own schools. Alfred and Edgar had taken opposite sides, the latter being on the British side, and great was the glee of the younger boy at the total defeat of the Britons, who were pushed and shoved and tumbled over their line without mercy.

In the midst of all their mirth a sudden silence occurred, as if something very awful had happened, and each boy picked himself up and stood staring in surprise and wonder at the earl, who, approaching through the trees just as the revelry was at the highest, had joined them unheard and unseen of any. He therefore appeared before them like one of those supernatural beings of whose wonderful and inexplicable doings the early traditions of Scandinavia were so full. “Tius! Tius!” exclaimed Alfred, who stood nearest to the spot where the earl had seemed to spring up as it were from the earth. “It is the earl!”

The great warrior spake never a word, but beckoned with his hand to Kenulf the Red to approach, which the boy did, albeit somewhat scared at being singled out for the rare honour of conversation with the earl, whilst visions of sundry misdeeds which he thought were only

known to himself rose up within his mind. Yet he came briskly forward to the earl, and performing the same kind of obeisance between courtesy and bow which Harold performed to his father, drew himself up in a military attitude, and stood immovable as a statue.

“How old art thou, boy?” said the earl, abruptly.

“Thirteen winters, earl,” was the answer.

“Humph! I thought thou hadst been older; come with me!”

The great earl strode on before with rapid strides, and the boy, trying with all his might not to lose his newly acquired dignity by *running* to keep pace with the long-limbed warrior, strode too as best he could not to lag too far behind.

“How many winters hast thou been at Bearwood Hall, Kenulf?”

“Four winters good, my lord?”

“Canst shoot a crow flying?”

“I have done so, but I think it was rather luck than skill. However, I have often shot sparrows.”

By this time they had reached the great hall where the retainers of the earl were lodged, and were now enjoying the pastime of “tables,” a sort of game resembling backgammon, of which the English were passionately fond. The earl strode through the hall, and the champions, who were sitting at their game, rose as he passed, and with rough but very hearty courtesy saluted their chief and leader. The earl bent his head slightly to each, and when he gained that part of the hall where the low doorway was which led to the women’s apartments, he drew the arras a little wider aside and discovered another door, through which he beckoned the boy to follow. A narrow passage led them to a chamber built outside the great hall and hung around with bows, spears, javelins, swords, shields, arrows, battle-axes, bills, coats of mail, and slings used in war for casting heavy stones at the enemy. The boy gazed in mute astonishment and almost ludicrous delight at the splendid display before him, and took no note of an immense iron-bound chest which the earl had thrown open, and was thus shown to be nearly full of rings—rings of bronze, of silver, and even of gold, some made to fit the arms of stalwart champions, others small as a crown piece in circumference, while others again were no larger than would suffice for a finger.

The earl arranged some of these at the top of the heap and appeared intent on nothing else but to put the larger and more striking rings in the most conspicuous position in the treasure-chest or ringhoard. And even so late as the date of our story rings continued in use as a means of payment for service. It was a very ancient Scandinavian custom, and had been brought by the early English with them from Scandinavia. The master of such an establishment as we have been endeavouring to describe was as often called the “Distributor of rings,” “Lord of rings,” “Ring earl,” as Hlaford—from Hlaf (loaf) and ord (origin or cause), hence nourisher or bread-giver. The lady was always called “Hlæfdige”—the distri-

butor of bread. So the earl paid his champions in rings and food and arms and armour, while the lady, as the head of the domestic arrangements, was the channel through which the bread was administered to all.

But in explaining his title we are neglecting the lord of the household himself, who, while thus apparently occupied with his enormous treasure, was really watching the boy with intense earnestness, displaying some of the most tempting gauds to catch his eye. He then left the lid of the treasure-chest open, and proceeded to another part of the room, where a "byrnie" or coat of mail hung. This was formed of little rings fastened together in innumerable chains, so as to form a sort of iron cloth impenetrable to arrows, and when worn over a thick leathern tunic almost impenetrable to sword and lance.

The boy was gazing at all these splendours, taking in even the dazzling display of the hoard, when his eye rested upon a so-called Danish battle-axe of tremendous size. This weapon was in appearance like two battle-axes placed back to back, and the shaft, instead of being made of the wood of Odin's sacred ash, was itself of iron! Few men would nowadays care to lift such a ponderous mass, and even then but few would be able to wield it in fight. As his eye rested with awe and wonder on this fearful arm, an exclamation of delight burst from him.

"Tius!" he cried, apostrophising the god most dear to the youthful Teuton, "lives there the man can wield you axe?"

The earl stepped forward, and taking the enormous mass in his right hand, waved it gently upwards, and administering a cut in the air as at some unseen foe, made another motion as though to bring it down on Kenulf's unarmed head! The boy stood stiff and proudly erect without wincing, without moving a muscle. The grim earl never smiled, but seemed half ashamed of himself for "showing off" before the boy.

"Well, Kenulf!" said he, at length, "what seest thou in this my treasury that thou most wouldst like to own? Gold bracelets are there, arms are here, and yonder shields and armour. Tell me what, if thou hadst thy choice, what wouldst thou choose?"

"Good, my lord earl!" said the youngster, "to tell the truth, I like you bill the best, but I am far too weak to lift it now, and ere I grew to man's estate I should but look and sigh! But there just yonder hangs a noble sword. When I may wear the full-sized battle-blade, such is the sword I fain would wield."

"'Tis a goodly choice, boy," said the earl. "The sword shall be thine, and if I find thee faithful in the trust which I am about to give thee, I will promise thee the battle-axe—for it is not rightly a bill—as further reward. But is there nothing else within this treasure-house which thy young heart would covet? Here are many lovely rings. Here is a bow with goodly store of shafts. Hast thou no longing for such things?"

"Lord earl," replied the boy, "I am too young to wear war bracelets. Men would laugh at me, well knowing I had never earned such rings in war. And for the bow, I have one; but I thank thee still with all my heart. As to the service thou requirest, it is thine of right, and I can ask no pay for what is all thine own!"

"Well said, my son!" quoth the earl, much to the boy's astonishment, for the grim warrior was little given to praise, and when he smiled the dreadful colour of his teeth made his smile more fearful than his frown. "Now sit you down on yonder chair and listen to my words. Thou lovest Harold, and art sad I sent thee not with him. I had my reasons, but I fear me now that he is foully dealt with."

"What, my lord earl! How meanest thou? Murdered by those dogs of Christian Britons?"

"Even so, Kenulf; though I doubt if he be really slain. But still I know he is in danger. Now, if thy father will allow, I want to send thee to Llewellyn ap Cattraeth, who has usurped the crown of Morven Penruddock, and tell him that unless my Harold be delivered safe and sound within ten days of thy appearance, then the war-bird's wings shall wave over the corpse of Llewellyn!"

"Oh, brave lord earl!" exclaimed the boy. "Is it—can it be true that thou wilt do me so much favour before the other boys? How happy will my father be! how happy shall I feel! When may I go? To-day—this hour, or when you will!"

The chamber in which this conversation had taken place had no window. It was built of solid blocks of stone, without the aid of woodwork. Where in the "hall" an aperture was left to let the smoke curl out into the air, here was a firm-set stone, from which a chain depended bearing a simple lamp. Another lamp stood on a rough-hewn table near the chest, and from the light which these two gave all we have told of treasures, both in arms and gauds, could now be seen, glittering and sparkling as the lamplight faintly flickered round.

"Now tell a groom to send thy father here."

Kenulf was gone like a stone from a sling, and the grim earl paced the treasure-chamber lost in thought. At last he broke silence. "Yes," he said, "it must be so. If I send men-at-arms they surely would proclaim the truce as broken, and Kenwalch the king would resent it. I am not strong enough to oppose him. Ha, Hildeberght! right noblethane! Thanks for thy goodness in thus kindly coming. Prithee be seated, and Gurth shall pour thee out a horn of wine\* such as is rarely tasted. Gurth, my lad! Bring horns with feet, that we may set them down. So; that is right. Now leave us."

The churl set down a large stone pitcher of the wine, placed two such horns as the good earl desired on the little table, filled them for the nobles, and withdrew. But as he left the room the earl threw off his light and airy strain and thus addressed the thane.

"Thane Hildeberght, thou lovest Kenulf?"

"Ay, my good lord!" was the astonished reply; "as well as ever father loved a son. What! has the boy done ought to anger thee? Boys are but boys, my lord; but if he has displeased thee let him bear the stroke. Thou art the judge, and a most righteous, too. Strokes never harm a lad when given fairly in correction."

"Out! my good friend; quite out! I want your leave to send him on a bidding—"

"My leave!" interrupted the thane, who was a good-humoured, fair-haired, stout-hearted Saxon—and stout-bodied,

too, for the matter of that, for his baldrick as athane cost no trifle, and his voice rolled out of his tub-like carcass with a clear, rich, fat, jovial sound that did the heart good to hear—"My leave, quotha! Why, we all belong to your heriot,\* earl, and fight under your 'token'! It is for us to ask leave of you."

"Good!" said the earl; "but this is private service, not the king's; and I will take no step without thy leave."

"Then take it," said the thane; "do as thou wilt, my horses and my men ride in thy 'ban,' and if I serve with thee, why man! is then the chicken nobler than the parent fowl? No, I trow not."

"Thanks, noble friend! Now hear my plan. The Æthling is concealed somewhere within Llewellyn's hold; of that I am advised."

"Tius!" said the thane. "Is it possible?"

"Not only possible, but certain," said the earl. "Now listen. Llewellyn seeks the life of Morven, his true king and master. I have him here."

"What!" cried the thane, "Llewellyn?"

"No," said the earl; "the king. He came here some days since, disguised as a harper, with his grandchild. I observed her well. She had no fear of Fangs, and he—a noble brute—he knew the kingly race, and never touched the girl! I saw that something was behind, and begged my lady just to find out who they were. Now one of my wife's maidens knows the tongue, although both Gwennyth and the king have never dreamt that Saxon maid should ever learn such speech as Welsh. Through this maid's cunning we have learned the secret. We treat them kindly, but we will not show we know their high condition. Well, it chanced that on the very day on which they came I sent my son to Wales to gain some tidings of the Æthling there, and let me know his fate. I could not send a man because I might not break our 'fred.' I trusted Harold, but I have no news. I hope that he has come to no untimely end. He was a good lad, and true and glad he was to try the adventure. But now I am uneasy in my mind, and this, my friend, I tell thee as between us two. Let no man dream that I, the grim Earl Blue-tooth, as men call me, have so womanish a feeling as to fret about my absent son. But what I dread is this. Morven and Gwennyth are now here, fled from Llewellyn's hold. Llewellyn may have seized the boy, and who can tell what tortures he may undergo!"

If the great treasure-chest had suddenly displayed four feet and walked off bodily with all its store of rings, the astonishment of the fat thane would have been as nothing compared to his present surprise at hearing the grim earl talk "sentiment." With a gasp he swallowed his wonder, and exclaimed,

"But, my dear lord, did you not think of this before? Did it not strike you that such fate might be in store for Harold ere he left?"

"Truly! Well asked, good Hildeberght. I never thought that they would torture boys, until I learnt from yon maid's story of the frightened king and Gwennyth what fearful deeds they do. Besides, I thought, when seeing these two Britons seek my roof, that I had found a

\* Most likely some kind of red wine from a Roman province.

\* From Here-gewater, contribution in arms and L:22 sent by nobles to the king in war time.

sure pledge of his safety. But now I fear me yon Welsh tyrant there would, if he thought that I should slay the king to wreak the wrong done me through Harold's death, just to be rid of Morven, slay my boy! And all the host of British curs are not worth half his finger-nail! Thunder of Thor, thinkest thou 'twere better now to hang the twain? It never crossed my mind till now, but who knows the British spawn may yet corrupt the pure thought of our daughters—Gwennyth a Christian, too. The danger is too great! I held them but as hostages for Harold's life, and now it seems as though I had brought ruin on us all. Kenwalch ordained the 'fred,' and named me his heretoga.\* He will scorn me for housing Christians, and yet were I to do them wrong the 'fred' would then be broken! Strange that a warrior as I am should be the sport of idle accident! At one time,thane, I thought of sending Kenulf, with thy leave, to seek for news of Harold. The lad has now so won upon my love that I could never bring my heart to send him forth."

"I thank thee from my heart, earl," said the thane; "but if thou lovest Kenulf as thou sayest, it were a better proof of love to treat him like thy son. Greater love can no man show. But perhaps it is expecting too much from such a lord as thou art, heretoga of the West Saxon people! to think that thou wilt treat *my* son as if he were thine own; it is too much, in right down earnest truth too much. And yet I thank thee for having thought my Kenulf worthy of such place in thy good will, even for a moment! 'Tis a good lad!"

"An English boy 'tis, through and through. I saw his eye beam bright with pleasure as it passed yon chest, and rested only on the axe and blade. He is the stuff King Penda loved, and of such stuff his thanes were made. His life must not be risked in such a cause."

"But even now thou saidst thy harbouring these British dogs may bring us all to ruin! If it be so, great is the honour that thou dost my son in choosing him to ward it off. Danger! I wonder much to hear the word from thee, lord earl. Thou, of a truth, should be the very last to keep thy sons from that! Where danger lives must honour grow. This is not our 'grim earl!' Pray let me tell my lady, or shall I call the leach? Indeed thou art not well."

The cloud seemed to pass from Blue-tooth's brow as he started from the stool whereon he had been sitting.

"Right,thane," cried he. "I am a woman! Softly though! My wife would think it shame to show such weakness! But it's over now. Kenulf shall go, and Tyr will be his guide! But hearken! Not a word to living soul of this my passing weakness! Hear my plan. Kenulf, with two more youngsters from the band, shall ride in quest of Harold, but, besides, my chosen band of champions shall ride near. They on the borders of the British land must wait with all their followers armed for war. A dove let loose by Kenulf is a sign that evil has been done. We take the king and Gwennyth with the band, and make them tell the Britons who they are, and say we come to right them, which we certainly will do, and hang Llewellyn on the highest oak that grows in his dominions!"

\* General, from "here," an army, and "toga," a leader; this latter word being from "tēon," to draw or pull—it exists in our modern "tug." This toga is the Latin "dax," also from a verb to lead or draw, "ducere," whence our duke, which should be heretoga, like the German herzog, which means the same thing.

"And how about the truce, lord earl?" "Earl me no earl, man! Kenwalch longs to fight, and sure an insult shown to our brave sons who lost their way in Britain would bear us harmless in his eyes for any steps we take. Then there is Morven, who must beg our help against the fierce Llewellyn, who, besides, has the Æthling prisoner. I bet my arm-ring to a grain of dust that Kenwalch joins the war."

The stout thane brightened at the name of war, and, rising from the seat on which he sat, held out his horny hand to Blue-tooth, who seized it in his grasp. That grasp would easily have smashed a modern dandy's fist to pulp, but Hildeberght returned the grip, then turned and left the room.

Scarcely had he regained the hall when the strange scene he had witnessed came freshly over his mind. "Is it possible?" he said, half aloud. "What evil can be in the wind? I never saw him so. I cannot even now believe it!"

"Believe what, Hildeberght?" inquired a brother thane, clapping our stout friend on the back. "What puzzles thy wise brain, old friend? Out with it, man!"

"Why, that the earl intends to honour both our sons—my boy and thine—and send them on a ride to British ground to seek Earl Harold midst the Welsh!"

"For that good news I let thee off the forfeit of the horse thou lost to me at tables yesternight."

Hildeberght laughed. "At thy old tricks, friend Kolson! The horse was lost to me, but on the strength of my good news I let thee off the loss."

"Thou art a good old Saxon!" said his friend, "and whichever way the loss was, thy good news is such as ought to square it off. But tell me, Hildeberght—what! are we going now to have a children's war? Is Harold or your Kenulf 'heretog'? By Thor! it passes my poor wits! Tell us some more, old man!"

Here they were surrounded by a throng of eager thanes, and what we now call gentlemen, who longed to hear the upshot of the conference with the earl. But Hildeberght, though not clever in his look, was wary, and parried all their questions with remarks upon the wonderful idea of the earl to send boys into the enemy's camp. The warriors were divided in opinion. Some thought the whole scheme nonsense; others thought it deep and clever. A suggestion that it was a trick of Hildeberght's to blind them to the real state of the case was so furiously resented by the "fat thane" that a duel seemed inevitable; but just at the critical moment the grim earl entered the hall in all his usual grimness. One look at Hildeberght was enough. Rolf beckoned to the doubting thane, and led him with him to the door at the end of the hall. What passed between them was never known.

The thane returned in a few moments, very pale, and, with quite an altered mien, exclaimed, "Forgive me, Hildeberght! your tale is true, and I would scorn to draw my sword in aid of falsehood! Give me your hand. Of course, if you are still not satisfied, my sword is steel; you understand!"

The champions all declared this apology ample, and Hildeberght, more in consequence of the earl's glance in passing through the hall than from any dislike to so common an event as a duel, replied, "Oh, yes; enough has now been said. Besides, there is but little time for such

amusements; they can keep until the time hangs heavy on our hands. But tell me, what think you of this "war of boys"?"

In the midst of the clamour to which this question gave rise, we will leave the champions and carry our reader with us to the house of a new acquaintance—a personage of not much less importance than the grim earl himself.

(To be continued.)

## TRAPS, AND ALL ABOUT THEM.

IX.—BIRD-CATCHING WITH TRAPS, ETC.

(Continued from page 404.)

YET another of the springle traps which I have seen used with very great success for the capture of flesh-eating birds is shown in Fig. 11.

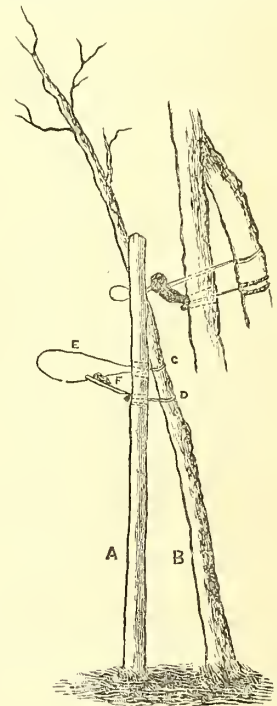


Fig. 11.

I am not sure that Mr. Overton (her Majesty's head keeper, Windsor Great Park) is not the inventor of this, as I have never seen it anywhere else. A and B are two sapling oak or ash-trees, growing near each other. Two holes are bored in A with a large gimlet; at C, in B, a wire loop is attached, and the loop E is passed through the upper perforation, as shown. At D a piece of cord with a round knot in it is passed through after B is bent towards A. F is a piece of wood, the point of which is shaped like a blunt cone, and this is sustained on the knot in the position shown by the spring of B, being similar, in fact, to the tongue of a wooden mole-trap, shown on page 125. On this piece of wood is tied a fresh lump of meat, or a pigeon's egg may be blown and stuck on. Indeed, any bait may be used, providing it is not too heavy. The bird, of course, pecks strongly at it through the loop E, and is instantly caught, or if it attempts to alight, which is often the case, the noose catches it alive by the legs. My drawing is a rough one, but sufficiently explains what is meant.

I have thus given a brief sketch of what boys can do in bird-catching with no more expense than a few pence—if we except the net, and that need not cost much if one is disposed to make it. There are many other traps which are variously successful. There is, for example, the trap-cage, which contains on one side a decoy bird, and a very useful one it is, and easily procured from a bird-fancier. Then there is the old sieve and string and brick trap, about which no boy needs to be told. I have taken twenty and thirty wild fowl in a night by bait-

ing with pieces of sheep's lights or lungs a large eel-hook. Then again for kingfishers there is a round spring trap, which catches them by the legs, and is cruel therefore. Herons may be taken on a baited hook—the bait fish, of course. When all is said and done, however, for general bird-catching, where sport and not torture is the means here set forth are decidedly the most satisfactory.

First and foremost, however, if you would be successful, take this practical counsel to your-

self. Study the natures and habits of the birds; the droppings and footprints will always indicate a favourite resort. Why, I took a dozen moorhens and coots the other day with half a dozen of Fig. 9 traps in less than four hours by simply setting and resetting in the right places, and then retiring out of sight.

And not merely out of sight, let me tell the tyro, but out of the range of the sense of smell. Never get to windward of any birds if you are intent on catching them. It is a curious fact

amongst the lower animals, especially those not brought under domestication, that they perceive and appreciate at its value against themselves the presence of man by smell as well as sight. Creatures of prey, from the hatred with which they are held, seem to possess this faculty in the highest degree. Were it not so, indeed, the struggle for existence with them would soon end, and many at least of the species—whether fish, flesh, or fowl—would become extinct as the dodo.

## COLLEGE SONGS.

[From "Carmina Collegensia."]

### THE JANITOR'S SONG.

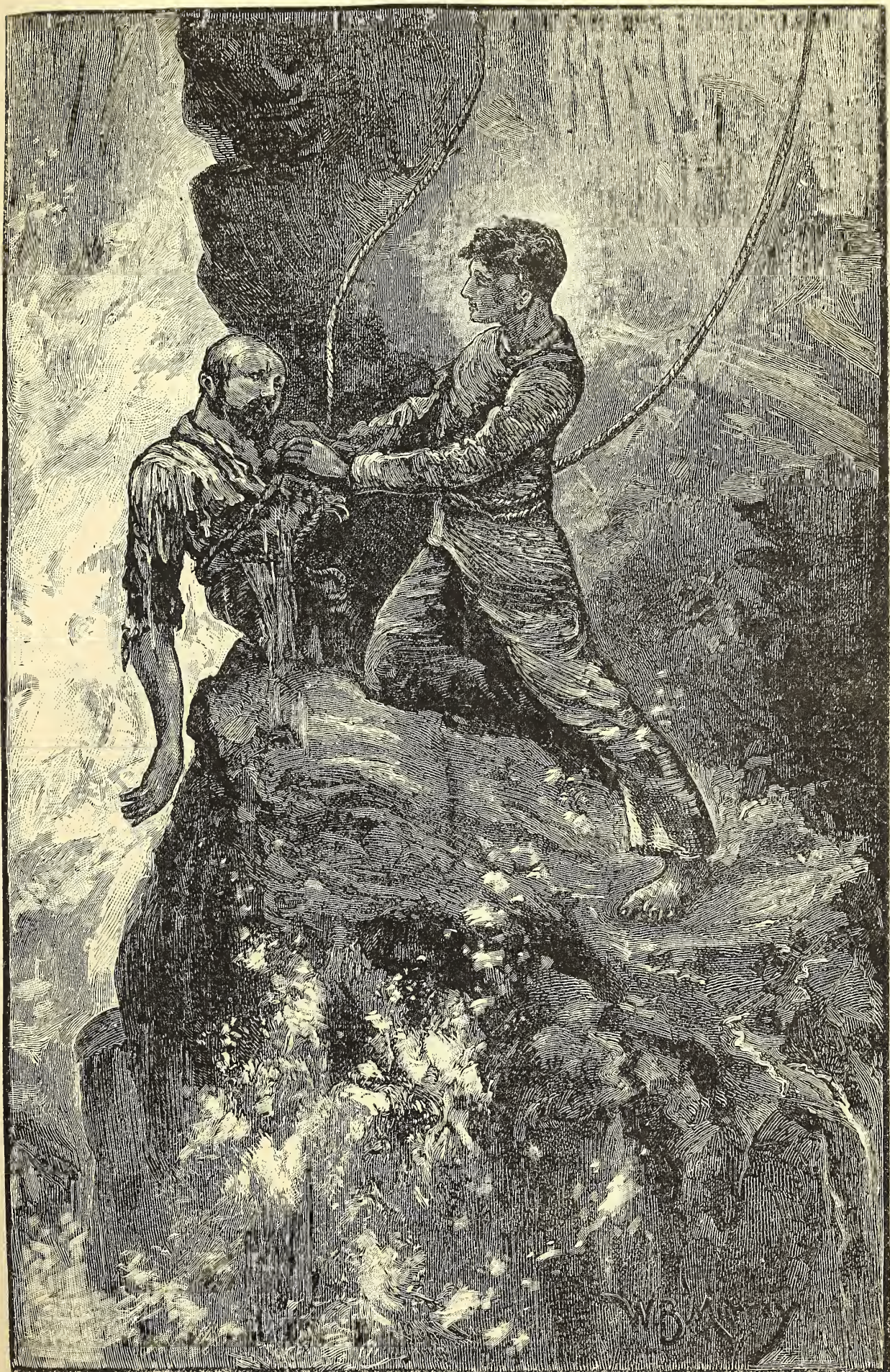
*Air—"Song of the Shirt."*

With features sallow and grim, With vi - sages sadly forlorn, The Jan - i - tor sat in the Janitor's room, Weary, and sleepy, and worn. 'Tis a fact! fact! fact! He sat with a vis - age long; And still as he sat, with a voice halfcracked, He sang this Jan - i - tor's song: "Sweep! sweep! sweep! In dirt, in smoke, and in dust, And sweep! sweep! sweep! Till I throw down my broom in dis - gust. Stairs, and chap - el, and halls, Halls, and chap - el, and stairs, Till my drow - sy head on my shoul - der falls, And sleep brings re - lease from my cares.

"From the very first crack of the gong,  
From the earliest gleam of daylight,  
Day after day and all day long,  
Far into the weary night,  
It's sweep! sweep! sweep!  
Till my broom doth a pillow seem;  
Till over its handle I fall asleep,  
And sweep away in my dream.

"Oh! students of high degree,  
(I scorn to address a low fellow,  
Oh! seniors most reverend, potent, and grave,  
(In the words of the great Othello,  
My story's a sad one indeed,  
Notwithstanding your laughter and sport;  
My life is naught but a broken reed,  
And my broom is my only support."

With feature sallow and grim,  
With visage sadly forlorn,  
The Janitor sat in the Janitor's room,  
Weary, and sleepy, and worn.  
It's a fact! fact! fact!  
He sat with a visage forlorn,  
And still as he sat with a voice half cracked,  
He sang the Janitor's song,—"Sweep," etc.



Wreck of the Dunbar.—See p. 510.

## GREAT SHIPWRECKS OF THE WORLD.

## IV.—THE WRECK OF THE DUNBAR.

VERY few who were in Sydney on Friday, August 21st, 1857, will forget the wreck of the Dunbar.

The Thursday night in the city had been rainy and rough, but not to any great extent, and the morning broke fine and clear. Little anticipation was there of any calamity at sea.

Towards the afternoon, however, a rumour spread that quantities of wreckage had been met with outside the Heads, that a pilot had seen what looked like the keel of a large ship on one of the beaches, and that steamers had gone out in search of information. As the tide rose a good deal of cargo drifted into the harbour, and among the floating goods were several corpses. The amount of wreckage showed that the vessel must have been a large one, and, judging from a few of the things that came ashore—notably a package of boys' cricket-bats, answering to an invoice forwarded in advance—it began to be suspected that the lost ship was the Dunbar. Of all the clippers then on the seas for Sydney, the Dunbar was about the least likely to meet with disaster.

The entrance into Sydney Harbour is through a narrow break in the precipitous escarpment. On each side of the waterway the cliffs tower up to the height of over two hundred feet. On the south side the cliff wall is unbroken, but on the north the long stretch is cut back into a narrow bay called the Gap, over whose rock-strewn floor the sea roars as if in a cauldron as the waves are dashed into foam against the perpendicular sides.

It is an old story how, when Captain Cook, after leaving Botany, was sailing along this coast for the first time, the look-out during dinner reported a magnificent harbour on the port bow. The captain stopped to finish his meal and delayed coming on deck till the North Head was passed, and then, seeing only the Gap, refused to believe the report. The look-out, however, persisted he was right; and Cook, after a remark as to the extraordinary keenness of vision which enabled some people to see through a stone wall, dismissed the matter with, "Well, we'll put it down, and call it after you. Your name is Jackson; let your wonderful roadstead be Port Jackson!" and thus the finest harbour in the world received its name.

It was in the Gap that the wreck had happened; the captain of the lost ship had, in the darkness of the night, mistaken the North Head for the South Head, and the little bay for the harbour mouth. Immediately after the loss of the Dunbar an alteration was made in the lights, and it is now almost impossible to be so misled.

Crowds of people from the city went to the Heads as the evening approached to assist at the terrible scene, for far and near the waves were dotted with cargo and lumber, the sea was giving up the dead, and the sharks had gathered to the banquet. Search for the survivors had been going on ever since Pilot Hydes discovered the wreck at seven o'clock in the morning, but without success. Captain Wiseman, in the Grafton, who had passed through the wreckage outside and first brought the news, had been scanning the face of the cliffs, and the Washington was also cruising off the Gap and examining its rocks from the seaward, while from every available point along the crest of the rocky wall the landmen looked down into the gulf for a sign of human life.

Night closed in, and nothing had been seen but the dead. But in the early morning one of the watchers was peering down the precipice from a projecting crag, when he fancied something moved on the cliff face. After a little it moved again. Yes! there could be no doubt of it; it was a man's arm, and it was waving a handkerchief!

A glance through the telescope dissipated all

doubt, and the shout of "There's a man on the rocks!" brought the people together. Measures were soon taken for the rescue. A young watchmaker—Anton Wollier by name, an Iclander by birth—volunteered to take a rope down, for the man was near the water's edge, at least two hundred feet below, and a boat would inevitably have been dashed to pieces if an attempt were made from the sea. The ropes were brought, the gallant lad was dropped over the cliff, and the waving handkerchief guided him to the ledge, on which he found the sole survivor of the Dunbar. He had been on the ledge for thirty hours, and was much exhausted. Wollier shifted the rope on to him, and then, signalling to hoist away, sent him up to safety. The Iclander had fixed the second rope so as to serve as a guy, and when the sailor was released by the enthusiastic crowd above, he was himself hauled aloft. The name of the rescued man was Johnson. He was one of the able seamen of the Dunbar. And this is the story that he told:—

The Dunbar, one of the finest and best equipped clippers ever launched, left England on May 31st, 1857. She was commanded by Captain Green, and carried an unusually good crew. The cabin passengers, many of them people of importance in the colony, numbered thirty, and in the steerage there were thirty-three. The ship was eighty-one days out, and all had gone well. She had sighted King's Island on August 16th, and was off Botany on the evening of August 20th. Sydney Light was sighted at seven o'clock, as the ship, under easy sail and closehauled on the starboard tack, was heading onwards N.E. by N.

The night was dark and rainy, and the light shone very faintly as the ship edged away from the land before she wore for the run into harbour. At half-past eleven Captain Green gave the order, "All hands wear ship!" and the yards were squared as she fell off before the wind, and the two men at the wheel steered straight for the light, of which the glimmer could just be caught through the darkness. The ship had very little canvas aloft, and was making good way with three reefs in the main topsail and four in the fore, and as she neared the light the foresail was clewed up. The third mate was on the forecastle, and the captain sent the second mate forward to help him look out for the North Head on the starboard bow.

It was nearly midnight. There was silence on deck, for the passengers had all retired to sleep. The rain came down thicker and faster, the darkness had increased, and the light had disappeared.

"Can you see the North Head?" shouted the captain from the poop.

"No, not yet," replied the second mate from the forecastle.

On drove the devoted ship, and again the captain shouted, and again came back the answer "No!"

Again the captain began the question, but he was stopped in mid-speech by a loud shout from the second mate of "Breakers ahead!"

And at the same instant, through a rift in the darkness, Johnson saw the North Head light just over the lee mizen rigging.

"Starboard!" hissed Captain Green, and quick and sharp the orders followed, and the yards were braced round to bring the Dunbar up to windward.

But it was too late, she had too little sail on, and made too much leeway; and in a few moments the port bow struck on the rocks below, and then bumped over on to them.

Everything was done to save the ship but in vain. Blue lights were burnt, but were unperceived. The seas came breaking over, and the first sea that broke stove in the boats. The mizenmast went, then the main; the foremast stood till the last. The passengers rushed up in

their night-dresses asking if there still was hope. The ship held for a few minutes, and then the decks burst, and the Dunbar was shattered into a thousand pieces, and all were cast into the foaming sea.

At the first crash Johnson threw off his jacket and boots, and prepared for the worst. As the ship was breaking up he dashed below and got out of the cabin skylight to leeward, and then clambered along to the chain plates of the fore rigging, where he found the old boatswain and two other seamen. The bow broke up last. The two seamen were washed away, and Johnson and the boatswain were thrown ashore amongst the timber. As the wave struck the cliff Johnson scrambled on to a ledge, but the boatswain could go no farther, and was snuck back by the next wave. Johnson clambered to a higher ledge, and there, bruised and battered and wearied, fell asleep.

When he awoke it was broad daylight. About ten yards below him was the sea, covered with the wreckage. Among the wreckage were the bodies of his late shipmates, and—more horrible sight than all—the waves were alive with the sharks who were feeding on the corpses.

Far above him, like specks against the sky, he could see the people on the cliffs, and away out at sea he could see the ships that had come in search. He saw the Grafton, and signalled to her, but to no effect. He saw the Washington, and again he shook his handkerchief in vain. He saw a schooner, but she did not see him. He shouted and gesticulated to the people above him, but he failed to make himself visible. All that day he spent on the ledge of rock, and when night came he again slept. Early in the morning he made a desperate venture, and crawled on to a higher ledge, and from this place it was that his waving handkerchief was at last seen.

As Wollier reached the top after rescuing him Captain Loring, of H.M.S. Iris, collected £10 from the crowd as a preliminary testimonial. The Mayor of Sydney, who was one of those at the ropes, gave it to him, and made a short complimentary speech. The gallant Iclander was quite overcome, and could only find words to say, in his broken English, "I did not godown for this money, but for the feelings of my heart."

## HOW TO PRESERVE CATERPILLARS.

By THEODORE WOOD.

It has long been a reproach against many of even our best collections of British lepidoptera that the perfect insects alone find place therein, the earlier stages of development being altogether neglected. This is not at all as it should be. The man who fills a cabinet with butterflies and moths, neatly and artistically arranged, but without studying their life-history, is not an entomologist at all, in the true sense of the word, and would be just as usefully employed in collecting crabs, for all the good he derives from his hobby.

And there is another point to be considered. The formation of a first-rate collection of lepidoptera necessitates the annual expenditure for many years of a very considerable amount of both time and money; and, even if the desired result be obtained, the owner will only have done what many others have done before him. But if he gives up the straining after perfection, and devotes his energies instead to working out the life-histories of those insects with which he may meet, he will be doing a very useful work, and will find an interest in the study of entomology which the mere collector can never experience. And if, moreover, he can place in his cabinet mounted examples of each insect in all its four stages of development, he will have achieved a still more useful task, for he will then be in a position to benefit others as well himself. And I think that every

true entomologist will agree with me when I say that his collection, though it may only include some forty or fifty species, will be far better worth looking at than one in which, although much more complete, the perfect insects alone are allowed to find place.

Now the mounting of the earlier stages of butterflies and moths is really not a difficult business, provided only that we go the right way to work. The eggs may be dipped for a second or two in boiling water, and then fastened upon strips of cardboard, after the fashion employed in setting small beetles. The pupa may be treated in the same manner, but should have its contents carefully removed through a small aperture cut in the surface which is to lie next the card. The preparation of the caterpillar, however, is not so easy, and requires a greater amount of care and skill.

Various methods of proceeding have from time to time been described in the different entomological publications, some of them involving a considerable expenditure in the way of apparatus. But this is by no means necessary, for very satisfactory results can be obtained by the aid of a small spirit-lamp, a piece of fine glass tubing, a stout needle, two small pieces of watch-spring, and a tin canister of moderate dimensions.

The glass tubing must be made into a blowpipe in the following manner:—Light the spirit-lamp, and, holding the tube by both ends, place the middle in the flame, turning it slowly round and round so that all parts may be equally heated. In a few seconds the glass will become quite soft, when the hands must be slowly separated, so that the heated glass is drawn out almost into a thread. Let it cool, and then snap it in two, when you will have a couple of blowpipes just suited for your purpose.

Now take the two pieces of watch-spring, which should not be too broad, heat one end of each in the flame of the spirit-lamp, and bend it up at right angles about a quarter of an inch from the extremity. Plunge while still hot into cold water, in order to harden them, and then bind them firmly to the blowpipe in such a manner that the turned-up portion reaches to within about one-tenth of an inch from the point.

Next fasten your needle, eye-end first, for about one-third of its length into a stout wooden handle, such, for instance, as an old pen-holder. Heat it in the spirit-lamp, and just turn the point slightly with a pair of fine pliers. Finally, take the tin canister, which may be one of those in which French coffee is sold, and cut out a circular piece the size of a penny from the centre of the lid. Your apparatus is now complete and ready for use, and must be employed as follows.

Take your caterpillar (a large one is best for the first experiment), and kill it either by immersion in spirits of wine, or, preferably, by means of the cyanide bottle, taking care that it is quite dead before proceeding further. Then, holding it in your left hand, extract the whole of the interior through the anal orifice by the aid of the curved needle. This must be done very carefully, lest the skin should become stretched or torn, and the contour of the body thus spoiled. At first you will find this a rather troublesome job, but a little practice will enable you to manage it without much difficulty.

Now take the blowpipe and fasten the empty skin upon it, placing the point of the tube inside the anal orifice, and holding the extremity of the last segment by means of the two pieces of watch-spring. If, as generally happens, the skin should bang down, support it upon a piece of fine wire fastened beneath the blowpipe, and projecting for an inch or two in front of the point.

Now light the spirit-lamp and suspend the tin canister over, but not touching the flame, in order to form a kind of oven in which the skin may be dried. Introduce blowpipe and caterpillar through the aperture in the lid, and gently inflate the skin, keeping it distended until thoroughly dry. For small caterpillars, a minute and a half will be ample time to allow;

the larger ones will require from two to three minutes, according to size.

When perfectly dry, take the skin very carefully from the blowpipe and mount with strong gum upon a twig, cut so as to fit nicely in between the claspers. If you can procure an artificial leaf or sprig of the food-plant so much the better; if not, the twig will answer every purpose. When the gum has dried, place your caterpillar by the side of the perfect insect in your collection, and your work is done.

There are still one or two hints which may be of service with regard to the foregoing proceedings. In the first place, never select a caterpillar which is about to change his skin. You can always tell if this operation is about to take place by noticing whether he seems sluggish and disinclined to feed. If so, wait until a couple of days or so after he has donned his new coat; he will then be in the very best condition for preserving.

Sometimes the skin will be found unusually delicate, and consequently unduly liable to stretch or tear. In such cases it is a good plan to steep it for an hour or two in a moderately strong solution of alum, which will have the effect of hardening it in some degree. The greatest care must be taken in removing the skin from the blowpipe, as it contracts when drying upon the glass, and is sure to tear unless very delicately treated.

Some caterpillars, and especially those in which green is the prevailing colour, are very apt to lose their hues during the operation of drying. Some entomologists recommend that when this takes place the tints should be restored by means of a very fine camel's-hair brush, introduced through a small slit cautiously made in the lower surface of the body. I do not like this plan, however, for the shape of the caterpillar, which is quite as important as the colour, is very apt to be spoilt during the process. If green be the prevailing hue, however, a little finely-powdered colour may be carefully introduced, and the larva shaken until it is evenly distributed over all parts of the skin.

Many caterpillars, too—principally those of the *noctua*, or night-flying moths—vary greatly in colour at different periods of their development. Of these species, therefore, several examples should be preserved, and in some extreme cases, even, it will be advisable to mount a specimen after each change of skin.

In breeding caterpillars you are sure to meet with a number of parasitic insects, chiefly belonging to the great group of ichneumon-flies. Preserve these with the utmost care, set them, and place them in your collection with examples of the caterpillar from which they were bred. By attending carefully to this precept you will have a very fair chance of distinguishing yourself as the discoverer of some insect new to Britain, or possibly even to science.

Finally, do not be discouraged by two or three failures at first. These you must expect, for they are almost inevitable, no matter how much care and trouble you may expend upon your work. Patience and perseverance, however, in this, as in other things, will do wonders, and after a few attempts you will find your difficulties rapidly disappearing, while each new venture is more successful than the last. And in the course of a year or two, if you work tolerably hard, you will find yourself in the possession of a really valuable collection, far more useful, instructive, and interesting than the vast accumulations of specimens which are contained in many cabinets. Moreover, you will have acquired a large stock of practical knowledge, which will render you an entomologist in the fullest sense of the word.

#### A MYSTERIOUS INSCRIPTION.

Beneath the tables of the law on an old church wall was inscribed the following exhortation. Our readers will solve the simple puzzle with great ease.

PRSVR Y PRFCT MN  
VR KP THS PRCPTS TN

## OUR OPEN COLUMN.

### SOME "CONFIDENCES" TO THE EDITOR.

A "Sister" writes from Newcastle-upon-Tyne:—"Dear Mr. Editor,—In the March part of 'B. O. P.' (p. 369) occur two poems, ostensibly 'Dick's and Tom's Letter' to yourself, and the miseries which Tom inflicts upon Dick, and *vice versa*. Now, on perusal of the said poems, my small brother Harry discovered that some features of (to him, at least) absorbing interest had been omitted in their construction. 'But that fellow hasn't got red hair,' he exclaimed, indignantly, 'or else his brother would have bullied him about that too.' 'Then since you have,' I mildly ventured to hint, 'suppose you write a description of your woes, and we'll send it to the Editor. While I will have my say about 'brothers,' for really I don't see why girls shouldn't have a voice in the matter, seeing that they often have not only to mend, at unreasonable times, the said brothers' wearing apparel, but also to bear at all seasons with their growlings.'

"So, Mr. Editor, Harry and I send you our humble offerings, which you are at perfect liberty to make public, if you see fit, or to banish to the realms of the W. P. B. if you don't. We also take this opportunity to tell you how much we all enjoy the B. O. P., and conclude by saying that this is not 'soft-sawder' to ensure the publication of our rhymes, but a perfectly unbiassed statement of approval.

"Very truly yours,  
"HIS SISTER."

### "HARRY'S" COMPLAINT.

Who would not help me when I fell,  
But bade me, roughly, "Stop that yell!"  
Or, straightway, he "would go and tell?"  
My Brother!

Who took my marbles all away,  
Because "you don't know how to play"  
And wouldn't heed my plaintive "Nay?"  
My Brother!

Who wouldn't let me use his ball,  
Nor cricket ever learn at all,  
Because I was "so very small?"  
My Brother!

Who laughed because my hair was red,  
And filled it full of crumbs of bread,  
Then, jeering, cried, "The baby's fed?"  
My Brother!

Who always was so nice and meek,  
And never (?) could a harsh word speak?  
(And yet he was the *biggest* sneak!)  
My Brother!

Whom all the ladies thought "so good!"  
And only wished their brothers would  
Follow his footsteps. *If they should!*  
My Brother!

HARRY.

### A "SISTER'S" COMPLAINT.

Who, subsequently, older grown,  
Becomes a bore, as will be shown,  
Prating of "time," and "tune," and "tone?"  
My Brother!

Who plays the fiddle in a key  
Midway between keys "A" and "B,"  
And scorns all mild advice from me?  
My Brother!

Who holds it as a solemn charge  
To wear the "Masher" collar large,  
Nor knows the draper's overcharge?  
My Brother!

Who walks with stately port upright?  
Who wears his "pantaloons" too tight  
(Which adds absurdly to his height)?  
My Brother!

Who always will a silk hat wear  
Upon his highly-scented hair,  
And in his hand a cane-stick bear?  
My Brother!

Who think there ought to be no boys  
(Who nothing makes save "rents" and noise,  
And rudely spoil our household joys)?  
Their Sisters!

## Correspondence.



**E. DAYES.**—Yes, if the batsman is out of his ground when the striker at the other end hits a ball thro' the bowler's wicket, the batsman is out.

**AN INQUISITIVE READER.**—Mix ivory-black or lamp-black with shellac varnish, and paint the tin over smoothly and thinly. When the first coat is thoroughly dry go over it again. Finish with a coat of seed-lac varnish. There are other ways of japaning, but this is the simplest.

**J. C. SMITH.**—The "Live Stock Journal" is published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., Limited, and to them you should apply. It is a weekly publication.

**AMATEUR MODELLER.**—The best gum for use as mucilage is ordinary gum—gum arabic. Add a little glycerine to the solution, and the gum will not crack off.

**H. T. B.**—1. People collect used penny postage-stamps in large numbers because, in spite of all we can say to the contrary, and all any of the dealers can say, they will persist in imagining that they are of some value for charitable or other purposes. 2. The meaning of "Nunquam non paratus" is "Never unprepared;" just as "Semper paratus" means "Always prepared."

**A. S. MILLS.**—The ore is iron pyrites—disulphide of iron. It will dissolve in concentrated nitric acid, and leave a residue of sulphur. Muriatic acid will hardly touch it.

**AUSTRALIA.**—Your best course would be to inquire at one of the offices of the training-ships, but fifteen is as a rule too late to think of going to sea in that capacity. Perhaps the fact of your having been such long voyages already would cause an exception to be made in your favour. The great steamship lines do not carry midshipmen.

**H. G. NORTH.**—When you are twenty-one you can be admitted, if properly recommended. The reasons for the restrictions at the Museum Library are sufficiently obvious. The mode of admission you can learn on proper application.

**INCOGNITES.**—1. The wire is not properly insulated. The specimen you send seems to be very inferior stuff. Given a properly insulated coil of copper wire round a soft iron bar, the current sent through the coil is sure to magnetise the bar. 2. If you touch a piece of chess you must move it, and if you have moved it and removed your hand, you cannot alter the position of the piece.

**H. J. H.**—There is a school of telegraphy in Princes Street, Hanover Square, from which you could obtain a prospectus.

**ONE OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S SUBJECTS.**—You can get canoes built by any boatbuilder. Apply to Messrs. Salter, of Oxford; Turk, of Kingston; or Searle, of Lambeth. A second-hand one might be obtained through an advertisement in the "Field" or "Exchange and Mart."

**AMATEUR BOAT-BUILDER.**—A Thames barge is flat-bottomed, and yet it will sail to windward! The "Boy's Own" boat is fairly weatherly, but you could improve her by a centre-board. If, however, you want a really good sailing-boat, you must make one of the ordinary type in the ordinary way. We did not profess to give the best boat that could be made, but the really safest boat that could be built by a boy. Boats are generally trimmed by the crew sitting to windward. In America the crews in the sloop races stick their toes under a bar and lean right out over the water.

**RED SPECTRUM.**—We cannot answer your question without giving a diagram, and we make it a rule never to give diagrams in the Correspondence column. Almost any encyclopædia or manual of the steam-engine will give you what you want.

**A LOVER OF MUSIC.**—We gave a series of articles on violin-making in the beginning of our fifth volume, and we have no intention of repeating them.

**M. F. S.**—The Rafflesia and the Lattice-leaf plant were described in "Some Wonders of the Vegetable World," in No. 229. The article was an illustrated one.

**F. HARRISON.**—Never go to sea on a month's trial. You are sure to be disgusted. Boys are always ill during the first month. Go on a long voyage if you want to have a fair idea of what a seafaring life is like.

**C. E. SREDNAS.**—All the Sverige stamps are Swedish. Nevis is an English possession.

**T. HOPE.**—We have no space here to give you advice about boxing, but we should very much like you to send the twopenny we had to pay owing to your having boxed your letter without stamping it. The quickness of the hand doubtless deceived the eye.

**OLD BOY (Bristol).**—To waterproof cloth dissolve half a pound of alum and sugar-of-lead in a pailful of soft water for three hours, and stir it occasionally. Then let it stand, and when clear pour off without disturbing the sediment. Soak the cloth in the clear solution for twenty-four hours. Hang it up to drip dry.

**GUELPH (Ontario).**—For advertisements as to stamp dealers we must refer you to our wrapper. Jumbo was bought, not leased, by Barnum.

**ANXIOUS SUBSCRIBER.**—The light on the Clock Tower is merely a signal to denote that the House is sitting. It is there for the convenience of members, who can see from a distance if business is on, and be saved many purposeless journeys. It is not intended to light Palace Yard.

**C. S. S. L. I.**—The height depends on pedigree and nurture. What would be below the average of the more favoured classes would be above the average of the agricultural labourer. The average height of the English gentleman is sixty-nine inches, of the labourer it is only sixty-five inches. 2. Boys grow most rapidly between sixteen and twenty, and finish growing about twenty-three.

**RUHTRA.**—The three articles on Juggling began in No. 129. It was in the third volume.

**N. BELL.**—There were three articles on Goats in the fourth volume, commencing in No. 161, and we cannot repeat.

**G. GLASSMAN (Gibraltar).**—1. To get an appointment in any of the telegraph companies as an operator, you must first get a certificate of competency from one of the telegraph schools. These are constantly advertised, and your best plan would be to write direct for a prospectus. 2. Not at the time of writing.

**H. G. A.**—To stain deal mahogany-colour boil a pound of madder and a quarter of a pound of logwood chips in a couple of gallons of water. Use it strong or weak as you wish the tint to be dark or light; and when it is quite dry go over it with a pearl-ash solution of two drachms to the quart.

**M. VALERIUS.**—You must sponge out the colour you disapprove of, and when the paper is thoroughly dry paint in the tint you wish to substitute for it.

**NEMO.**—1. The police-courts are open to the public, but the accommodation is not very large. 2. About a hundred words a minute. Go to headquarters for information.

**C. J. INNES.**—Nearly every London publisher has a shilling book on etiquette.

**SECRETARIAN.**—Runs made from a wide are scored to the wide. There are no particular makers.

**QUERIST.**—1. Mr. G. R. Sims's ballad of "The Lifeboat" can be obtained in his "Lifeboat and Other Poems," published at one shilling. We gave it in our fourth volume. 2. The water-marks in paper are given by the dandy-roll. 3. Blotting-paper is unsized. That is all.

**W. BUSHBY.**—The easiest way of getting the BOY'S OWN PAPER is to order it through your nearest news-agent.

**H. S.**—The sea-anemone is neither a flower nor a fish. It is a coelenterate, as a coral is.

**C. PETTIT.**—1. Very many more go to the United States; out of every 250 emigrants, 175 go to the States, 35 to Australia, and 20 to Canada. The reason emigrants go in such numbers to the States is that the distance is much shorter and the fare so trifling. The reason that the American emigrants speak with such horror of the voyage, while the Australian emigrants enjoy it, is that the passage to New York is long enough to make an ordinary landsman exceedingly ill, and not long enough to enable him to recover, and forget in the pleasures of ocean sailing the discomfort of his introduction to them. 2. In Great Britain there are 137,553 acres of orchard, and of these only 1,775 are in Scotland.

**J. R. R.**—Try Barnard Smith's "Arithmetic," and Roscoe's "Primer of Chemistry."

**D. D. DUBLIN.**—It is simply impossible for anybody to say how a boat will behave without you send a section and plan. From the measurements you give, in which the draught is the same as the beam, and the beam is a third of the length, it would seem that you have been designing a collier brig.

## OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SIXTH SERIES.)

## II.—Illuminating Competition.

By reference to page 63 of the present volume it will be seen that we offered *Three Prizes, of Two Guineas, One Guinea and a Half, and One Guinea* respectively, for the best Illumination (in oils or water colours) of a Bible promise, which might be selected, at the option of competitors, from either the Old or the New Testament. Competitors were to be divided into classes, according to age, and one prize was to be awarded in each class. The Senior Division was to embrace all ages from 18 to 24; the second, or middle class, all ages from 14 to 18; and the third class, all ages up to 14,—the highest prize going to the class showing the greatest merit. Competitors were not prohibited from using purchased designs, but the colouring was to be wholly their own; and, other things being equal, the preference was naturally to be given to original work throughout.

We this week start with the Junior Division, and regret to have to report that the work, as a whole, is hardly equal to that of the corresponding class in previous Illuminating competitions. No one competitor seemed to merit the prize, but we bracket the three names at the head of the list, and divide it amongst them, according to the degree of excellence.

Our Award is as follows:—

JUNIOR DIVISION (all ages up to 14).

Prize—10s.

LIONEL J. JONES (aged 13), 45, Kingsley Road, Maidstone.

Prize—7s. 6d.

WALTER J. TAYLOR (aged 13), 49, Canonbury Road, Islington, N.

Prize—5s.

CLIFFORD CRAWFORD (aged 11), 21, Windsor Street, Edinburgh.

CERTIFICATES.

[The names are arranged in the order of merit.]

LOUIS R. DEUCHARS, Main Street, Auchterarder, Perthshire, N.B.

BERTIE T. LAKER, 34, Orford Street, Ipswich.

GEORGE M. BROWN, Fox Villa, St. Peter's Road, South Croydon.

J. K. GARJOCH, 367, Essex Road, N.

DONALD R. BATES, Stalham, Norwich.

WALTER HENRY CURTIS, 4, Cricketers' Yard, Gillygate, York.

FRANK K. GALLOWAY, 71, Chapel Road, Worthing, Sussex.

ARTHUR H. PEARSON, 17, Gibson Street, Toxteth Park, Liverpool.

HARRY G. PEGG, 1, Gilmore Road, College Park, Lewisham.

F. A. OLDAKER, Worple Road, Epsom.

FRANK P. CHAPMAN, 42, High Street, Charlton, Dover.

FREDK. J. GOWER, High Street, Carshalton.

SIDNEY W. WHITE, Egmont Villa, Dudley Street, Grimsby.

EDWARD J. CARVER, 3, Hillside Terrace, Woodland Hill, Upper Norwood.

R. H. GRAVES, Waterpark, Watford.

J. W. RICHARDSON, 7, Elder Villas, Auckland Hill, Lower Norwood.

DANIEL J. A. BROWN, 3, Broad Street, Leominster.

E. H. REEVES, 385, Bearwood Road, Edgbaston.

ARTHUR BILLINGTON, Fernside, Bedford.

THOS. B. EALES, 161, Cooksey Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

RICHARD H. YAPP, 24, Church Street, Leominster.

ALFRED O. R. SHEPPARD, 17, Landels Road, East Dulwich, S.E.

J. I. PIGG, Ossett, Essex.

JOHN BUDD, 29, West Street, Newtown, Huntingdon.

WM. J. DUFFELL, 100, Aunhurst Road, Hackney Downs.

THOS. F. TIMMINS, 163, Edwardes Street, Balsall Heath, Birmingham.

CRAMPTON T. PENNINGTON, Mere Street, Diss, Norfolk.

JOHN CURTIS, 2, Hampton Terrace, Mount Pleasant, Swansea.

GEORGE E. SIMONS, 57, Gray Street, Blackfriars Road, S.E.

OSWALD C. JONES, 2, College Hill, Shrewsbury.

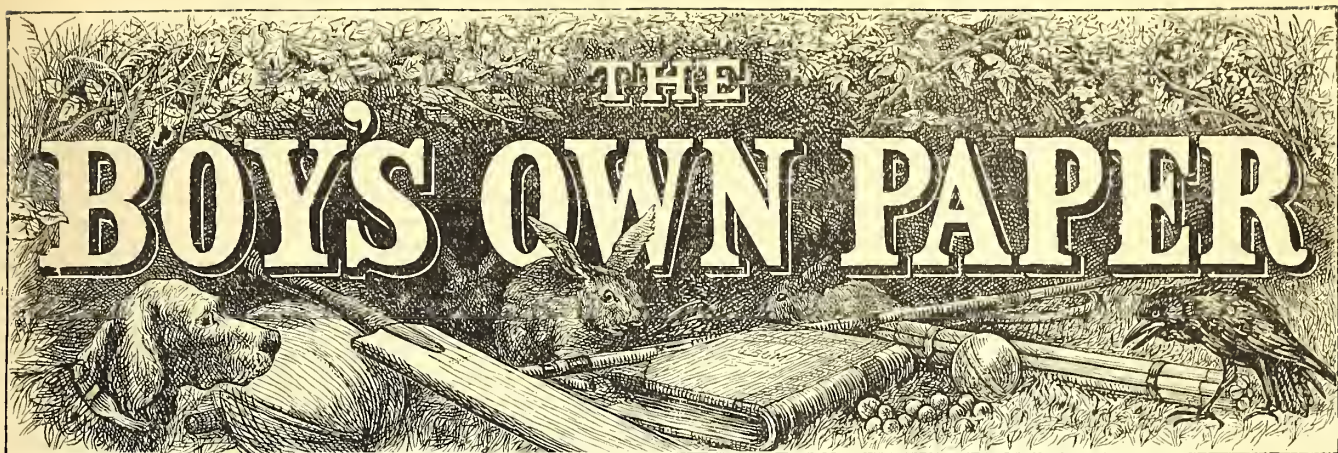
WALTER H. CULLIS, London Road, Worcester.

F. C. RAWLINS, 22, Silver Street, Taunton.

H. G. N. CLAYDON, 7, Stokes Croft, Bristol.

HARRY MARSHALL, Gore's Lane, Freshfield, near Liverpool.

SIDNEY MARSHALL, Gore's Lane, Freshfield, near Liverpool.



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Price One Penny.  
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## HAROLD, THE BOY-EARL :

A STORY OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY PROFESSOR J. F. HODGETTS,

*Late Examiner to the University of Moscow, Professor to the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science, etc., etc.*

CHAPTER V.—THE HOME OF THE VALA.\*

ABOUT an hour's brisk walking along a well-made modern English road would have brought the traveller from the hall of Earl Rolf the Grim, commonly called "Blue-tooth," to the house of Thorgerd Herdabrud, called "the Dane" (though originally an inhabitant of Norway). But we are speaking now of

\* Pronounced "Vah-lah."



"Thoroughly cowed, the enormous dogs retreated to their lair."

twelve centuries before the birth of Macadam, whose genius made our country roads what they are, and the journey through wood and marsh, over stock and stone, by field and fen, took nearly three times as long to accomplish. The last part of the journey lay through a pleasant though very thickly-grown forest, whose ancient oaks had witnessed Druid and Roman rites in the then far back past. Emerging from the wood, you came upon a lovely valley. The sides of the hills by which it was formed were covered with rich grass, and in the centre of the valley (which was nearly circular) there rose a little hill crowned by a curious dwelling. This was the house of Thorgerd Herdabrud, the Scandinavian prophetess or vala, and as it may serve to give a general idea of houses in the seventh century we shall give a short description of it.

The first thing that struck the traveller on approaching this house was the circumstance of its being surrounded by a stockade, or thick paling of stout timber. Such a defence is now called in Germany a *zoun* (pronounced *tsoun*), and was known in England as a *tün*, whence our word town. In those days it was necessary to keep off the wolves and still more dangerous Britons. Inside this palisade was a large court, in the centre of which stood the house itself. This was a very simple structure, being of wood covered with shingles. In the centre was a large door, closed by enormous hinges similar to those sometimes seen on the doors of very ancient churches. On each side of the door was a small window, which boasted the rare refinement of glass panes. The door opened into a large hall similar to but smaller than that of the earl. The aperture for the smoke was carried up into a sort of chimney, and the hearth was of well-made bricks, covered with tiles evidently taken from the floor of some ancient Roman villa. All round the walls were benches, and round the hearth were set four Anglo-Saxon chairs. The walls were decorated with very rude images of the Scandinavian gods worshipped by our forefathers. As in the hall of the earl, here, too, was the "high bank" answering to the dais of more recent times. On this was a seat with a stuffed cushion, and before this seat was an enormous oaken table, curiously ornamented with carved figures of dragons, wolves, ravens, and serpents. This table was supported by two carved dragons, and round the top was an elaborate border in which a number of mystic runes were cut. On each side the high bank were two pillars supporting the roof, and another pair opposite, forming in the space between them a perfect square, in the centre of which was the fire in its brazier. The four columns were carved into rude statues of four goddesses—Frigga, Freya, Rana, and Hela. Over each window were on the inside Runic inscriptions. Between the door and the fireplace stood an enormous stone, all round the circumference of which and near the top surface (smoothed so as to form a very even table) Runic figures were carved, and this added greatly to the weird nature of the scene. Each chair stood on a carpet or rug formed of the skin of the brown bear, and placed on the floor so as to display the head and claws of the animal. On the stone block which we have noticed as looking like a table were placed three beautifully formed staves of birch-wood. These were about four feet in length, and squared so as to possess four surfaces.

Another bearskin near the fire served as a bed for two Danish wolf-dogs of enormous size, looking most wonderful in their dark-grey shining skins.

On the opposite side of the fireplace to that occupied by the dogs stood the mistress of the mansion, a tall commanding woman, dressed in a white gunna or gown edged with purple cloth, on which were sewn pieces of black cloth cut into the shapes of runes. Round her waist was bound a golden girdle set with precious stones in the pattern of certain Runic letters, forming part of a verse from one of the hymns of the Edda. As the flames of the fire leaped up and shed their rays upon this belt its sheen was dazzling to behold. Each letter seemed to blaze with mystic light. Upon her head the prophetess wore what is called the wimple, a sort of hood covering the head and shoulders. A shawl mantle of scarlet cloth contrasted finely with the white of the rest of her garments. It was confined on the right shoulder by a circular brooch of the purest gold set with garnets, and curiously ornamented with the so-called filigree work for which the English workpeople were widely celebrated at the time of which we write.

The lady was gazing proudly round her, and regarding the silver and bronze images of the pagan deities of her race, which, kept in splendid order and in the highest possible state of polish, reflected back the fitful blaze of the wood fire with marvellous effect. She was just in the act of approaching one of these representing Odin, when she stopped short, arrested by a low growl from one of the magnificent creatures couchant on the floor.

"What hearest thou, Röska?" said the lady.

The reply to the question was a look as full of intelligence as many a written book. The ears were thrown back for a moment, and an expression so like a smile of delight lit up the animal's face, that no wonder the ignorant country people around used to say that these two dogs were elves who, clothed in the outward form of stately wolf-dogs, did her bidding and brought tidings from another world. But this testimony of love and devotion to his mistress—all the more touching from the enormous size of the animal—passed away in a moment, and the growl became deeper and more savage. The other dog had been perfectly motionless hitherto, as if asleep, but still his eye took in every motion of his mistress, every change in her wonderfully beautiful face; and now, aroused still more by the tones of her voice as she spoke to the other dog, he sprang up to his full height, overturned his companion, and would have indulged in some boisterous freak to show his utter devotion to her, when suddenly he too changed, and became as by magic a ferocious brute, to all appearance as wild and unmanageable as the wolf from which the first syllable of his name was derived.

"Down, Grim!" said the prophetess. "What ails the dogs?" she continued, in soliloquy, as she observed their growing impatience and evident desire to escape and attack something. "Silence, will ye?" This was said in a very different tone and manner from that which she had hitherto used, and the dogs, whining, threw themselves at her feet in abject humility, but not for a moment did the idea of something to attack seem to leave their wonderful canine thoughts. The watchful glance was at the closed door, and the lady now perceived that something was

really attracting their attention, and nothing but the powerful will of the sorceress would have kept them at all in discipline. And these two terrible animals, either one of which would have been more than a match for a strong stout man, quailed beneath the eye of that grand woman like the veriest cur beneath the lash.

But Thorgerd Herdabrud was no ordinary woman, nor were Röska and Grim the only living beings that her glance could quell. Burly men-at-arms, rugged sons of Odin, proud and haughty nobles, all bent the knee before Thorgerd! There was command in every motion of her exquisitely proportioned frame, there was a serene majesty in her massive brow, a haughty repose in the whole cast of her countenance, almost at variance with the feminine grace of her movements, the sweetness of her smile, and the extreme delicacy of her dazzlingly fair complexion. Her hair, escaped from beneath the folds of her wimple, was like burnished gold, and was so long that part of it, escaped from control, became visible even below the border of the short mantle we have alluded to. Advancing to the door, she signed to the dogs with an imperious gesture to be still, but seeing that their excitement was likely to break all bounds of ordinary discipline, she returned to where they were half in act to spring when the door should open, and in a tone of extreme displeasure ordered them to enter, by a small low door to the right hand of her dais, a dark cavernous chamber lower than the floor of the hall, to which a small flight of stone steps led down. As soon as they had entered she produced from a rusty nail inside the door a fearful-looking whip, which she calmly took in her hand, saying, "To bed, be dumb, no noise—or—" and here she showed the whip. Thoroughly cowed, the enormous dogs retreated to their lair and Thorgerd turned to listen. And now her acute ear caught the sound of distant footsteps. She again turned back and let a weighty iron bar fall into position, so as securely to shut in the animals. She then moved noiselessly forward and opened the door of her hall and looked out.

We have mentioned that her house was situated on the summit of a little knoll which stood in the very centre of the valley; it was therefore admirably adapted for the purposes of a watch-tower, as it commanded the situation all round, nor could any one approach the dwelling unheard or unseen by Thorgerd Herdabrud. She looked out and saw descending the opposite declivity a tall, strong, powerful man on foot alone, but bearing the formidable spear without which no English gentleman travelled in those days, and in the richly bordered tunic and ornamented cap she instantly recognised the earl, who was rapidly advancing to the house. Seeing that he was accompanied by Fangs, she hastened forward to greet him. The earl quickened his pace to meet her, and performing the graceful obeisance which we have already described as being similar to the modern "courtesy" as executed by girls, took the hand which she presented to him, saying, "Hail to thee, Thorgerd Herdabrud! I come to seek wise counsel in the hour of need, and as thou art the nearest both in blood and thought, I come to thee."

"Say on," quoth Thorgerd Herdabrud, "but first I beg thee of thy kindness to chain up thy hound."

"Have thou no fear for Fangs!" re-

plied the earl. "He is of too true breed to harm a woman! He is an English dog from snout to tail."

Of course Fangs was much too clever not to know that his master was praising him, and being on his very best behaviour suddenly put his huge paws on the lady's shoulder, and would have licked her face but for the sudden "Down, dog!" of the earl, uttered in so angry a tone as to bring the animal to his side looking as foolish and absurd as so noble a creature could.

"Chide not thy hound, lord earl!" said Thorgerd, "I fear no beasts, nor those far worse than beast, men of this iron time. Fear is a stranger guest to Thorgerd Herdabrud! Still, I have two such dogs as he, and if they met and strife should follow it would not be an augury of good, and so, if thou wilt allow me, good, my lord, I'll put thy Fangs in safety." To this the earl agreed, and going with the sorceress to an outhouse within the paling, the dog was secured, after which they entered the house together.

On passing into the space between the four supporting pillars the earl reverentially bent before the rude images of the goddesses, then turning to Thorgerd, said,

"As friend and near relation, let me place a little gift upon thine arm, fair lady. Saying these words, he produced a beautiful bracelet of the finest gold, and set with costly gems, from a small leathern pouch suspended from his belt. He placed this with gentle courtesy upon the fair white arm which she presented to receive it, and thus continued: "The gift is nothing—it is dross of earth; the living arm that meets it lends it worth. A moment since it was a lump of metal; 'tis now a goodly gem as borrowing worth from thee!"

"No gifts are needed between thee and me," was Thorgerd's quick reply. "Thou art our lord and leader, champion, 'heretoga,' friend. Thy bidding we all do with joy; our payment is thy praise."

"Enough, good Thorgerd!" said the earl. "Now give me thy advice. The Æthling lies in British bonds. I sent

young Harold to their lines to try and learn some tidings of his fate, deeming that such a boy would be respected for his years and birth. He is no beltedthane, just a mere lad chasing the heron with a rare gerfalcon. I hold it shame to war during a time of truce, but since I sent him I have heard that, though these dogs of Britons feign to swear their oaths by Christ, and not by Thor and Odin, they still keep up the rites which older Druids used, and still burn captives to their gods. Is this not so? Next, I must tell thee that the poor old bard who sought my hall with Gwennyth is the king of that same sept that holds my Harold prisoner. I thought this was a goodly chance to keep these twain as hostages until my boy's return; but here, again, I learn that nothing could delight Llewellyn more than having Morthern slain. I think of sending Hildeberght's son Kenulf to learn my Harold's fate, and where the Æthling is. Now read\* me what to do."

"These tidings are but heavy, good, my lord," replied the seeress. "But drain this horn the while I look into the runes of Fate."

She withdrew, and was absent for about the space of half an hour; and when she returned her countenance bore an expression of annoyance and perplexity.

"Earl," she said, "there is more in this business than I can fathom. I have consulted the Spirit of the Well,† but the answer is hard to read. It seems to me to run, as nearly as I can make out, thus: A king and a crown; a cross and a sword; men wanting in wit, boys wiser than men; death, danger, and doom; sunbeams burn brightly; boys gain what men lose. Of this I can make but little sense. Still, it seems to show that what is to be attempted will be effected by the brave deeds of boys. Now, Harold is in it already, with his friends, Kenulf soon will follow, and my counsel is to speed him on his way."

"Thanks, kinswoman!" said the earl.

\* Advise. German—*rathen*.  
† The Anglo-Saxons were given to well-worship even after their Christianity.

"But I wish I could have seen the Spirit of the Well."

"She rarely shows herself to mortal ken; but in the lowest depths of her weird well she utters sounds that tell her followers most wondrous tidings from the world below. Believe me, earl, she is a faithful elf, and will not play thee false."

"The worst of it is," said the earl, "that I have never seen an elf. They say there are black elves and light elves, but I never saw them, and I wonder often if there be such things in real truth, or whether we be not the fools of greater fools that lived in the far-back past."

"Earl," replied the sorceress, "tempt not the powers mightier than thou. Because thou canst not readily understand what is above thy grasp, must it be therefore false? Canst thou explain to me why the north wind that fills thy sails is strong and mighty? I trow not. And yet thou wouldst not dare to say that no north wind e'er blows. *Thou* hast not made the sun and moon! And yet because thou hast not seen their maker, dardest thou say that there was none?"

"Far be it from me," said the stout earl. "I adore the great God who made the sun and moon, whoever he may be."

"The Christians say they have the secret," said the prophetess, "but I believe them not, because they never do according to their teachings. But, earl, do me the one great kindness to drain another horn before thou leavest my house."

"Thanks, learned Thorgerd; but I may not stay. Thy counsel hath decided me to send the lad. Farewell. But stay, do not unloose my dog until I wave my spear, he might else seek your noble hounds, and such would be the fray if they broke loose that all thy treasures in that mystic house of thine would go to rack and ruin. If poor Fangs should see me at a distance he will think, poor brute, that I have sought to leave him all alone with thee. Then open thou his door, and I will whistle for the faithful hound, and thou shalt see him fly across the path swifter than ever arrow left a bowman's grasp!"

(To be continued.)

## THE TIGERSKIN: A STORY OF CENTRAL INDIA.

By LOUIS ROUSSELET,

Author of "The Two Cabin Boys," "The Drummer Boy," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XI.—THE MAHARAJAH'S INVITATION.

HOLBECK set to work in earnest on the day after that thus devoted to sight-seeing. He was as anxious as Everest to get away into his beloved forest. Distinguished naturalist as the doctor was, he was none the less an able man of business, and in a few days he had, with the help of Barbarou, done the round of the Bombay bazaars, and made himself acquainted with the state of the market. He soon discovered that he was the first representative of a Continental firm to make his purchases direct on the spot. Hitherto the native merchants had only dealt with Europe through the English houses. By dispensing with this intermediate stage Holbeck found so great a reduction in the prime cost of the articles he was in search of, that he was able to make very favourable terms for his people,

and secure a good commission for himself.

In a short time he had collected all that Bombay possessed in the way of parrot-skins, parrakeets, mango-bird tails, sun-birds, peacock plumes, etc., and by treating direct for their freight home with a French captain bound for Havre a further excellent bargain was effected.

Everest on his part did not remain inactive; while his friends were getting on with their business, he was engaged in preparing for the forthcoming expedition into the interior. These preparations were numerous and somewhat embarrassing, for on them depended the whole success of the journey. Once the travellers were well away from the coast they would no longer be able to reckon on hotels, nor on the means of transport, nor on regular supplies. They

were thus obliged not only to carry tents, but to take with them all the furniture and utensils for a lengthened sojourn in the jungle. Besides this there were the provisions and other necessities, to say nothing of powder, of which the young Englishman expected to make good use.

Barbarou decided for a long-range choke-bore rifle, with which he hoped to do much destruction with explosive bullets. Everest selected two smooth-bores of eight and twelve calibre to carry conical ball, these being the best weapons for jungle work; with these he took a duck-gun and a small-bore Lefauchaux. As for Holbeck; nothing could persuade him to abandon his peaceful crossbow; he even declined to carry revolvers like his companions, under the pretext that savages are less to be feared than civilised men.

These preparations having been made, Everest set himself to work out the route. He procured the best books on India, and with the help of large-scale maps endeavoured to acquaint himself with the most interesting regions from a hunting point of view. He was embarrassed at the

Write the name of each country on a piece of paper; we can put the pieces in a hat, and the first name we fish out will be that of the happy place we will honour with our visit."

"That is an idea," said Everest, quite relieved at the suggestion. "I must have



'Victory, my friends! Fate has spoken!'

choice which the huge territory offered him; from Cape Comorin to Thibet each district had its varied attractions. At the outset he dismissed the Himalayas and Mysore as being too distant, and decided for Central India. But here again he had to choose. Should he and his companions make their way towards Rajputana, where the travellers' tales of the mighty battues of the Rajahs made his eyes glisten; or should they go to the Deccan, where the plains teemed with antelopes and wild beasts of a hundred species; or towards the mysterious Gondvana, with its valleys and mountain chains covered with impenetrable virgin forest. Before the picture built up of these wonders by so many intrepid explorers the young man knew not how to decide.

In addition to this he pursued his studies with passionate ardour, and Holbeck saw with pleased surprise that his young companion's attacks of melancholy became rarer and rarer. Absorbed in his researches, Everest did not even notice that three weeks had elapsed since his arrival at Bombay.

At last there came a day when the doctor, entering the hotel with Barbarou at breakfast-time, exclaimed, as he brandished his umbrella,

"It is all over! The last case has gone on board the ship this morning. Henceforth my commercial duties are at an end, and I am free to return to my muttons, that is to say to my beloved ants. Come, friend Everest, it is time to get on the road."

The young lord was at the moment seated under the verandah. On a table before him was a pile of books and unfolded maps.

"I am glad to hear that news," said he to the doctor. "All is ready, we can start to-morrow. The only thing to decide is, where we are to go."

"What!" said the doctor; "you so impetuous and not yet come to a decision? You know, of course, that I have nothing to say about it, for we left it entirely to you. It is for you to settle the question."

"I know," said the young man; "but there are so many things to tempt me; all these countries are so promising."

"Well," said Barbarou, "there is a very simple way of getting out of the difficulty.

another look at Walker's map, and then we will draw lots. Although fate has never been favourable to me, I am curious to see how it will decide."

At this moment the gong sounded. Adjourning the consultation till another opportunity, the three friends went in to breakfast.

The conversation continued at table.

"If you take my advice," said the doctor, "we will do a little cheating, and only put in the hat the names of the mountainous districts. I do not care much for plains; they are monotonous, while in tropical regions the mountains are particularly favoured, for, thanks to their different altitudes, they bear on their flanks or in their valleys a most varied fauna and flora."

"Well," said Everest, "we will give the preference to the mountainous districts. Everything is ready for us to go. According to friend Holbeck's instructions, I reviewed the fourteen servants he has so judiciously engaged, and I have sent them on with the tents and heavy baggage. They are now waiting for us in the island of Karanja on the side opposite to Bombay harbour. In this way we shall avoid the railway and plunge at once into the wilds. From the information I have picked up, I find that by some strange contrast the island and part of the neighbouring coast are, notwithstanding their proximity to Bombay, almost unknown lands, or at least in a savage state. And so we shall pass at



one bound from civilisation into barbarism."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Holbeck; "your plan is perfection; you have designed it as if you were an accomplished traveller."

Breakfast being over, the three friends went back to the verandah to settle the question under consideration. But just as they were preparing to decide it by lot they were interrupted by the arrival of a postman with letters and newspapers.

Holbeck begged to be allowed to look through his letters, as among them he expected to find the advice of the shipment of his goods, and while he did so Everest mechanically unfolded one of the papers and carelessly ran his eye over it.

The Bombay leader of the "Times of India" had no interest for him; he passed to the news of the day, but the gossip of the presidency, the fashionable movements of the governor and court, and the other items of equal importance, failed to arouse him. He threw the journal on to the table.

Holbeck was deep in his correspondence; Barbarou was stretched at full length in a large arm-chair, sleeping peacefully and grasping his inseparable pipe.

Everest felt impatient. He took up the paper again and carelessly scanned its advertisement sheet. Suddenly his eyes sparkled, his attention was at once awakened, and he fixed on one of the columns of the newspaper and began to read it with strange intensity. Then, having finished reading, he rose to his feet, and exclaimed, as he flourished the newspaper,



"Victory, my friends! Fate has spoken!"

"What's that?" said Barbarou, suddenly woke up from his siesta.

"Here is a magnificent and unlooked-for opportunity, which ought to realise all our dreams!" answered Everest, excitedly.

"Hallo, friend! I never saw you like that before," said Holbeck, looking at the young man over his golden spectacles. "What have you found so astonishing in the advertisements of that outlandish paper?"

"Listen!" said Everest, and he set himself to read the following:—

#### "TO THE SPORTSMEN OF INDIA.

"His Highness the Maharajah Goulab Sing, sovereign of Mahavellipore, in Gondvana, appeals to the heroic courage of the European sportsmen of India. These noblemen and gentlemen are hereby informed that a year ago the anger of the terrible Siva let loose a fearful scourge against the territories of his highness. A Tiger, a monster such as men have never before seen, and which the fury of a Deva could alone bring forth, is desolating the fertile lands over which his highness extends his paternal sway. Not content with sowing carnage amongst the innumerable flocks of his tribes, he spreads terror among his subjects, carries off children, women, and old men, and his growls are heard up to the very walls of his capital. In vain traps have been set by the cleverest men, in vain the best shikaris have en-

deavoured to take his life by sword or bullet; the son of a demon has broken the snares and fed upon the shikaris.

"It is for this reason, O generous and magnanimous hearts, that his highness has resolved to implore assistance. He knows that you are not like other men, and that monsters tremble before your eyes of steel. With a firm foot you traverse the thickest jungle in the night, and your hands will hurl death at the redoubtable monster as surely as the divine Indra annihilated with his thunderbolts the rebel Kchatryas. At the sound alone of your approach the King of the Tigers will flee to the mountains, but your implacable vengeance will know how to pursue and exterminate him.

"Come then as protectors and rescuers. His highness's palace and gardens will serve for your dwelling-place, his dancers and jesters will charm your hours of rest, and his highness himself, by the splendour of his festivities, will prepare you for the heroic strife. May all come for pain and reap pleasure. But he who gains the triumph and brings in to the palace the skin and claws and teeth of the King of the Tigers, shall become the brother of his highness; the women and the old men shall crown him with flowers; and of the royal will he shall be elevated to the dignity of Sirdar Bahadour of the kingdom. Or should he prefer wealth to honours, he shall receive from the treasury

#### ONE LAKH OF RUPEES.

"Those who respond to this appeal should reach my capital on or before the first day of Sawan, or of the month of August in this year.

"Done at my palace at Mahavellipore, the 1st of Jeth (June), 1882.

"GOULAB SING."

"Now," exclaimed Everest, when he had finished reading this pompous invitation; "was I not right? Isn't this an unhopd-for and magnificent opportunity?"

"Then," said Holbeck, very quietly, "you think of becoming a competitor?"

"Why certainly," said the young Englishman. "I will rid the Maharajah Goulab Sing of his enemy or I will lose my life. Have you any objection?"

"Most decidedly I object," said the doctor. "You will get your bones crunched by a tiger for the sake of a fellow that I never heard of. However, if you promise to be careful and wide awake, and not to foolishly get in death's way in the adventure, I am quite agreeable to share with you in this fatuous nabob's hospitality."

"I will promise what you please, Holbeck," said the young man. "I will be careful, I assure you, and I will engage in no enterprise without consulting you."

"Well, then, let us accept the maharajah's invitation," answered the doctor. "Once I know your intentions I am not unwilling to serve my apprenticeship to India under such noble auspices."

"Be easy, Holbeck! be easy!" said Barbarou. "We will kill the fellow's terrible tiger for him. He must be very much afraid of the beast, and he must have a respectable number of millions to offer to fill a lake with rupees."

"Oh!" exclaimed Everest, with a laugh. "it is not a lake, a sheet of water, that he mentions, my dear Barbarou, but a lakh of rupees. Since I came here I have amassed enough Hindustani to know that a lakh means a hundred thousand. The

rupee is worth about two shillings, perhaps rather less, and the lakh is thus worth something under ten thousand pounds."

"Phew! only ten thousand pounds!" said the sailor, disdainfully. "I expected it was better than that. However, we can make it do."

"Barbarou!" said Holbeck, ironically, "did you ever hear of the proverb, 'You should not sell the—'"

"I know, I know," laughed Barbarou. "But we have got a good chance."

Everest had feverishly betaken himself to his maps. He was searching for the capital of the famous maharajah.

"Here is Mahavellipore!" he suddenly exclaimed, putting his finger on the spot on the map. "It is among the mountains of Mahadeo, on the south of the Nirbada river. The itinerary I worked up from Captain Forsyth's book goes right through it. As far as I recollect, it is the centre of a wonderful district. There will be a rich harvest for all of us."

"How long will it take us to reach it?" asked Holbeck.

"If we hurry," said Everest, "I should say in a little more than three weeks; but as the meeting is fixed for the 1st of August we have nearly six weeks to do it in—double what we want."

"All the better," said the doctor. "For my part, I do not care for travelling post-haste. Let us take it easy along the road, and that will allow you to get your hand in as a tiger slayer, for we must not introduce you to Mahavellipore as a novice. And let us be off to-morrow. I will call at our banker's and arrange the details of our budget, and then I am ready."

The rest of the day was devoted to the final preparations. While Holbeck was arranging for the expenses, the sinews of war, Everest and Barbarou called at the gun-maker's and completed their arsenal of weapons and projectiles.

The young Englishman could hardly contain himself for joy; for a moment he, the taciturn and splenetic invalid, had even embraced Barbarou! When in the evening they had finished their meal, which they had had served in their room, he had risen, glass in hand, and in a voice of enthusiasm had exclaimed,

"My good friends, let us drink to the health of Goulab Sing and to the death of the King of the Tigers!"

(To be continued.)

## THE SILVER CAÑON:

A STORY OF ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

BY G. MANVILLE FENN,

Author of "*In the King's Name*," "*Nat the Naturalist*," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—HARD PRESSED.

DAY broke, and the sun rose, displaying a sight that disheartened many of the occupants of the rock, for far out on the plain, and well beyond the reach of rifle bullets, there was troop after troop of Indian warriors, riding gently here and there, as if to exercise their horses, but doubtless in pursuance of some settled plan.

The doctor inspected them carefully through his glass to try and estimate their numbers, and he quite came to the conclusion that they intended to invest the rock fortress, and if they could make no impres-

sion in one way, to try and starve out its occupants.

"We must make sure, once for all, Bart, that we have no weak points—no spot by which these Indian wretches can ascend and take us in the rear. Suppose you take the Beaver and two of his men with you, ascend the mountain, and make a careful inspection?"

"But that would hardly be so satisfactory, sir, as if we went all round the base first to make sure that there is no way up from the plain."

"No; I know that," replied the doctor; "but that is too dangerous a task."

"I'm beginning to like dangerous tasks now, sir," said Bart; "they are so exciting."

"Well, go then," said the doctor; "but you must be mounted, or you will have no chance of retreat; and of course you will all keep a sharp look-out in case the Indians swoop down."

Bart promised, and went at once to the Beaver and Josés.

"I'm to come too, ain't I?" said the latter.

"No, you are to help keep guard," was the reply; and very sulkily Josés resumed his place, while the Beaver descended with Bart and four of his men to enter the rock stable and obtain their horses, the rest having to remain fasting while their companions were mounted and ridden out; the Indian ponies in particular resenting the indignity of being shut up again behind the stones by turning round and kicking vehemently.

The Apachés were so far distant that Bart was in hopes that they would not see the reconnaissance that was being made, as he rode out at the head of his little Indian party, after fully explaining to the Beaver that which they were to do.

His first step was to inspect the part of the mountain on the side that was nearest to the chimney, and the chasm into which they had descended to see the silver on their first coming.

This was the shortest portion by far, and it had the advantage of a good deal of cover in the shape of detached rocks, which sheltered them from the eyes of those upon the plain; but, all the same, the Beaver posted two of his men as scouts in good places for observing the movements of the foe and giving warning should they approach; the plan being to take refuge beneath the gallery, where they would be covered by the rifles of Josés and their friends.

It was not at all a difficult task to satisfy the most exacting that ascent from the plain anywhere from the gallery to the precipice at the edge of the cañon was utterly impossible; and after carefully examining every crack and rift that ran upwards, the little party cantered back, said a few words to Josés, and then prepared for their more risky task, that of examining the mountain round by its northern and more open side, for there was no cover here, and their path would be more fully in view of any watchful eye upon the plain.

They drew up by the gateway, and had a few minutes' conversation with the doctor, who said at parting,

"You can soon satisfy yourself, Bart; but give a good look up as you come back, in case you may have missed anything in going."

"I'll be careful," said Bart, eagerly.

"Mind that scouts are left. I should leave at least three at different points on

the road. They can give you warning at once. Then gallop back as if you were in a race. We shall be ready to cover you with our rifles if they come on. Now lose no time. Go!"

Bart touched Black Boy with his heels, and went off at a canter, but checked his speed instantly, so that he might the more easily gaze up at the mountain-side, while, thoroughly intent upon his task, the Beaver left scouts at intervals, each man backing close in to the rock, and sitting there like a statue watching the plain.

No Indians were in sight as far as Bart could see, and he rode slowly on, inspecting every opening in the face of the mountain, and so intent upon his task that he left the care of his person to the chief, whose watchful eyes were everywhere, now pointing out rifts in the rock, now searching the plain.

It was a much longer distance, and the importance of the task and its risk gave a piquancy to the ride that made the blood dance through Bart's veins. He could not help a little shudder running through him from time to time, though it was almost more of a thrill, and he could not have told, had he been asked, whether it was a thrill of dread or of pleasure. Perhaps there may have been more of the former, for he kept glancing over his right shoulder from time to time to see if a body of Indians might be sweeping at full gallop over the plain.

Half the distance was ridden over, and this gave confidence to the adventurer, who rode more steadily on, and spared no pains to make sure of there being no possibility of the Indians reaching the top from that side.

On went Bart, and three-fourths of the way was passed with nothing overhead but towering perpendicular rocks, impossible for anything but a fly to scale. The Indians had been left one after the other as scouting sentries, and at last, when no one was in company with the young adventurer but the Beaver, the edge of the cañon on this side was well in sight, and only a few hundred yards of the rock remained to be inspected.

"We will do this, at all events," said Bart, pressing his cob's sides with his heels; and he cantered on, for the face of the mountain was now so perpendicular and smooth that there was no difficulty in determining its safety at a glance.

Only about three hundred yards more and then there was the cañon, presenting a barrier of rock so steep, as well as so much higher, that there was nothing to fear on that side. Only these three hundred yards to examine, and the dangerous enterprise was almost as good as done, for every step taken by the horses then would be one nearer to safety. Bart had ridden on, leaving the Beaver, who had drawn rein, looking back at the plain, when suddenly there was a warning cry, and the lad looked over his shoulder to see the Beaver signalling to him.

"A minute won't make much difference," thought Bart, excitedly; and instead of turning, he pressed his horse's flanks and galloped on to finish his task, rejoicing in the fact as he reached the cañon edge that he had seen every yard of the mountain-side, and that it was even more perpendicular than near the gateway.

"Now for back at a gallop," said Bart, who was thrilling with excitement; and turning his steed right on the very edge of the cañon, he prepared to start back, when, to his horror, he saw a party of dis-

mounted Indians rise up as it were from the cañon about a hundred yards away, the place evidently where they had made their way down on the occasion of the attack during the salmon-fishing. With a fierce yell they made for the young horseman, but as Black Boy bounded forward they stopped short. A score of bullets came whizzing about Bart's ears, and as the reports of the pieces echoed from the face of the mountain the cob reared right up and fell over backwards, Bart saving himself by a nimbly spring on one side, and fortunately retaining his hold of the bridle as the cob scrambled up.

Just then, as the Indians came yelling on, and Bart in his confusion felt that he must either use rifle or knife, he could not tell which, there was a rush of hoofs, a quick check, and a hand gripped him by the collar.

For a moment he turned to defend himself, but as he did so he saw that it was a friend, and his hand closed upon the Indian pony's mane, for it was the Beaver come to his help; and spurring hard he cantered off with Bart, half running, half lifted at every plunge, as the pony made towards where their first friend was waiting rifle in hand.

"Let me try—draw him in," panted Bart, gripping his own pony's mane hard as it raced on close beside the Beaver's; and with a hand upon each, he gave a bound and a swing and landed in his saddle, just as the Apaches halted to fire another volley.

Black Boy did not rear up this time, and Bart now saw the reason of the last evolution, feeling thankful that the poor beast had not been more badly hit. His hurt was painful enough, no doubt, the rifle-ball having cut one of his ears right through, making it bleed profusely.

But there was no time to think of the pony's hurts while bullets were whistling about them from behind; and now Bart could see the cause of the Beaver's alarm signal, and bitterly regretted that he had not responded and turned at once, the few minutes he had spent in continuing his inspection having been a waste of time sufficient to place all of them in deadly peril.

For there far out on the plain was a very large body of the Apaches coming on at full gallop, having evidently espied them at last, and they were riding now so as to cut them off from their friends, and drive them back into the corner formed by the mountain and the cañon, a spot where escape would have been impossible even without the presence of a second hostile party of Indians to make assurance doubly sure.

"Ride! ride!" the Beaver said, hoarsely; and in his excitement his English was wonderfully clear and good. "Don't mind the dogs behind; they cannot hit us as we go."

All the same, though, as Bart listened to their yells and the reports of their rifles, he shuddered, and thought of the consequences of one bullet taking effect on horse or man.

Every moment, though, as they rode on, the cries of the Apaches behind sounded more faint, but the danger in front grew more deadly.

They picked up first one Indian of their party, and then another, the brave fellows sitting motionless in their saddles like groups cut in bronze, waiting for their chief to join them, even though the great body of enemies was tearing down to-

wards them over the plain. Then as the Beaver reached them, a guttural cry of satisfaction left their lips, and they galloped on behind their leader without so much as giving a look at the dismounted Indians who still came running on.

A tremendous race! Well it was that the little horses had been well fed and also well rested for some time past, or they would never have been able to keep on at such a headlong speed, tearing up the earth at every bound, and spurning it behind them as they snorted and shook their great straggling manes, determined apparently to win in this race for life or death, and save their riders from the peril in which they were placed.

Another Indian of their scouts was reached, and their party increased to five, while two more were ahead waiting patiently for them to come.

The wind whistled by their ears; the ponies seemed to have become part of them, and every nerve was now strained to the utmost, but Bart began to despair, the Apaches were getting so near. They were well mounted, too, and it was such a distance yet before the gateway could be reached, where the first prospect of a few friendly shots could be expected to help them to escape from a horrible death. Mercy, Bart knew, there would certainly be none, and in spite of all their efforts, it seemed as if they must lose the race.

How far away the next sentry seemed! Try how they would, he seemed to be no nearer, and in a very few minutes more Bart knew that the Indians would be right upon them.

Involuntarily he cocked his rifle and threw it to the left as if getting ready to fire, but the Beaver uttered an angry cry.

"No, no; ride, ride," he said; and Bart felt that he was right, for to fire at that vast body would have been madness. What good would it do him to bring down one or even a dozen among the hundreds coming on, all thirsting for their blood?

In response Bart gripped his pony more tightly, rising slightly in the stirrups, and the next moment they were passing their scout like a flash, and he had wheeled his pony and was after them.

One more scout to reach, and then a race of a few hundred yards, and rifles would begin to play upon their pursuers; but would they ever reach that next scout?

It seemed impossible; but the ponies tore on, and Bart began in his excitement to wonder what would be done if one should stumble and fall. Would the others stop and defend him, or would they gallop away to save their own lives? Then he asked himself what he would do if the Beaver were to go down, and he hoped that he would be brave enough to try and save so good a man.

Just then a rifle-shot rang out in their front. It was fired by the scout they were racing to join.

It was a long shot, but effective, for an Apache pony fell headlong down, and a couple more went over it, causing a slight diversion in their favour—so much, trifling as it was, that the Beaver and his party gained a few yards, and, instead of galloping right down upon them, the Apaches began to edge off a little in the same direction as that in which the fugitives were rushing.

And still they tore on, while at last the Apaches edged off more and more till they were racing on about a hundred yards to their left, afraid to close in lest their prey should get too far ahead; and they were

all tearing on in this fashion when the last scout was reached, already in motion to retreat now and lose no time, setting spurs to his pony as the Beaver passed, and then came the final gallop to the gateway for life or death.

For now came the question, Would the firing of their friend check the Apachés, or would they press on in deadly strife to the bitter end?

"Ride close up to the rock below Jose's," shouted the Beaver; "then jump off on the right side of your horse, turn and fire;" and with these words, spoken in broken English, ringing in his ears, Bart felt his spirits rise, and, uttering a cheer full of excitement, he rose in his stirrups and galloped on.

The endurance of the little horses was wonderful, but, all the same, the peril was of a terrible nature, for the ground which they were forced to take, close in under the perpendicular mountain walls, was strewn with blocks of stone, some of a large size, that had to be skirted, while those of a smaller size were leaped by the hardy little animals, and Bart felt that the slightest swerve or a fall meant death of the most horrible kind.

Twice over his cob hesitated at a monstrous piece of rock, and each time Bart nearly lost his seat, but he recovered it and raced on.

Faster and faster they swept along, the Indian followers of the Beaver urging their horses on by voice and action, while the yells of the Apachés acted like so many goads to the frightened beasts.

Would they hear them on the rocks? Would Jose be ready? Would the doctor give their enemies a salutation? Would they never reach the gateway?

These and a dozen other such questions passed like lightning through Bart's brain in those moments of excitement, for the rocky gateway, that had seemed so near to the first scout when they set out that morning and cantered off, now appeared at an interminable distance, and as if it would never be reached; while the Apachés, as if dreading that their prey might escape, were now redoubling their efforts, as Bart could see when he glanced over his left shoulder.

But on the little band of fugitives swept, so close together that their horses almost touched; and, unless some unforeseen accident occurred—a slip, a stumble, or a fatal shot—they would soon be in comparative safety.

The Beaver saw this, and, forgetting his ordinary calm, he rose in his stirrups, half turned and shook his rifle at the great body of Apachés, yelling defiantly the while, and drawing a storm of vengeful cries from the pursuers that rose loud above the thunder of the horses' hoofs.

Another two hundred yards, and the gateway would be reached, but it seemed as if that short distance would never be passed; while now the Apachés, taking advantage of the fact that their prey was compelled to swerve to the left, began to close in, bringing themselves in such close proximity that Bart could see the fierce, vindictive faces, the flashing eyes, and eager clutching hands, ready to torture them should they not escape.

Another fierce race for the last hundred yards, with the Apachés closing in more and more, and the fate of the fugitives seemed sealed, when, just as the enemy gave a fierce yell of triumph, rising in their stirrups to lash their panting little steeds into an accelerated pace, the rock sud-

denly seemed to flash, and a sharp spluttering fire to dart from the zigzag path. Some of the pursuing horses and their riders fell, others leaped or stumbled over them; and as Bart and his companions drew rein close in beneath the gallery, forming a breastwork of their blown horses, and began firing with such steadiness as their excitement would allow, a regular volley flashed from above their heads, and Jose and his companions followed it up with a triumphant shout.

The effect was marvellous,—the great body of Apachés turning as upon a pivot, and sweeping off at full gallop over the plain, leaving their dead and wounded behind, and pursued by many a deadly shot.

This was the result of their surprise, however; for before they had gone far, they turned and charged down again, yelling furiously.

"Don't fire till they're close in, Master Bart," Jose shouted from above; "they've come back for their wounded. Give 'em some more to take."

Jose was right, for the charge was not pushed home, the savages galloping only sufficiently near to come to the help of their friends; and doubtless they would have carried off their dead, but they encountered so fierce a fire from the rock that they were glad to retreat, leaving several of their number motionless upon the plain.

Then they rode on right away, and Bart threw himself down, completely overcome, to lie there panting and exhausted, till the doctor and Jose came and led him up, the Beaver and his followers staying behind to safely enclose the cavern stable with stones, after they had placed their own ponies and Black Boy within.

(To be continued.)

## AMONG THE MONGOLS.

THE mission among the Mongols, whose headquarters are at Peking, has recently been the subject of considerable attention owing to Mr. James Gilmour's fascinating record of his experiences. It is not every one who would care to spend a winter in a Mongol tent for the sake of learning the language at first hand; and yet this is what Mr. Gilmour did to prepare himself for his work of preaching Christ amongst that singular people whose habits and customs he has so pleasantly described.

Sixty years ago Messrs. Stallybrass and Swan took up their quarters at Selenginsk to preach the gospel to the Buriats. They afterwards removed to Onagen Dom, and there they began to translate the Bible into the Mongol tongue. They completed and printed the Old Testament in the Mission House—a really extraordinary achievement for two men in such an out-of-the-way place. The book was published in 1840, under licence from St. Petersburg, and the missionaries were proceeding with the New Testament when they received notice that they could only remain in Siberia if they bound themselves not to teach religion. This they would not do, and so the Western mission among the Buriats came to an end, and gave place to the somewhat listless efforts of the Eastern Church, who had by it been stirred out of their inaction.

It was this translation which Mr. Gilmour studied at Kiachta, on the Russo-Chinese border-line, when he had mastered the words and phrases jotted on the map he had taken with him from Peking. From Kiachta he started on his journey across the Baikal to Irkutsk.

Though the rivers round about are frozen up in November, that great inland sea resists the frost until the middle of January, and then the

air gets drier and the cold less intense, for while the Baikal is open the wind, sweeping over it, is loaded with moisture. Across the frozen surface the track is marked by a line of short Scotch fir-trees, fixed upright on the ice, and these lead to a hut in the centre which does duty for an inn, and then on to the other shore, which the main road skirts for some distance, the journey in winter time being there continued along the ice.

It was on the return journey, in order to secure the first horses for crossing, that there took place the exciting sledge-race, on this part of the lake, which forms the subject of one of our illustrations. A Russian and his wife were travelling a little in advance, but at the second station they were nearly caught up. The racing sledges had not proceeded very far, however, before two returning sledges were met with, and with these both the Russian and Mr. Gilmour had to change horses, so that both started level.

Away they went, with fresh horses, over the smooth surface of the lake, caring nothing for the storm, and meeting trains of goods-laden sledges, moving slowly in long lines, apparently as regardless of the falling snow as they were. Occasionally the one driver would shake out his reins, give the suppressed wolf-like howl peculiar to Russian coachmen, and, with horses at full gallop, dash ahead of his opponent; then the other driver would shake out his reins, utter his suppressed howl, and shoot ahead. After many changes the Russian had dropped behind, and was coming on again, slowly overtaking the leaders. The station-house was not far distant, the teams were flying at full speed, the passengers were eager, the drivers excited, and the horses warmed to their work, and, with blood thoroughly up, seemed to enter into the spirit of the contest as heartily as the men. Suddenly the hindmost sledge upset and scattered the Russian, his wife, and their belongings over the snow that covered the frozen surface! Happily no one was hurt, and the Russian soon followed into the station-house, smiling at his defeat, and consoled himself with a tumblers of hot tea, the strong, deep colour of which was all the more striking from the melting lumps of loaf-sugar that shone out white as they were driven round in the glass.

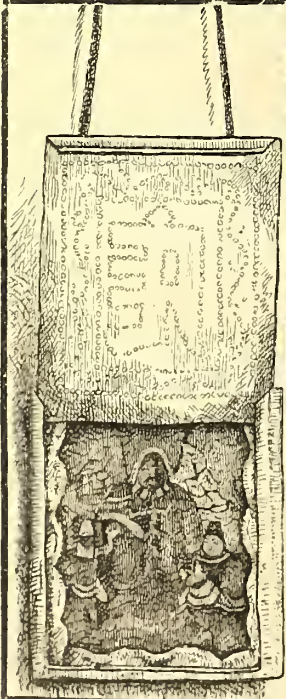
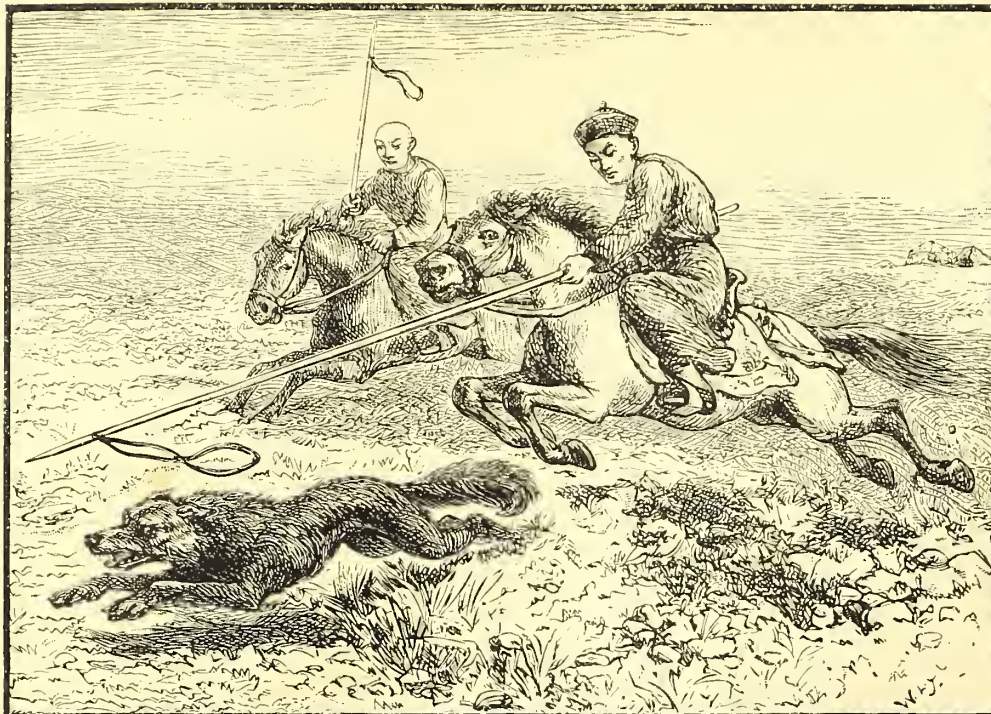
Two hundred miles north of Kiachta is Urga, the great religious centre of Northern Mongolia, and six hundred miles to the south of that is Kalgan, on the northern frontier of China. Mr. Gilmour began his riding lessons by traversing the six hundred miles from Urga to Kalgan, across the Gobi desert.

Horses were tried at first, then camels had to be taken on in their place, and after these had travelled for some days the soles of their feet began to wear through to the quick and had to be repaired. Each camel was thrown on his side, his feet put upon a low stool, and the tender part covered by a patch of leather held in its place by thin thongs drawn through the hard part of the hoof; in fact the animal's foot was mended very much as a cobbler mends a shoe.

The great tableland of Gobi can hardly be considered picturesque. There are no trees in the district. "No rain had fallen, no grass had grown, there was nothing but sand and stones, with last year's grass dried and brown, and very little even of that. Here and there were the ghost-like remnants of last year's growth of spear-grass, scorched with the sun and bleached with the weather, and the general desolation of the scenery was, if possible, enhanced by the appearance of black rocks, which cropped up in perpendicular layers."

One day, after passing through a group of these vertical strata, Mr. Gilmour came suddenly upon a stretch of ground covered with the far-famed stones of Gobi. "The prevailing colour was a kind of misty half-transparent white, exactly like arrowroot or cornflour prepared with water only. Besides these were stones with other colours—red, green, and blue. It was like a fairy scene. The stones were strewn almost as thickly as they could lie."

(Continued on page 525.)



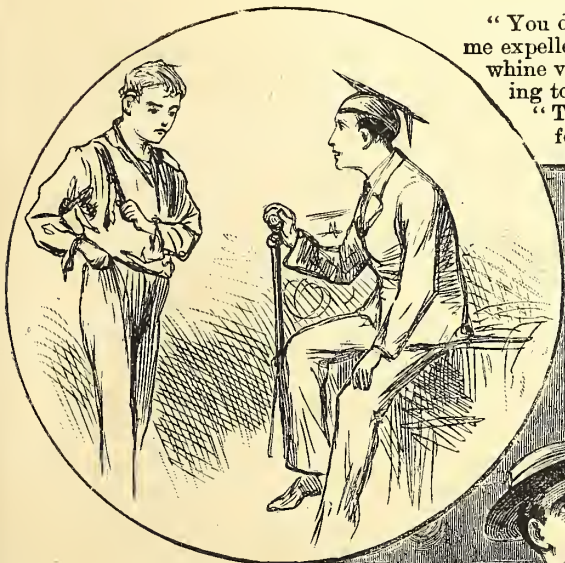
## THE WILLOUGHBY CAPTAINS.

A SCHOOL STORY.

BY TALBOT BAINES REED,

*Author of "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "My Friend Smith," etc.*

CHAPTER XXXIII.—A TREATY OF PEACE.



"You don't want to get both Gilks and me expelled?" said Silk, with a half whine very different from his late bullying tones.

"The Doctor never expels fellows for fighting."

up when you thought it was young Wyndham had done it," said Silk.

The captain winced, and Silk was quick enough to see it.

"You profess to be fair and honest. Do you call it fair to shelter one fellow be-



"Hold my towel—do you mind?"

THE captain's first impulse on receiving from Silk this astounding piece of information was to go at once to the School House and confront Gilks with his accuser.

But his second impulse was to doubt the whole story and look upon it as a mere fabrication got up in the vague hope of preventing him from reporting the fight to the Doctor.

It was absurd to suppose Gilks had cut the rudder-lines. Not that it was an action of which he would be incapable. On that score the accusation was likely enough. But then, Riddell remembered, Gilks, though a School House boy, had all along been a strong partisan of the Parrett's boat, and, ever since he had been turned out of his own boat, had made no secret of his hope that Parrett's might win. He had even, if rumours spoke truly, lost money on the race. How was it likely, then, he would do such an absurd thing as cut the rudder-lines of the very boat he wanted to win, and on whose success he had even made a bet?

It was much more likely that Silk had made this wild charge for the sake of embarrassing the captain and leading him to reconsider his determination to report the fight.

And what followed partly confirmed this idea.

"But he will when he finds out all this other business," said Silk.

"I really can't help that," said the captain, not quite seeing how the two offences were involved one with another.

"It's bound to come out," continued Silk, "and Gilks will bring me into it too. I say, can't you get back the names?"

"Certainly not," said the captain.

"You were glad enough to hush it all

cause he's your friend and tell about another because he isn't? Eh, Riddell?"

It was not a bad move on Silk's part. The question thrust home, and had he been content to leave the matter there, it might have been some time before the captain, with his own scrupulous way of regarding things, would have detected its fallacies.

But, not for the first time, Silk overdid it.

"Besides," said he, seeing he had made an impression, and foolishly thinking to follow it up—"besides, young Wyndham's a long way from being out of the wood himself yet. Of course I don't want to do it, but I could make it rather awkward for him if I chose."

The captain fired up scornfully, but Silk did not notice it, and continued,

"You wouldn't like to see him expelled, would you? If I were to tell all I know about him, he would be to a certainty."

Riddell, on whom these incautious words had acted with a result wholly different from what was intended, could scarcely contain himself to talk coolly as he replied, "Please leave my room. I don't want you here."

Silk looked round in a startled way at the words, and his face changed colour.

"What?" he demanded.

"Please leave my room," replied the captain.

"Not till you promise to get back the names."

"I shall do nothing of the sort."

"You won't? You know the consequence?"

Riddell said nothing.

"I shall tell of Wyndham," said Silk.

"Please leave my room," once more said the captain.

Silk glared at him and took a step forward as though he meant to try one last method for extorting the promise.

But Riddell stood his ground boldly, and the spirit of the bully faltered.

"You'll be sorry for it," snarled the latter.

Riddell said nothing, but waited patiently for him to go.

Seeing that nothing more was to be gained, and baffled on all points—even on the point where he made sure of having his enemy—Silk turned on his heel and went, slamming the door viciously behind him.

Riddell had rarely felt such a sense of relief as he experienced on being thus left to himself.

The suddenness of Silk's disclosure and the strange way in which it had been followed up had disconcerted him. But now he had time to think calmly over the whole affair.

And two things seemed pretty clear. One was that, strange as it seemed, there must be something in Silk's story. He could hardly have invented it and stuck to it in the way he had for no other purpose than embarrassing the captain, and the pressure he had applied to get Riddell to withdraw the names before the Doctor saw them confirmed this idea.

The other point made clear was that his duty, at whatever cost, even at the cost of young Wyndham himself, was to report the fight and make no terms with the offenders. If the result was what Silk threatened, he could only hope the Doctor would deal leniently with the boy.

One other thing was clear too. He must see both Wyndham and Bloomfield in the morning.

With which resolve, and not without a prayer for wisdom better than his own to act in this crisis, he retired to bed.

Early next morning, before almost any sign of life showed itself in Willoughby, the captain was up and dressed.

The magic that so often attends on a night's sleep had done its work on him, and as he walked across the quadrangle that fresh summer morning his head was clear and his mind made up.

The outer door of the School House was still unopened, and he paced outside, as it seemed to him, for half an hour before he could get in.

He went at once to Wyndham's study, and found that young athlete arraying himself in his cricket flannels.

"Hullo, Riddell!" cried he, as the captain entered; "have you come to see the practice? We're going to play a scratch match with some of the seniors. You play too, will you?"

The captain did not reply to this invitation, and his serious face convinced Wyndham something must be wrong.

"What's up, I say?" he inquired, looking concerned.

"Nothing very pleasant," said Riddell. "You heard of the fight last night?"

"Eh? between Silk and Gilks. Yes. I half guessed it would come to that. They've been quarrelling a lot lately."

"I reported them, and they are to go to the Doctor's after breakfast," said Riddell.

"They'll catch it, I expect," said Wyndham. "Paddy's sure to be down on them because they're seniors."

"They expect to catch it. At least, Silk says so. He came to me last night and tried to get me to withdraw the names. And when I said I couldn't he threatened to tell about you and get you into a row."

Wyndham's face changed colour.

"What? I say, do you think he really will?" he exclaimed.

"I think it's very likely," said the captain.

"Of course, you can't withdraw the names?" said the boy.

"I've no right to do it—no, I can't," replied the captain.

"Oh, of course. But I say, what had I better do?" faltered the boy. "I hoped that bother was all over."

"I would advise you to go to the Doctor before chapel and tell him yourself."

The boy's face fell.

"How can I? I promised I wouldn't, and Silk wouldn't let me off when I asked him."

"But he is going to tell of you, he says. You had much better let the Doctor hear it from you than from him."

"If only I could!" exclaimed the boy; "but how can I?"

"I don't want to persuade you to break a promise," said the captain, "but I'm sorry for it."

"I suppose I'm sure to get expelled," said the boy, dismally; "they're sure to make it as bad against me as they can."

Riddell reflected a little, and then said, "Perhaps it's only a threat, and no more. At any rate, if the Doctor is told he is sure to give you a chance of telling him everything, so don't give up hope, old man."

Poor Wyndham did not look or feel very hopeful certainly as he thought over the situation.

"Thanks for telling me about it, anyhow," said he. "I say, shall you be there to hear what they say?"

"I don't know. I don't think so. But if you are sent for let me know, and I'll go with you."

With this grain of comfort the captain went, leaving Wyndham anything but disposed to show up at the cricket practice. Indeed, for a little while he gave up all thought of going out, and it was not till a messenger arrived to tell him he was keeping everybody waiting that he screwed himself up to the effort and went.

Riddell meanwhile, with the other half

of his mission still to execute, went over to Parrett's. Parson was lounging about at the door, with a towel over his arm, waiting, as any one might have guessed, for Telson.

"Has Bloomfield gone out?" asked the captain of this youthful hero.

Parson, who ever since the famous breakfast in Riddell's room had looked upon the captain with eyes of favour, replied,

"No, I don't think so. I'll go and see if you like."

"Thanks. If he's in, tell him I want to speak to him."

"All serene. Hold my towel—do you mind? It's Bosher's, and he may try to collar it if he sees me. And tell Telson I'll be back in a second."

And off he went, leaving the captain in charge of Bosher's towel.

He soon returned with a message that Bloomfield was getting up, and would be out in a minute or two.

"I say," said he, after the two had waited impatiently some time, each for his own expected schoolfellow, "did you see much of the fight last night?"

"No," said Riddell, "I didn't see it at all."

"Oh, hard lines. I got there late, as I went to tell Telson. Gilks used his right too much, you know. We both thought so. He keeps no guard to speak of, and—Hullo! where on earth have you been all this time?"

This last exclamation was in honour of Telson, who appeared on the scene at that moment, and with whom the speaker joyfully departed, leaving Riddell only half informed as to the scientific defects in Gilks's style of boxing.

In due time Bloomfield appeared, not a little curious to know the object of this early interview.

Riddell, too, was embarrassed, for the last time they met they had parted on anything but cordial terms. However, that had nothing to do with his duty now.

"Good morning!" he said, in reply to Bloomfield's nod. "Do you mind taking a turn? I want to tell you something."

Bloomfield obeyed, and that morning any one who looked out might have witnessed the unusual spectacle of the Willoughby captains walking together round the quadrangle in eager conversation.

"You heard of the fight?" said Riddell.

"Yes; what about it?" inquired Bloomfield.

"I've reported it. And last night Silk came to me and asked me to get back the names."

"You won't do it, will you?" asked Bloomfield.

"No. But the reason why Silk wanted it was because he was afraid of something else coming out. He says it was Gilks who cut the rudder-lines."

"What! Gilks?" exclaimed Bloomfield, standing still in astonishment. "It can't be! Gilks was one of us. He backed our boat all along!"

"That's just what I can't make out," said the captain; "and I wanted to see what you think had better be done."

"Have you asked Gilks?" inquired Bloomfield.

"No. I thought perhaps the best thing was to wait till they had been up to the Doctor. They may let out about it to him, if there's anything in it. If they don't, we should see what Gilks says."

"If it had been your lines that were

cut," said Bloomfield, "I could have believed it. He had a spite against all your fellows, and especially you, since he was kicked out of the boat. But he had hotted over a sovereign on us, I know."

"I shouldn't have believed it at all," said Riddell, "if Silk hadn't sent me an anonymous note a week or two ago. Here it is, by the way."

Bloomfield read the note.

"Did you go and see the boatboy?" he asked.

"Yes; and all I could get out of him was that some one had got into the boat-house that night, and scrambled out of the window just in time to avoid being seen. But the fellow, whoever he was, dropped a knife, which I managed to get from Tom, and which turned out to be one young Wyndham had lost."

"Young Wyndham! Then it was true you suspected him?"

"It was true."

And then the captain told his companion the story of the complication of misunderstandings which had led him almost to the point of denouncing the boy as the culprit; at the end of which Bloomfield said, in a more friendly tone than he had yet assumed,

"It was a shave, certainly. Young Wyndham ought to be grateful to you. He'd have found it not so easy to clear himself if you'd reported him at once."

"I dare say it would have been hard," said Riddell.

"I'm rather ashamed of myself now for trying to make you do it," said Bloomfield.

"Oh, not at all," said Riddell, dreading, as he always did, this sort of talk. "But I say, what do you think ought to be done?"

"I think we'd better wait, as you say, till they've been to Paddy. Then if nothing has come out, you ought to see Gilks."

"I think so, but I wish you'd be there too. As captain of the clubs, you've really more to do with it than I have."

"You're captain of the school, though," said Bloomfield; "but I'll be there too, if you like."

"Thanks," said Riddell.

And the two walked on discussing the situation, and drifting from it into other topics in so natural a way that it occurred to neither of them at the time to wonder how they two of all boys should have so much in common.

"I shall be awfully glad when it's all cleared up," said Riddell.

"So shall I. If it is cleared up the credit of it will belong to you, I say."

"Not much credit in getting a fellow expelled," said Riddell.

"Anyhow, it was to your credit sticking by young Wyndham as you did."

"I was going to report him for it, though, the very day the matter was explained."

"Well, all the more credit to make up your mind to an unpleasant duty like that when you might have shirked it."

The bell for chapel began to ring at this point.

"There goes the bell," said Bloomfield.

"I say, how should you like to ask me to breakfast with you? I'd ask you to my room, only our fellows would be so inquisitive."

Riddell jumped at the hint with the utmost delight, and to all the marvels of that wonderful term was added this other, of the two Willoughby captains breakfasting *à la tête*, partaking of coffee out of the same pot and toast off the same loaf.

They talked far more than they ate or drank. It was more like the talk of two friends who had just met after a long separation than of two schoolfellows who had sat shoulder to shoulder in the same class-room for weeks. Bloomfield confided all his troubles and failures and disappointments, and Riddell confessed his mistakes and discouragements and anxieties. And the Parrett's captain marvelled to think how he could have gone on all this term without finding out what a much finer fellow the captain of the school was than himself. And Riddell reproached himself inwardly for never having made more serious efforts to secure the friendship of this honest, kind-hearted athlete, and gradually these secret thoughts oozed out in words, and a lively five minutes of self-abuse followed, ending in not a little shame at the discovery of how different a term this might have been.

Bloomfield, as was only natural and only right, took to himself most of the blame, although Riddell chivalrously insisted on claiming as much as ever he could. And when at last this wonderful meal ended, a revolution had taken place in Willoughby which the unsuspecting school as it breakfasted elsewhere little dreamed of.

"Upon my honour we have been fools," said Bloomfield; "that is, I have. But we'll astonish the fellows soon, I fancy. Do you know I've a good mind to break bounds or have a fight with some one just to make you give me an impot!"

"As long as you don't do anything

which calls for personal chastisement," said the captain, laughing, "I'll promise to oblige you."

"I say," said Bloomfield, as the bell for first school was beginning to ring, "I'm glad we—that is I—have come to our senses before old Wyndham comes down. His young brother has persuaded him to come and umpire for the school in the Templeford match."

Riddell's face became troubled.

"I hope young Wyndham may be here himself. You know, Silk threatened that unless I withdrew the names he would tell the Doctor about that affair of Beamish's and get Wyndham expelled to spite me."

Bloomfield laughed.

"Not he. It's all brag, depend on it. But why on earth doesn't the young un go and make a clean breast to the Doctor, before he gets to know of it any other way?"

"That's just the worst of it. They made him promise he wouldn't say a word about it to any one, and he's such an honest young beggar that even though Silk tells of him, he won't tell of Silk."

"That's awkward," said Bloomfield, musing. "Did he tell you about it, then?"

"No. His mouth was shut, you see. If I hadn't found out about it from Parson and Telson, who saw the three of them coming out, I shouldn't have known it till now."

Bloomfield's face brightened.

"Then you found it out quite independently?" asked he.

"To be sure."

"All right. Then the best thing you can do is to report him for it at once."

"What!" exclaimed Riddell, aghast, "report him?"

"Yes. And then you can go to Paddy and tell him all about it, and explain how he was led into it, and he's sure not to be very down on it."

"Upon my word," said Riddell, struck with the idea, "I do believe you are right. It's the very best thing I could do. What a donkey I was never to think of it before."

So it was decided that young Wyndham was forthwith to be reported for his transgression, and as the time had now arrived when all the school but Gilks and Silk were due in class, the two captains hurried off to their places, each feeling that he had discovered a friend, and in him a hope for Willoughby, of which he had scarcely even dreamed till now.

(To be continued.)

## SCHOOL CRICKET IN 1883 AND 1884.

WITH this month's part we present our readers with an attractive coloured plate of the cricket ribbons of our leading English schools. It is the first time, we believe, that such a collection has been attempted, and we hereby beg to thank the several head masters who have so kindly assisted us in its preparation. As a contribution towards helping on the good time coming, when every club will have not only a distinctive name, but a distinctive combination of colour, we feel sure it will receive a hearty welcome.

Taking the principal cricket schools in alphabetical order, as is our wont, we find that the last season at Ardingley was most noticeable for the extraordinary scoring against the M.C.C. In that match 112 runs were totalled before the fall of a wicket. Mr. Blackman made 277—the

highest individual score of the year; another player 176; and 672, the largest gross score of 1883, was obtained. The school remained at the wickets throughout, and the match had to be drawn without the M.C.C. going in.

Bishop's Stortford had a fair season; as also had All Saints', Bloxham, whose wins were nine out of fifteen. Brighton only won one match out of fourteen—that against Burgess Hill; the Lancing match was lost by 150 runs, and the Dulwich match by seven runs, both decisions being taken on the first innings.

From Bruton, Bruce Castle, Chatham House, and the Canterbury Clergy Orphan School, favourable reports are to hand. Charterhouse played fifteen matches and won eight—a great improvement on the four wins out of fifteen in 1882. Their Westminster match was won on

the first innings by 126 runs, G. A. Coulby going in first and carrying out his bat for 144; the Wellington match was drawn, Wellington scoring 187, and Charterhouse having eight wickets down for 153.

The Cheltenham record is not a bright one, only one match being won out of ten; the Marlborough match was lost by an innings and 102 runs, the Clifton match was lost by four wickets. Clifton won two matches out of eight, the wins being the school matches with Sherborne and Cheltenham, the latter, as noted, having been won by four wickets, the former by an innings and 119 runs. The M.C.C. match was lost by more than an innings—a result which is hardly likely to be repeated in the meeting at Lord's this year on July 28.

Devon County School had a seven-match card,

and won three, the season being chiefly distinguished by the bowling of Bradford and Barfoot. The mainstay of the Dulwich batting was M. P. Bowden, whose average of 52 is almost the highest of the 1883 schools, and is more than half as much as the rest of the team put together. Durham won seven matches out of twelve, Eastbourne five out of eleven.

The Eton and Harrow match of 1884 will take place on July 11th, when it is hoped that the pitiless rain will hold off and not again necessitate a draw. The match last year promised to be an exciting one from the fact of the scores being level, each school having won twenty-five out of the fifty-nine contests; but there was little to distinguish it from its predecessors beyond the batting of Marchant for Eton and Greatorex for Harrow, perhaps the two best batsmen of 1883. The Eton season opened promisingly enough, but their hopes were dashed by the crushing defeat at the hands of Winchester. The result showed twelve matches played and six won—or rather five won, for the M.C.C. match, reckoned by the College as a win, is counted by the Club as a draw, the same discrepancy occurring in the reports with regard to the M.C.C. matches from Haileybury and Harrow, and being due to the Club not acknowledging the verdict of a single innings.

Epsom College won nine matches out of sixteen; Haileybury four out of seven. Harrow won four out of nine; the leading batting average, that of T. Greatorex, 56, is the best ever gained at the school, and the best of the year. The cricket at Hurstpierpoint, King William's College, Isle of Man, and Magdalen School showed little change.

Marlborough, with six wins out of nine matches, was well to the front. The victory over Cheltenham by an innings and 101 runs, when eight members of the team reached double figures, gave the Wiltshire school a majority of one in the series—Cheltenham now standing with ten wins against Marlborough's eleven. The Rugby match was drawn, much against the Light Blues, Rugby having to follow on, and succeeding in giving their opponents 178 to win, and then of the Marlborough team only three were dismissed before the 100 was scored. Drawn matches between schools are always unsatisfactory, and it will be better for all parties if this year's meeting on July 30th be fought out.

At Newton Abbot there was heavy scoring as usual, and Ounille, in one of the school matches, scored 435 for four wickets—A. M. Suthery claiming 215 off his own bat. Oscott won six matches out of eleven, Oswestry had a busy time, and Rossall played seventeen matches, only four of which were won. Rugby only won one match out of eleven. The team was especially weak in bowling—a fact that became painfully conspicuous in the Lord's match, which they lost by an innings and 206 runs. As the eleven were strong in batting and fielding, the want is likely to be remedied, and we shall find the next encounter with the M.C.C. on the 1st of August next a much more even affair.

The Repton team were very successful, winning nine matches out of eleven, the Uppingham match being won by seven wickets, the Malvern match by five.

St. Augustine's had a busy time, and so had

St. Peter's, the York school losing nine matches out of fifteen. The Sherborne eleven showed great improvement on their previous year's form, notwithstanding that they lost the Clifton match so disastrously. The opening of this match was about the slowest yet heard of. It took an hour and a quarter for the Sherborne lads to get their first ten runs! Sutton Valence had quite a career of victory under M. R. Cobb, winning twelve matches out of thirteen and drawing the balance. Tonbridge beat Brighton on the first innings by a wicket and 356 runs, and lost to Lancing by 35 runs on the first innings, time not allowing the match to be played out when Tonbridge had seven wickets to fall for 39 runs. In the Tonbridge-Brighton match A. O. Hubbard scored 162, W. Rashleigh against the Marlborough Blues made 125, and J. Le Fleming on the same occasion carried out his bat for 112. This is not bad scoring for school cricket, and the three top averages—Rashleigh's of 43, Le Fleming's of 36, and Hubbard's of 31—are among the best of the year.

University College School played twenty-one matches and won eleven of them. The best score of the season was made by the captain, J. S. Haycraft, who carried out his bat for 140 in the match against the City of London School. Uppingham was rather down in the cricket world in 1883, and had to succumb to Repton by seven wickets, and to Loretto by 88 runs on the first innings—the first school matches that have been lost at Uppingham since H. H. Stephenson began coaching.

(To be continued.)

## STARS OF THE MONTH.

MAY.



Fig. 1.—The Northerly Sky at 10 p.m. on May 15.



Fig. 2.—The Southerly Sky at 10 p.m. on May 15.

At 9 p.m. on the 22nd the constellations on the meridian are Andromeda, Cassiopeia, Ursa Minor, Draco, Ursa Major, the Greyhounds, Coma Berenices, Virgo, Hydra, and Centaurus. The line passes between Alioth and Mizar, crosses Cor Caroli and Vinematrix, and nearly touches Spica.]

Anid you glorious starry host  
That feeds both sight and mind,  
Would you the Serpent-bearer's head  
And that of Hercules find?  
From Altair west direct a ray  
To where Arcturus glows;  
One-third that distance, by the eye,  
Will both these heads disclose.

Hercules is another constellation of great area, but comprising only stars of little magnitude. His principal gem is Ras Algeti, the lovely binary. It is in his head, and not far off from Ras Alague in Ophiuchus. Both the Rasas are head stars. With Altair and Vega, Ras Alague forms an easily recognisable equilateral triangle. Hercules is bounded by the Dragon, Lyra, Ophiuchus, Corona Borealis, and Serpens.

Like Cepheus and Andromeda, Hercules goes round the pole head downwards, which, though making him immortal according to promise, is hardly treating the hero with the respect he deserves. His head knocks the head of Ophiuchus, his right foot kicks the head of Draco, and his left heel is striking out at the head of Bootes. Do we all remember his twelve labours?

The Nemean Lion first he killed,  
Then Lerne's Hydra slew;  
Th' Arcadian Stag and Monster Boar  
Before Eurystheus drew;  
Cleansed Auge's Stalls, and made the Birds  
From Lake Stympthalis flee;  
The Cretan Bull and Thracian Mares  
First seized and then set free;  
Took prize the Amazonian Belt,  
Brought Geryon's kine from Gades;  
Fetched Apples from th' Hesperides,  
And Cerberus from Hades.

Adjoining Hercules, and below Lyra and the

Swan, comes the Fox and Goose, Vulpecula et Anser. The Fox's nose is close to the Swan's beak, and his brush just touches the wing-tip. Below Vulpecula comes a line of small stars known as Sagitta, or the Arrow. Neither Vulpecula nor Sagitta are of any importance—they were only invented as a further playful complication for youthful students of astronomy. The zodiacal sign which follows Virgo is Libra, easily recognisable by remembering the Smythic stanzas:—

Gaunt Ursa Major sports a tail  
With Alkaid at its tip,  
From whence a ray athwart the sky  
To S.E. must dip.  
And when Arcturus has been passed,  
Prolong your lengthened line,  
Till just as far it marks a star  
The first on Libra's sign.  
Two stars from Scorpio's heart will form  
A westward rising line,  
This Scorpio's second star, and that  
The same in Libra's sign.

# HOW TO MAKE AN ASTRONOMICAL TELESCOPE.

BY FRANK CHASEMORE.

THE investigation of astronomical phenomena can only be made with the aid of a good telescope, the purchase of which is attended with considerable cost. It is my purpose in this paper to give such directions as will enable any boy with average ingenuity to make for

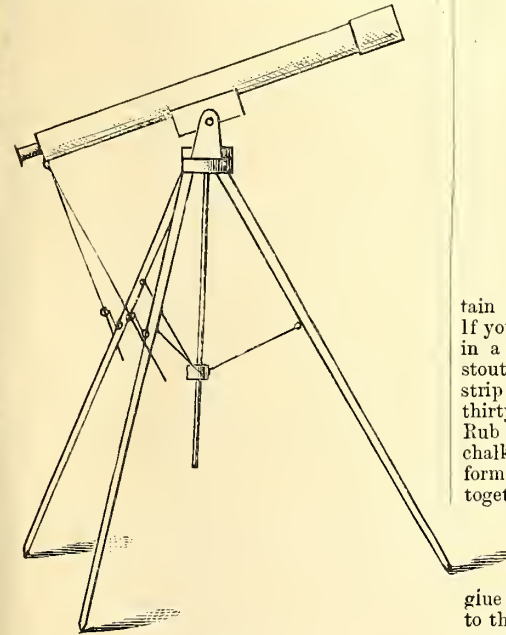


Fig. 1.

himself, at a cost of a few shillings, an instrument with which he can observe the more interesting of these phenomena.

This telescope will be of the simple non-achromatic class—that is, the colour effect of the unequal refraction of light is not corrected. Object-glasses of the achromatic construction are very expensive. All refracting telescopes were of the simple class up to 1758, when Mr. John Dollond, who had a few years before set up in business in London as optician, discovered a way to correct the colour effect on the image. This was by making the object-glass compound, or of two or more lenses fitted to each other, each being made of a different quality of glass from the other and having a different refracting power, one lens correcting or neutralising the dispersing caused by the other. The lenses for our telescope can be had from Messrs. Dollond and Co., descendants of the above John Dollond, No. 1, Ludgate Hill, who have kindly supplied me with the prices that will be charged for them, and who have given me some valuable hints with regard to the construction of this telescope.

A refracting telescope consists of an eyepiece, a tube, and an object-glass; these are mounted on a firm stand. The object-glass at one end of the tube collects the rays of light, reflected from an object, to a point, in the focus



Fig. 2.

of the eyepiece, which magnifies the image that is there formed, enabling the eye, placed at the orifice of the eyepiece, to see an enlarged image of the object.

The stand must be firm, so as not to vibrate when any one passes along the floor of the room, and it must have a vertical and lateral motion connected with it. Fig. 1 shows what our instrument will be like when finished.

The first thing to be made is the tube; this must be thirty-nine inches long and two inches

in diameter inside. Get a wooden roller four feet long and two inches wide. A piece of cur-

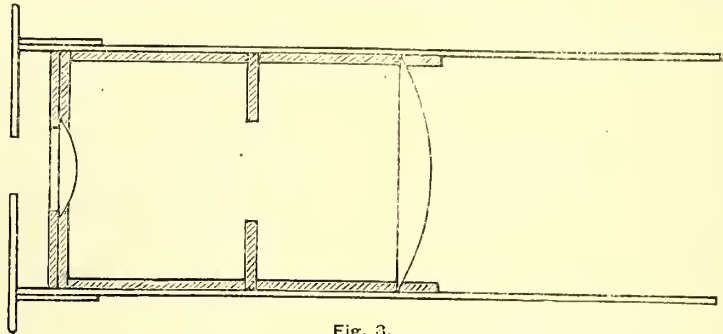


Fig. 3.

tain rod will do. Now mix some strong glue. If you have not a glue-pot mix it in a jar placed in a saucepan of water. Get some sheets of stout brown paper and well damp them. Take a strip of brown paper, that has not been damped, thirty-nine inches long and seven inches wide. Rub the roller all over well with powdered chalk and put this dry paper strip round it to form a case, lapping and glueing the edges together, but being very careful not to let any glue touch the roller. Now take your damped paper and rub it all over on both sides with hot glue, and roll it on the roller; roll it tightly and rub the glue well in, and rub each layer of paper well in to the under one, so that when dry it will form a mass of paper and glue. Put on enough paper to form a casing a quarter of an inch thick.

When you have done papering set the whole on one side to get quite dry and hard. While this is drying we can be making the eyepiece and stand. For the eyepiece we shall want a piece of brass tube four inches long and large enough

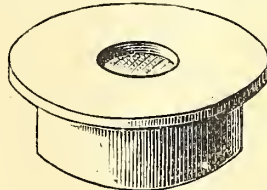


Fig. 4.

for the largest of the two lenses that form the eyepiece to go inside; that will be a little more than an inch in diameter inside. Get your lenses before getting the tube. This tube can be bought at the ironmonger's.

Now for the lenses. Go to Messrs. Dollond and ask for a two-inch simple object-glass, forty inches focus. This will be one shilling and sixpence. For the eyepiece, ask for two plano-convex lenses—one of one-inch focus, the other of two-inch focus. These will be three shillings and sixpence the pair. The object-glass is to be double convex. Now, having got your lenses, we will fix them in the brass tube.

Cut a piece of cardboard three-quarters of an inch wide, and long enough to go all round inside the tube tightly, and not to lap. Push this in to form a lining at one end, and forming a shelf out of the thickness. This shelf is to be about two inches from the end. Now turn the other end of the tube up and drop the larger of the two lenses—which is called the field lens—on to the shelf with the rounded side downwards. Now push in on the top of it another cardboard lining three-quarters of an inch wide. Push this lining quite down on to the flat side of the lens to keep it firm. On to the shelf formed by this lining place a disc of cardboard the size of the inside of the tube, and with a hole cut in the centre half an inch in diameter. This hole must be cut quite clean. On to this

disc push in a cardboard lining one inch wide to keep all firm. Now cut two discs of card-

board, one the exact size of the inside of the tube, with a hole in the centre a trifle smaller in diameter than the small lens, which is called the eye-lens; the other a quarter of an inch smaller, and having a hole in the centre the exact size of the eye-lens. Glue these two discs together (as in Fig. 2), being careful to get them concentric. When this is dry push the eye-lens into the ledge formed, the flat side downwards, and put the cardboard discs on to the lining in the tube, the rounded side of the glass inside the tube. Fasten the disc and lens in place with a narrow strip of cardboard, going all round just inside the tube.

Fig. 3 will show the arrangement of lenses and disc in the tube. The lenses are to be an inch and three-quarters from edge to edge; the disc is to be an inch from the eye-lens. Now get a tinman to make you a cap of thin brass plate (like Fig. 4). This is to fit tightly on the end of the tube over the eye-lens, and is to have a hole in the centre of the top three-eighths of an inch in diameter.

Now the eyepiece is finished, and we will get on with the stand.

(To be continued.)

## AMONG THE MONGOLS.

(Continued from page 519.)

A FEW days later the travellers found themselves in a land that seemed enchanted. "It abounded with boulders, which in size, shape, colour, and often in arrangement, so closely resembled human habitations that we were sometimes puzzled to distinguish between stones and houses. Riding up to what seemed the abodes of men, we would find that we were in a solitude among rocks! At other places, where it seemed as if we were alone, we would behold people moving about and disappearing into what we had supposed to be grey boulders!"

The approach to the Chinese frontier is thus graphically described. "Rain had fallen, the plain was green, inhabitants were plenty, and for the most part gave us a hearty welcome. The only adventure worth recording was at the close of the journey and at night. We were following along the road, when dark in front of us rose a great black ridge. I asked my guide what it was. He replied it was a mountain. A nearer approach showed that it was the Great Wall of China. It was such a marked feature of the landscape that no one who had once seen it could forget it. We passed the wall at a gateway and followed the road till we found ourselves on a lofty pass, and so surrounded with yawning precipices that came to the very edge of the road, and went sheer down into the darkness, that it was dangerous to go on without light. We lay down and waited for the dawn, when pursuing our way we descended into China along the dry bed of a mountain torrent."

Having picked up some knowledge of Mongolian, taken a long lesson in riding, and furnished himself with a box of medicines, and an assortment of Scriptures and tracts from the depôts of the British and Foreign Bible and the Religious Tract Societies, Mr. Gilmour began work in earnest. He bought a tent and camels, hired a Mongol servant, and travelled about the country in the hope of being able to dispense the medicines and preach the gospel to the natives who were attracted to visit him.

First he travelled with camels, but these were soon abandoned for ox-carts, which seemed to have suited him very well. Mongolian carts are rather curious in their structure and varieties. With the ox-cart, which costs about eighteen shillings, the great thing is to keep it well wet, for the instant it dries the wedges get loose and it all tumbles to pieces. The wheels are fixed to a wooden axle, which revolves with them, and the only iron in the whole affair is in the two small plates on which the axle works. In the horse-cart there is a pair of shafts, two horsemen draw it, and each shaft is lashed to the inner side of the saddle, so that the horses are outside the shafts, and the occupant of the carriage has a clear view ahead. In the camel-cart, the camel is harnessed in the shafts in the ordinary way, but is led by a man on horseback with a rope attached to its mouth. In the mule-cart the shafts extend forwards and backwards, and the mule behind is harnessed in with his head facing the back of the litter.

Of Mr. Gilmour's many wanderings we have not space to speak, nor can we but barely mention his visit to Wu T'ai Shan, the sacred city of the Mongols, as Mecca is of the Mohammedans, and Jerusalem of the Jews. It was in one of the monasteries here that he found the lamas copying one of their sacred books in letters of gold on blue cardboard, the greatest honour they could pay it; for the Mongols believe that to write out a sacred book in black ink brings much merit, to write it in red ink brings more merit, to write it in gold brings most merit. At Wu T'ai is the block of "ten thousand years' ice," "the ice that never melts," which is taken away in fragments to work miraculous cures; and which remains unmelted owing to the spring that feeds it and a part of its stream being sheltered from the sun's rays: and also at Wu T'ai is the temple of all temples, P'u Sa T'ing, whose lama rules all other lamas, and whose prayer cylinders are worked by the rising smoke.

The Mongolian wolves seem to be only terrible to the Chinamen. "When a Chinaman sees a wolf he runs away from it; when a Mongol sees a wolf he runs at it gesticulating, shouting, screaming, and generally frantic. Sometimes in the stillness of the afternoon a terrible clamour arises suddenly from the tents. Everybody knows what it is, and rushes out to join in and swell the uproar. A wolf is among or making for the sheep. Systematically treated to such a terrible reception wherever they approach man, it is not strange that the wolves acquire habitual dread of Mongols, and run even from a boy. If men in blue worsted jacket and trousers invariably run away, and allow themselves to be eaten when overtaken, and men in long skin robes rush up howling like mad and break the heads of any wolves their horses may be swift enough to overtake, it is not beyond the bounds of credibility that wolves should note the difference and treat the two sorts of men differently."

Occasionally in winter the wolf is hunted, and then the natives, armed with the horse-catcher, soon hem him in and throttle their victim. The horse-catcher is a strong fishing-red-looking apparatus, ten or twelve feet long, fitted with a large thong-loop, strong enough to hold a wild horse by the neck. The Mongol is superstitious and never calls "the wolf a "wolf;" he calls him a "dog," which is shortened from the full expression, "wild dog." The tame dogs of the district are almost as savage and quite as ugly as the wolves.

The musical instruments of the Mongols are, to say the least, peculiar, to judge from Mr. Gilmour's description of a certain fiddle, from

which one of the lamas who had made it extracted sweet music. "It was a fiddle, but such a fiddle! The main parts of it were a hollow box, about a foot square and two or three inches deep, covered with sheepskin, and a stick about three feet long stuck through the sides of the box. It had only two strings, and these consisted of a few hairs pulled from a horse's tail, and lengthened at both ends by pieces of common string. The fiddle itself was uncouth enough, but the bow beat it hollow. It was a bent and whittled branch of some shrub fitted with a few horsehairs tied on quite loosely. The necessary tension was produced by the hand of the former as he grasped it to play."

The scene in which this fiddle is played forms quite a pleasant family picture—and there is very little that is pleasant to an Englishman in the daily life of a Mongol. To say nothing about the general want of cleanliness and the superabundance of smoke and soot in the tent, it is not very cheering to be told that no salt is required to preserve the meat in winter, as it is frozen so hard that the portions for the meal have to be hewn off with a hatchet; and that on one occasion a huge mass of tripe wrapped up in the stomach of a sheep was frozen solid, and on being brought from the outdoor larder was attacked vigorously by the chopper, and the detached fragments put on to boil!

One great London mystery has received its solution in Mongolia. Careful housewives are often much perplexed at the regularity with which their butchers send them a heavy and perfectly useless tail with nearly every leg of mutton. Many have been the complaints as to weighing in and charging for this luxury, particularly as a substantial reason for the presentation was never offered. The origin of the custom is found at last. "Setting the attached tail before a guest is honouring him, because a sheep having but one tail the gift necessitates the slaying of a sheep!"

### THE UNIVERSITY BOATRACE.

THE University Boatrace which was rowed on the 7th of April this year and resulted in the victory of Cambridge by three lengths, was the forty-first of that long series of competitions which have now become a national institution.

Very few, if any, of the thousands who lined the banks of the Thames this year and waited patiently in the damp dull weather to see the boats pass would be able to carry their minds back to that distant date, now just about sixty years ago, when the Oxford and Cambridge Boatrace was an unknown event, and when an eight-oared boat on the Thames would have created as much sensation as the White Elephant in Cheap-side.

But there are some hale old gentlemen still alive who were boys in 1820, and who could tell some amusing stories of the way in which the great yearly match began.

They would tell us that about that time some of the old Eton and Westminster boys at the Universities, loth to give up a sport to which they had been attached during their schooldays—and in the days before penny steamers, be it remembered, the Westminster boys had as fine a course of water to row on as any school in the country—astonished their fellow-undergraduates and the public generally by appearing on the Isis and Cam in eight-oared tub-boats, of magnificent dimensions, measuring some thirty-eight feet long, and five feet wide, and two and a-half feet deep. In these roomy craft these hard-brained youngsters, commanded by a coxswain with a loud-sounding horn, disported themselves by challenging any other boat within hail to mortal combat, or rather to get out of the way before they (their assailants) could catch them, and, bumping them behind with their prows, drive them ignominiously into the bank.

This rough sport presently got civilised down into the ordinary bumping-races which now take place during the summer terms at both Universities, where, the rivers being too narrow to allow of rowing abreast, this style of racing is the only one practicable.

It was some time before rowing generally

began to be regarded with favour at the Universities—indeed, before those who practised it ceased to be regarded as a little cracked; but at length it became so far a recognised sport that a match was made up in the year 1829, to be rowed between the rival Universities at Henley over a two-and-a-half-mile course.

The race duly came off, Oxford, arrayed in blue check costume, easily beating Cambridge, whose champions wore magenta, by about sixty yards. The crowd on the occasion was confined almost entirely to undergraduates, whose enthusiasm found vent in shouts which were described at the time as terrific. Astonishing as this novel spectacle was to the world in general, the most astonishing thing about it all was that the competitors rowed only for honour! The sporting men of the day could not imagine how any sixteen youths could dream of exerting themselves after this fashion except for money stakes, and some confidently predicted that if these contests were to be for nothing at all the spirit of rowing would soon cease, and University racing die a natural death. This prophecy, as every one knows, has not come true, and one of the chief glories of the race is that honour pure and simple is the sole prize of the contest.

After the 1829 race it was seven years before another Oxford and Cambridge race took place. This time the course chosen was from Westminster to Putney, and the event attracted more spectators than previously, although still the greater number of these were undergraduates, who galloped on horseback along the banks beside the boats. The shouts were as great as ever, and small cannons kept at the riverside contributed their noise to the general clamour. On this occasion Cambridge turned the tables on their adversaries, and won the race by a minute. This victory they followed up in the three succeeding races over the same course, until in 1842 Oxford was again to the front. The 1842 race was the last rowed on the Westminster and Putney course, and in 1845, when next the crews met, it was on the course adhered to still, between Putney and Mortlake.

Great changes have come about since then. In 1846 the old tubs gave place to outrigger boats, which as time went on were gradually reduced in size and lightened, until now, instead of 38 feet by 5 feet by 2½ feet, they are 60 feet long, 2 feet broad, and only 14 inches deep. But the greatest improvement of all was in 1873, when the sliding seat was introduced, which not only aided the exertions of the rowers, but has considerably accelerated the pace of the race.

As to times, however, it is impossible to compare them satisfactorily, as they are so largely dependent on wind and tide. The longest time occupied over the course was in 1856, when Cambridge won in 25min. 50sec., and the shortest time was in 1873 (the first race with sliding seats), when Goldie stroked Cambridge over the course in the magnificent time of 19min. 35sec.

As to the spectators, without whom a University race would hardly be complete, time has brought about many changes in this respect. The squadron of mounted undergraduates found in time their course impeded by increasing crowds of the general public who trooped out to see the race. It was no longer possible to follow the race on the towpath, even with the aid of the short cut across Barnes Common, and as time went on a spectator might consider himself lucky to get standing room from which he could watch the contest down a single reach. The river too began to swarm with boats, barges, and steamers, amidst which it has often seemed impossible for the crews to thread their way, and which at one time constituted such a nuisance that there was serious talk of discontinuing the race or transferring it to more secluded waters. Of late years, happily, this evil has been abated, and, thanks to the Thames Conservancy, a clear course may generally be reckoned on for the competing boats.

In some respects it looks as if the University race was not as popular an event as it used to be. Some of our readers can remember not

many years ago the blaze of light and dark blue in all the drapers' shops of London for weeks before the great day.

The rage for coloured neckties, and for water picnics in the bleak March winds, may have had its day, but to those who admire pluck and love rowing, the popularity of the event is as great as ever.

This year's race was the forty-first, of which number the Dark Blues have won twenty-two and Cambridge eighteen, the odd race being the dead heat of 1877. The balance of victory has varied very considerably since the institution of the contest. Before 1861 Cambridge was ahead with ten victories against seven of Oxford. After that Oxford won for nine years in succession, until it seemed as if the secret of the art had departed for ever from the banks of the Cam. But in 1870 a hero came to the rescue of the Light Blues in the person of Mr. Goldie, who turned the tide of victory once more for Cambridge, and for the next five years Oxford was beaten. After that, till 1880, the results were more even, though still to the advantage of Oxford, who between 1880 and 1883 added four consecutive victories to their score.

After this run of good fortune it was natural that they should start favourites for the race of this year, and until within about a week of the event most of the knowing ones fancied they would win. But when the Light Blue crew put in its appearance on the course, and made some uncommonly good practice there, the general opinion veered round, and the knowing ones changed their minds and became "sweet" on Cambridge.

The race this year was a good one, but not a very exciting one. The event was postponed from Saturday, the 5th, to Monday, the 7th of April, as a mark of respect to the memory of Prince Leopold, who had only a year or two ago been a familiar figure among the Oxford undergraduates. And when the 7th came, it began in such a dreary downpour of rain that the usual crowd of spectators did not turn out, and the banks of the river, even as the race went by, looked more or less deserted.

The following are the names and weights of the two crews which took their places at the starting-point, Oxford, as winners of the toss, occupying the Surrey station.

## CAMBRIDGE.

	st.	lb.
R. G. C. Gridley, Third Trinity (bow) ..	10	6
G. H. Eyre, Corpus ..	11	3½
F. Straker, Jesus ..	12	2
S. Swann, Trinity Hall ..	13	3
F. E. Churchill, Third Trinity ..	13	2½
E. W. Haig, Third Trinity ..	11	6½
C. W. Moore, Christ's ..	11	12½
F. J. Pitman, Third Trinity (stroke) ..	11	11½
C. E. Tyndale-Biscoe, Jesus (cox.) ..	8	2

## OXFORD.

	st.	lb.
A. G. Shortt, Christ Church (bow) ..	11	2
L. Stock, Exeter ..	11	0
C. R. Carter, Corpus ..	12	10
R. W. Taylor, Lincoln ..	13	1
D. H. M'Lean, New ..	12	11½
A. R. Paterson, Trinity ..	13	4
C. W. Blandy, Exeter ..	10	13
D. W. B. Curry, Exeter (stroke) ..	10	4
F. J. Humphreys, Brasenose (cox.) ..	7	6

After one false start, in which Cambridge had to be called back, the boats got well away just before noon. The Light Blues on the first stroke were ahead, and from that moment the nose of their boat never fell behind that of Oxford during the race. By the time they reached the Concrete Wall the Light Blues were clear of their opponents, and rowing beautifully together. At the Grass Wharf Mr. Curry called on his men for a spurt, which slightly reduced the Cambridge lead, but failed to bring the boats level, and before Hammersmith Bridge was reached the leading crew were a length and a quarter, or about four seconds in time, ahead. Oxford stuck pluckily to their work, but as the boats opened out Corney Reach they encountered a rough sea, which was all against the Dark Blues. Cambridge, on the other hand, seemed to get on better in the rough water than the smooth, and kept a steady swing all through the surf, which at one point was so rough as to

look dangerous. Coming into smooth water again beyond Chiswick Eyot, the Dark Blues made another spurt and pulled up a considerable piece, but Cambridge soon recovered herself, and before Barnes Bridge was reached there was a clear length and a half of daylight between the boats. Favoured once more by rough water, the Light Blues pulled easily on to the finish, while Oxford, after one final gallant effort, fell to pieces. The winners passed the post in 21min. 39sec. after the start, being some three lengths ahead of Oxford, who finished nine seconds after.

The best men certainly won, for although in point of style the crews were pretty equal, Cambridge had the superiority in strength, and had not, like Oxford, got beyond their training.

The race for three-quarters of the course was a very fine one, Oxford sticking to the winners with indomitable pluck; and had the day been fine and the water calm, it would be rash to say that the result would have been the same. However, every one must be glad that the Light Blues have had their turn at last, and that the Universities are this year a good deal nearer being equal in their victories than they were last.

The following is a list of the results of the races from the commencement:—

Yr.	Date.	Wr.	Course.	Time. M. S.	Won by
1829	June 10	Oxf.	Henley	14 30	easily
1836	June 17	Cam.	Wst. to Put.	26 0	1min.
1839	April 3	Cam.	W. to P.	31 0	1min. 45sec.
1840	April 15	Cam.	W. to P.	29 30	¾ of a length
1841	April 18	Cam.	W. to P.	32 30	1min. 4sec.
1842	June 11	Oxf.	W. to P.	30 45	13sec.
1845	March 15	Cam.	P. to M.	23 30	30sec.
1846	April 3	Cam.	M. to P.	21 5	two lengths
1849	March 29	Cam.	P. to M.	22 0	easily
1849	Dec. 15	Oxf.	P. to M.	—	foul
1852	April 3	Oxf.	P. to M.	21 36	27sec.
1854	April 8	Oxf.	P. to M.	5 29	11 strokes
1859	March 15	Cam.	M. to P.	25 50	half a length
1857	April 4	Oxf.	P. to M.	22 35	35sec.
1858	March 27	Cam.	P. to M.	21 23	22sec.
1859	April 15	Oxf.	P. to M.	24 0	Camb. sank
1860	March 31	Cam.	P. to M.	26 6	one length
1861	March 23	Oxf.	P. to M.	23 30	43sec.
1862	April 12	Oxf.	P. to M.	24 41	30sec.
1863	March 28	Oxf.	M. to P.	23 6	43sec.
1864	March 19	Oxf.	P. to M.	21 40	26sec.
1865	April 8	Oxf.	P. to M.	21 24	four lengths
1866	March 24	Oxf.	P. to M.	25 35	15sec.
1867	April 13	Oxf.	P. to M.	22 40	half a length
1868	April 4	Oxf.	P. to M.	20 56	six lengths
1869	March 17	Oxf.	P. to M.	29 5	three lengths
1870	April 6	Cam.	P. to M.	22 4	1½ lengths
1871	April 1	Cam.	P. to M.	23 5	one length
1872	March 23	Cam.	P. to M.	21 15	two lengths
1873	March 29	Cam.	P. to M.	19 35	3½ lengths
1874	March 28	Cam.	P. to M.	22 35	3 lengths
1875	March 20	Oxf.	P. to M.	22 2	10 lengths
1876	April 8	Cam.	P. to M.	20 20	easily
1877	March 24	h.	P. to M.	24 8	dead heat
1878	April 13	Oxf.	P. to M.	22 13	ten lengths
1879	April 5	Cam.	P. to M.	21 18	3½ lengths
1880	March 22	Oxf.	P. to M.	21 23	3½ lengths
1881	April 8	Oxf.	P. to M.	21 51	three lengths
1882	April 1	Oxf.	P. to M.	20 12	ten lengths
1883	March 15	Oxf.	P. to M.	21 18	3½ lengths
1884	April 7	Cam.	P. to M.	21 39	three lengths



H.R.H. the Duke of Albany. Born 7th April, 1853. Died 25th March, 1884.

## OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SIXTH SERIES.)

## II.—Illuminating.

MIDDLE DIVISION (ages 14 to 18).

IN this Division, in recognition of much excellent work, we largely increase the prize money, and award it as follows:—

Prize—One Guinea.

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Prizes—15s. each.

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GEORGE SCRUBY (aged 16), 29, Ashmore Road, St. Peter's Park, Paddington, W.

Prizes—10s. 6d. each.

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WM. LEE (aged 17), 92, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.

Prizes—7s. 6d. each.

FRANK WM. MANN (aged 15), 49, Merrow Street, Walworth.

WILLIAM MACKAY (aged 17), 2, Mitchell Place, Aberdeen.

## CERTIFICATES.

(Competitors' names appear in the order of merit.)

EDWARD A. MASEY, 121, Milkwood Road, Brixton, S.W.  
OSWALD B. HATCH, The Hook, Hadassah Grove, Sefton Park, Liverpool.

HERBERT J. THORP, 25, Oak Terrace, Halifax.

CHAS. W. JOHNSON, 64, Canwick Road, Lincoln.

J. W. F. ROWE, 13, Snow Hill, Walcot, Bath.

DONALD WHITAKER, Hillside, Primrose Hill Road, London, N.W.

WM. DALTON, Cedar Bank, Hawthorn Lane, Wilmslow, near Manchester.

LEWIS H. CULLY, 8, Park Villas, Crouch End.

HAROLD CHESSWELL, 13, Northgate, Louth, Lincolnshire.

ARTHUR W. BUTTERFIELD, 3, Pollard Lane, Bradford.

F. DUESBURY NORTON, 5, Elm Tree Terrace, Uttoxeter New Road, Derby.

NORMAN CAPLE, 2, Belle Vue, Cotham, Bristol.

GEORGE MILLAR, 3, Glen Street, Edinburgh.

PERCY CLARK, Craubury Lodge, near Wigan.

WALTER HAZEL, Leweston, Sherborne, Dorset.

ARTHUR N. SAMPSON, 17, Frederick Street, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.

THOMPSON CARR, 106, Industry Street, Walkley, Sheffield.

A. H. FLETCHER, 3, Nelson Place, Walcot, Bath.

DONALD R. BATES, Stalham, Norwich.

WEBB F. CLOW, 142, Culford Road, De Beauvoir Town.

EDWARD C. COCKING, 192, Friern Road, East Dulwich.

A. BISSET ELMSLIE, Essilmout, Kimbolton Road, Bedford.

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ALFRED E. HILLMAN, 28, Erabourn Grove, Hollydale Road, Peckham, S.E.

ROBERT B. WARD, St. James's Vicarage, Glossop, near Manchester.

F. N. WHITEHEAD, 10, Morecambe Terrace, Morecambe, near Lancaster.

OCTAVIUS LAMBERT, 20, The Pavement, Beresford Square, Woolwich.

ROBERT S. BALFOUR, Ashdown, Malvern Wells, Worcestershire.

R. D. WARRY, 23, Armandale Road, Greenwich.

JONATHAN E. JONES, 44, Esmond Street, Cabbage Hall, Liverpool.

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G. W. WRIGLEY, 68, Southborough Road, South Hackney.

SAMUEL L. WHITE, Mount Pleasant, Castle Donington, via Derby.

SIDNEY H. SMITH, 8, Mostyn Terrace, Eastbourne.

L. M. EVANS, 11, The Newark, Leicester.

LUDWIG ZINK, 34, Princess Road, Kilburn, N.W.

HARRY INGE, 25, Amersham Grove, New Cross, S.E.

FREDK. J. T. GUNN, 58, West Street, Berwick-on-Tweed.

T. F. MATTHEWS, 79, Appach Road, Brixton Rise.

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GEORGE C. McDONALD, Gold Street, Tiverton, Devon.

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 DAVID TINDAL, 46, Commerce Street, Montrose.  
 JAMES G. DAW, 233, Camberwell Road, S.E.  
 G. L. WOOLLIAMS, 36, Pimlico Road, Pimlico.  
 FRANCIS E. ASHFORD, 2, St. Peter's Road, Handsworth, near Birmingham.  
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 JAMES J. NEWMAN, 59, Gayhurst Road, Lansdowne Road, Dalston, E.  
 G. R. PHILLIPS, 20, Middleton Road, Battersea Rise, S.W.  
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 ALBERT E. RAWLINS, 34, Tancered Street, Taunton.  
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 ALBERT H. LABERN, 14, Dalston Lane, Kingsland, E.  
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 THOMAS H. HALL, Mansion House, Bishop's Yards, Penrith, Cumberland.  
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 A. E. WHITE, Grosvenor House, South Cliff, Scarborough.  
 F. W. WILLIS, 16, Exchange Street, Cheetham, Manchester.  
 A. E. MOON, 50, Herbert Road, Plumstead, Kent.

F. M. G. (M. Link).—The plate of medal ribbons was in the part for August, 1881.

S. O. IDLE.—You must pull the stumps up, but there is a way, a very idle way, that might suit your disposition. Bore a hole two inches in diameter about half a yard down the stump in a vertical direction, pour into it a couple of ounces of saltpetre, fill it up with water, and cork it up close. Do this next autumn, and in the ensuing spring take out the cork and pour in about half a quarter of paraffin oil, and apply a light. You will find your old stump will smoulder away to the very tips of the roots, and leave nothing behind it but a few ashes.

R. DE G.—It would quite be out of our province to recommend a tricycle by any particular maker. You must select for yourself. Remember the march of improvement, and be careful about buying a second-hand machine.

ORILLIA (Ontario).—Thanks for the copy of the "Orillia Packet" for August 24th last. It is a pity you are so unfortunate, but you should treat it as a warning never to commit yourself in type unless your knowledge is up to date. We suppose that by this time you have duly corrected your error. We have nothing to alter. Gunther's "Fishes" is a good reference book if you are in search of one. Try Couch for the "Fishes of Britain." By the way, the talented author of the capital verses concerning "My Mary and I" should, in the accepted fashion, print Shelley with more "e's." But we must make allowances, we know; and we were really glad to hear from an old friend.

SEINE.—Of the Yarmouth smacks one hundred and seventy "fleet," and thirty "single-boat;" of the Hull craft about two hundred "fleet," and as many are engaged in single boating; of the four hundred boats at Grimsby three hundred "fleet" in the summer, but none in the winter.

VELOX.—The Indian Famine Relief steamer was built the quickest. She was built, engines and all, in thirty-five working days.

NAVAL CADET.—Write to the Admiralty, and ask which is the nearest depot to which you are to apply.

H. O. H. (Bristol).—You can never get at the real figures. The question is not what the governors spend, but what the governed fail to save. All such estimates are fallacious, and the comparison of the relative cost of different systems of government is simply waste of time. As you can never prove a thing to be good on account of its being dear, so you can never prove a thing to be bad on account of its being cheap. Russia publishes no balance-sheet.

H. WALL.—If you are prepared to work hard, with hands and head, go! If you are incapable of constant effort of some years' duration, stay at home! Other things being equal, the colony offers the best chance, and the money spent for the passage will prove a good investment.

MATTHEW.—1. Wash your head frequently, and mix a little limejuice with the water. 2. To cure yourself of the stooping practise in the morning with one of the indiarubber chest expanders, or dumbbells. 3. It is not a matter for belief; it is a fact.

EGG COLLECTOR.—The eggs you have must be thrown away, and you must learn to blow them, as shown in our articles in the second volume.

J. R. G.—You might get a berth with one of the smaller shipping firms, but you are too old for the Navy or the first-class lines.

P. BRIDGEN.—Get E. D. Brickwood on "Boatracine" from any bookseller. It is published at the "Field" office, 3, 6, Strand.

BERTROOT.—Wooden runners will do for sledges, but the wood should be hard. Try ash or elm.

J. WARBRICK (Bolton, Ontario).—It would fill a whole paper to answer your question as you wish. Get a shilling book on baseball, and another on cricket. There are many of them obtainable in Canada.

## Correspondence.

HILBRE.—1. Liverpool, municipal and parliamentary, had in 1881 552,508 inhabitants. Manchester, municipal, had 341,414; parliamentary, 393,585. Glasgow, municipal, had 674,095; parliamentary, 487,985. 2. London is the greatest seaport.

A WORKING LAD.—Buy one of the shilling manuals on Chemistry prepared for Science and Art students, and published by Collins, Munby, etc., etc.

A WOULD-BE PRINTER.—Write to Messrs. Squintani, of Ludgate Circus; or to the Birmingham Machinists' Company, for their price list of printing materials.

AN ENQUIRER.—You can get a list of yacht-owners from "Hunt's Yachting List," which costs six shillings. A book on designing, such as you ask for, does not exist; but you would get the lines of famous yachts from Dixon Kemp's three-guinea "Yacht Designing," or his twenty-five-shilling "Yacht and Boat Sailing." There are three very nice designs for yachts in the half-crown "Amateur Yacht Designing," published by Wilson, of the Minories. For steamers there is no book giving lines and details. You can get charts at any nautical warehouse.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

### THE "BOY'S OWN" SUMMER NUMBER.

In response to the earnest solicitation of readers, many of whom were disappointed in not being able to obtain the Christmas Number, we have resolved this year to publish a

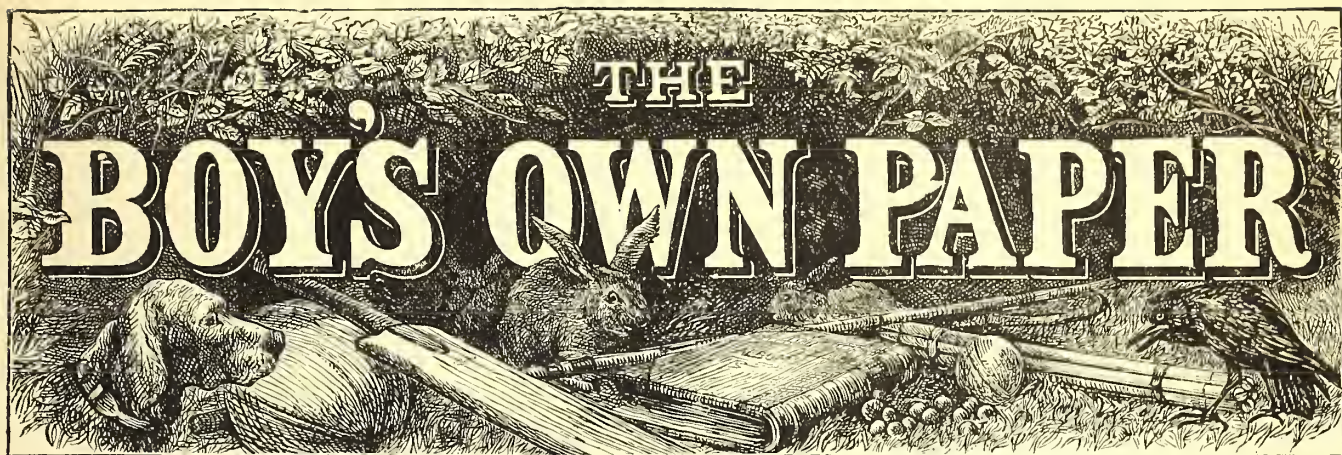
### SPECIAL EXTRA SUMMER NUMBER

of the Boy's Own Paper, to consist of sixty-four pages, devoted to Seasonable Stories, Music, Games, etc., etc., the whole fully illustrated by the best artists.

This Special SUMMER NUMBER will be issued with the July Part of the "Boy's Own," and will cost 6d. All our readers should endeavour to secure a copy.

As it is intended to print only a limited number, readers who would ensure obtaining copies are strongly advised to give their orders to the Booksellers AT ONCE, by which means they will of course obtain precedence over the ordinary purchaser. Readers who failed to do this in regard to our last Christmas Number found themselves unable to obtain it, and the very same thing is not at all unlikely to occur in regard to this SUMMER NUMBER, which will not be included in the bound volume.





No. 280.—Vol. VI.

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1884.

Price One Penny.  
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

## THE WILLOUGHBY CAPTAINS.

A SCHOOL STORY.

BY TALBOT BAINES REED,

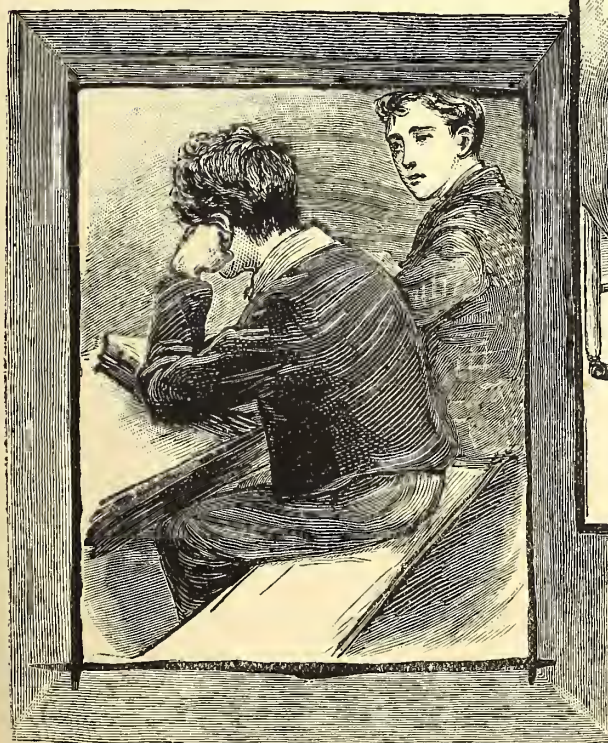
*Author of "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's,"  
"My Friend Smith," etc.*

CHAPTER XXXIV.—A BUSY DAY FOR THE DOCTOR.

RIDDELL had not been many minutes in class when a message came from the Doctor summoning him to the library.

On his arrival there he found, to his surprise, Silk standing alone in the middle of the room, while the Doctor was quietly writing at his table.

"Riddell," said the Doctor, as the captain entered, "you reported two boys to me. Only one is here."



"Gilks was on the sick-list."

"I told Gilks he was to be here at nine o'clock, sir," said the captain.

"You had better go and see why he is not here." •

Riddell obeyed, and found on inquiry at the School House that

Gilks was on the sick-list, and had obtained leave from the matron to remain in bed till after dinner.

The captain had his private doubts as to the seriousness of the invalid's case, especially as of the two he was the less damaged in yesterday's fight. However, he had no right to question the matron's decision, and returned accordingly to report the matter to the Doctor.

"Humph!" said the Doctor, who also evidently considered it a curious coincidence that Gilks should be taken unwell the very morning when his presence was required in the library; "he had better have come. You say he is to be up after dinner?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then let him know he is to come here at four o'clock; and you, Silk, come too at that hour."

Silk, who had evidently screwed himself up for the present interview, looked disappointed.

"I should like just to say, sir—" began he, with a glance at Riddell.

But the Doctor interrupted.

"Not now, Silk. Go to your class now, and come here at four o'clock."

"But it's not about—"

"Do you hear me, sir?" said the Doctor, sternly.

Silk went.

The captain was about to follow his example, when it occurred to him he might not have so favourable an opportunity again that day for acting on Bloomfield's advice respecting Wyndham.

"Can you spare a few minutes, sir?" said he, turning back.

"Yes; what is it?" said the Doctor.

"It's about young Wyndham, sir."

"Ah! Nothing wrong, I hope. He has seemed a good deal steadier than he was, of late."

"So he is, sir. But this is about something he did some time ago."

The Doctor settled himself judiciously in his chair and waited for the captain's report.

"He got into bad company early in the term, sir, and was tempted down into the town without leave, and once let himself be taken to Beamish's Aquarium."

The Doctor gave a grunt of displeasure, which sounded rather ominous.

"How long ago was this?"

"A few days before the boatrace, sir. It has been weighing on his mind ever since."

"Did he tell you of it?" asked the Doctor.

"No, I found it out accidentally. When I spoke to him about it he admitted it and seemed very sorry."

"And why did he not come to me himself at once?"

"That's just it, sir," said the captain.

"I advised him to do it, and he told me he had promised the—the companions with whom he went never to mention the matter to anybody, and this prevented his coming. He even went to them and begged them to let him off the promise, so that he might come and confess, but he did not succeed."

"Did he ask you, then, to come and tell me?"

"No, sir. But he is in constant dread of your hearing about it from any one else, so that I thought it would be the best thing to tell you of it myself."

The Doctor nodded his head.

"He does not know, of course, of your doing this?"

"Oh no, sir."

"And who were the companions who you say took him to this place?"

Riddell coloured up and felt very uncomfortable.

"Do you mind my not telling you, sir?" he said. "Wyndham only wanted you to know about his part in it. I'll tell you if you wish," added he, "but I'd rather not if you do not mind."

"You need not do so at present," said the Doctor, greatly to the captain's relief, "but you had better send Wyndham to me."

"Yes, sir," said Riddell, turning to go, but lingering for one final word. "I hope, sir—you—that is, if you can—you will take a lenient view of it. Young Wyndham's very steady now."

"I must see Wyndham before I can decide," said the Doctor; "but you have acted quite right in the matter—quite right."

The captain went to find Wyndham, hoping for the best, but decidedly anxious.

That young gentleman was engaged in the agonies of Euclid when the school messenger entered, and announced that the Doctor wanted to see him at once. His face fell, and his heart beat fast as he heard the summons. It needed not much effort to guess what it all meant. Gilks and Silk had of course been up before the Doctor, and the latter had carried out the threat of which Riddell had told him; and now he was summoned to hear his fate!

At the School House door he found Riddell waiting for him.

"Oh, Riddell, I say!" exclaimed he, in tones of misery, "I've to go to the Doctor at once. Silk has told about me. I say, do come with me."

"Silk hasn't told about you at all," said the captain; "I've reported you myself."

"You!" cried Wyndham, in tones of mingled amazement and reproach; "oh, why?"

"Wouldn't you sooner have had me do it than Silk?" asked Riddell.

The boy saw his meaning at once, and as usual flew from one extreme to the other.

"Oh, of course! What a brute I was not to see it. Thanks awfully, old man. What awful grief I should have come to if it hadn't been for you!"

"I don't know at all what view the Doctor takes of the matter," said the captain, gravely; "you had better not expect too much."

Wyndham groaned.

"If only I'm not expelled!" said he.

"I suppose you can't come too?"

"No. The Doctor wants to see you alone, I think."

"Well, here goes. By the way, of course you didn't mention the other fellows' names?" he added.

The manner in which he said this made Riddell feel doubly glad that the Doctor had not insisted on his telling.

"No—I didn't," he said.

And off went Wyndham, dismally, to the Doctor's study.

It was an anxious morning for the captain. Wyndham had not returned before first school was over, and Riddell felt he could not rest till he knew his fate.

He told Bloomfield of his morning's proceedings, but even this new friend's encouragement failed to shake off the suspense that weighed upon him.

Presently, when he could wait patiently no longer, it occurred to him Wyndham might possibly have gone back to his study

unobserved, and be waiting there for him. So he went across to the School House to find out.

But nearly all the studies in the School House, Wyndham's included, were empty, as they almost always were at this hour of the day during summer; and the captain was about to return, more uncomfortable than ever, to the Big, when a door at the end of the passage opened, and some one called his name.

It was Gilks, who, as he was dressed, had evidently recovered from his indisposition earlier than was expected.

He beckoned as the captain looked round; and Riddell, inwardly wondering when his work as a police-officer would cease, and he would be able to retire again into private life, turned and entered his study.

Gilks shut the door carefully behind him. He had a haggard look about him which may have been the result of his ailment, or may have been caused by mental trouble, but which certainly was not the expression to which the captain had been used.

"I'm to go to the Doctor at four?" he asked.

"Yes. He put it off, as you were reported on the sick-list."

"Of course he thinks I was shamming?"

"I don't know."

"I was—and I wasn't. I couldn't make out what to do, that was it, so I stayed in bed. Was Silk there?"

"Yes."

"Did he say anything?"

"No; the Doctor told him to come again at four."

Gilks took one or two uncomfortable turns up and down the room, and then said,

"I may as well tell you, it's no use keeping it back any longer, for it's sure to come out. I was the fellow who cut the rudder-line. Did you know that?"

"I had heard it."

"Who told you—Silk?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. I knew he would. And he'll tell Paddy this afternoon. I don't care if he does."

"I scarcely believed it when he said so," said Riddell.

"Eh? I suppose you thought it was rather too low even for me. So it would have been once," he said, bitterly.

"But you backed the Parrett's boat all along," said Riddell.

"Oh, if that's all that puzzled you it's easily explained. Perhaps if you were doing a thing like that in the dark, expecting to be caught out every moment, you might make a mistake too."

"Then you meant to cut *our* lines?" asked the captain, seeing the whole mystery explained at last.

"Of course I did; and so I should have done if the rudders hadn't been shifted, and Parrett's put into the School House boat."

He took a few more turns, and then continued,

"You may fancy what a pleasant state of mind I've been in since. I dare say you'll be glad to hear I've been miserable day and night."

"I'm very sorry for you," said Riddell, so sympathetically that the unhappy boy started.

"You wouldn't be if you knew it was all to spite you. I was as bad as Silk in that, though it was his idea about cutting the lines. The accident turned out well

for us in one way—nobody suspected either of us. But Silk has led me the life of a dog ever since. I've not known what minute it might all come out. He was always holding it over my head, and I had to do anything he told me. I can tell you I've thought of bolting more than once, or telling Paddy."

"It must have been a dreadful time for you," said Riddell.

"So it was. But I'm glad it's all over now. I shall be glad to be expelled. I've been ashamed to look any one in the face for weeks. I used to be happy enough before I knew Silk, but I don't expect ever to be happy again now."

There was a tremble in his voice as he said this, which went to the captain's heart.

"I hope it's not so bad as that," said he, quietly.

"Everybody here hates me, and they'll hate me all the more now," said Gilks. "You and young Wyndham are the only fellows that have been good to me, and I've done both of you nothing but mischief."

"I think," said Riddell, "the fellows will soon forgive. They would, I know, if they guessed how you have suffered already."

"You are right. I have suffered," said Gilks, sadly.

Another long pause followed, during which the minds of both were full.

The one sensation in the captain's heart was pity. He forgot all about the crime in commiseration of the wretchedness of the criminal. Yet he knew it was useless to hold out any hope of a reprieve, even if that had been to be desired. All he could do was to let the poor fellow know at least that he was not friendless; and this sign of sympathy Gilks gratefully appreciated.

"I don't know why you should trouble yourself about me," he said, after some further talk. "You owe me less than anybody. I've been nothing less than a brute to you."

"Oh no," said Riddell; "but, do you know, I think it would be well to go to the Doctor at once?"

"I mean to go at once. Do you think he'll let me go off this afternoon, I say? I wouldn't dare to face the fellows. I've got most of my things packed up."

"I expect he would. But if you stay till the morning, you can have my study. It's quieter than this."

Perhaps no more hospitable invitation had been issued in Willoughby, and Gilks knew it. And it was too welcome not to be accepted gratefully.

The captain soon afterwards departed, leaving the penitent behind him, subdued and softened, not by any sermon or moral lecture, which at such a time Riddell felt would be only out of place, but by sheer force of kindness—that virtue which costs so little, yet achieves so much.

In this new excitement the captain had for the moment forgotten young Wyndham, but he was soon reminded of that afflicted youth's existence on reaching the Big.

He was there, waiting impatiently. A glance sufficed to show that at any rate the worst had not happened, but Wyndham's face was such a mixture of relief and woe that the captain felt some misgivings as he inquired eagerly what was the news.

"He was frightfully kind," said Wyndham, "and talked to me like a father. I never felt so ashamed of myself. I'm certain it's what you said made him let me off

so easy—that is, so what he means for easy. He said nothing about expelling, even when I couldn't tell him the names of those two fellows. But he's gated me till the end of the term. I may only go out for the half-hour after first school, and half an hour after 5.30. And you know what that means," he added, with a groan.

"What?" asked Riddell, too rejoiced that his young friend was safe to be over-curious as to the exact consequence of his sentence.

"Why!" exclaimed Wyndham, "it's all up with the second eleven!"

It was a blow, undoubtedly—perhaps the next hardest blow to expulsion—but so much less hard that not even the boy himself could for long regard it as a crushing infliction.

He had had his lesson, and after the suspense of the last few weeks he was ready to expiate his transgression manfully, if sorrowfully.

"Anyhow," said he, after pouring out all his disappointment into the captain's sympathetic ear, "it's not as bad as being sent off home. And if it hadn't been for you that's what might have happened. I say, and think of my brother coming down to umpire, too! What a fool I shall look! Never mind; it can't be helped. I'm sure to get into the eleven next season. I say, by the way, I've no right to be standing out here. I shall have to go in."

Riddell had yet to officiate at one more investigation that eventful day.

Scarcely had Wyndham disappeared when a message reached him that the Doctor wished to see him again.

With no doubt this time as to the purpose of the summons, he obeyed.

He found Gilks standing in the Doctor's presence, where Silk had stood an hour or so earlier.

"Riddell," said the Doctor, whose face was grave, and whose voice was more than usually solemn, "Gilks here has just been making a very serious statement about an accident that happened early in the term—the breaking of the line at the boatrace, which he confesses was his doing. I wish you to hear it."

"Gilks told me of it just before he came to you, sir," said the captain.

"I never expected to hear such a confession from a Willoughby boy," said the Doctor. "The honour of the whole school has suffered by this disgraceful action, and if I were to allow it to pass without the severest possible punishment I should not be doing my duty. Gilks has done the one thing possible to him to show his remorse for what has occurred. He has confessed it voluntarily, but I have told him he must leave the school to-morrow morning."

Gilks remained where he was, with his eyes on the ground, while the Doctor was speaking, and attempted no plea to mitigate the sentence against him.

"I find," continued the Doctor, "that if he tells the truth he has not been the only, and perhaps not the principal, culprit. He says he did what he did at the suggestion of Silk. Perhaps you will send for Silk now, Riddell."

Riddell went off to discharge the errand. When he returned Gilks looked up and said, nervously,

"Need I stay, sir? I don't want to see Silk."

The Doctor looked at him doubtfully, and replied,

"Yes, you must stay."

A long, uncomfortable pause followed, during which no one spoke or stirred. At

length the silence was broken by a knock on the door, and Silk entered.

He glanced hurriedly round, and seemed to take in the position of affairs with moderate readiness, though he was evidently not quite sure whether Gilks or the captain was his accuser.

The Doctor, however, soon made that clear.

"Silk," he said, "Gilks accuses you of being a party to the cutting of the rudders—lines of one of the boats in the race last May. Repeat your story, Gilks."

"He needn't do it," said Silk, "I've heard it already."

"He says you suggested it," said the Doctor.

"That's a lie," said Silk, sullenly; "I never heard of it till afterwards."

"You know you did," said Gilks. "When I was turned out of the boat, and couldn't baulk the race that way, it was you suggested cutting the lines, and I was glad enough to do it."

"So you were," snarled Silk, incautiously—"precious glad."

"Then you did suggest it?" said the Doctor, sharply.

Silk saw his mistake, and tried to cover it, but his confusion only made the case against him worse.

"No, I didn't—he told me about it afterwards—that is, I heard about it—I never suggested it. He said he knew how to get at the boats, and I said—"

"Then you did speak about it beforehand?" said the Doctor.

"No—that is—we only said—"

"Silk," said the Doctor, sternly, "you're not speaking the truth. Let me implore you not to make your fault greater by this denial."

Silk gave in. He knew that his case was hopeless, and that when Gilks had said all, Riddell could corroborate it with what had been said last night.

"Well—yes, I did know of it," said he, doggedly.

"Yes," said the Doctor; "I am glad at least you do not persist in denying it. You must quit Willoughby, Silk; I shall telegraph to your father this afternoon. You must be ready to leave by this time to-morrow."

Silk hesitated for a moment, then with a look round at Riddell, he said,

"Before I go, sir, I think you ought to know that Wyndham junior—"

"What about him?" asked the Doctor, coldly.

"He is in the habit, as Riddell here knows, of frequenting low places of amusement in Shellport. I have not mentioned it before; but now I am leaving, and Riddell is not likely to tell you of it, I think you ought to know of it, sir."

"The matter has already been reported," said the Doctor, almost contemptuously.

"You can go, Silk."

The game was fairly played out at last, and Silk slunk off, followed shortly afterwards by the captain and Gilks.

(To be continued.)

We are all making in our to-days the memories of our to-morrows. Whether they will be pleasant or painful to contemplate depends on whether we are living well or ill. Youth must gather the sweet things of life—the flowers, the fragrant odours, while they lie everywhere—to have old age filled with sweetness and gladness. We do not realise how much the happiness of our after years depends upon the things we do this year.

## THE TIGERSKIN: A STORY OF CENTRAL INDIA.

BY LOUIS ROUSSELET,

Author of "The Two Cabin Boys," "The Drummer Boy," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XII.—THE FIRST DAY IN THE JUNGLE.

THE day had just begun to dawn when the three travellers left their hotel. Crossing the huge esplanade surrounding the Fort quarter, which bears the name of The Maidan, they struck off for the harbour.

The expedition had started, and, as the doctor poetically observed, "Turning their backs on civilisation, they were now to attack the formidable mysteries of unconquerable nature." Each was in full travelling costume. Everest, with a broad puggree on his light felt helmet, wore a grey sporting suit; at his belt the polished butt of a revolver was the sole reminder that henceforth the noble lord was to be a hunter among the jungles. Holbeck had no more warlike weapon than a large umbrella of white linen, which he brandished with great vigour. Nothing could persuade him to abandon his overcoat, but he had imprisoned his slender legs in yellow leather gaiters, and wore a large straw hat with a red turban, which gave him almost the look of an Oriental.

Barbarou was quite as picturesque as any conventional bandit, with his large-brimmed hat, woollen blouse with innumerable pockets, broad belt, in which were stuck two immense revolvers, deer-skin boots up to his thighs, gun on shoulder, and hunting-knife at side. In addition to all which, as if to justify the name which Everest had given him, his

ably sheltered from the sun, would lose nothing of the view around.

As the travellers approached, the Lascars forming the crew of the boat arose from their seats and made an impressive salute, and then rapidly brought the boat alongside the steps.

"Is that our boat?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, sir," answered Latchman. "It is the boat that my lord has engaged for some days."

"Well, let us go aboard without delay. Although I do not like the sea, yet it is so calm and beautiful to-day that I am anxious to sail over its perfidious surface."

Barbarou began to hum—

"Hail, smiling morn!"

"Lose no time," continued Holbeck; "the passage will take some hours, and we had better get it over before the reversion of the sun on the tranquil waters makes it disagreeable."

The travellers embarked, the Lascars hoisted a large triangular sail on the single mast, and soon the boat, urged by the fresh morning breeze, moved rapidly off from the shore.

A light mist floated over the sea, wrapping in its soft draperies the enormous mail steamers and gigantic Indian men still dozing at their moorings; and Bombay, with its long profile notched with lighthouses, clock-towers, minarets, and pagodas,

vous; and all the hundreds of ships ranged alongside the wharves seemed lost in the immensity.

With a rapid leap the superb Sourya, the divine sun of India, had risen in the implacable azure, revealing with its dazzling light every detail of the superb panorama. On one side the island of Bombay, flat and lengthy like an alligator, with the head formed by the long promontory of Colaba, while the rocks of Mazagon serve for the neck, and the tail is lost in the infectious marshes of Salsette. Then on the opposite bank the sharp outlines of the sacred islands, Trombay, a pyramid of bare rock; Elephanta, whose flanks are pierced with temples and vaults innumerable; Karanja, with the two ridges that so nearly resemble a crouching Bactrian camel; and beyond, the huge steps, one over the other, which form the base of the mainland. On one side life, movement, noise, the long line of palaces and hotels; on the other that awe-inspiring silence and repose such as nature ever wears in the tropics.

The bunder-boat, having passed beyond the anchorage, was now in the centre of the panorama, and the travellers greedily contemplated its details.

"What a magnificent view!" said Holbeck, with emotion. "It is alone worth the voyage."

"Yes," said Everest, gravely, "it is beautiful."

"Say rather it is sublime!" exclaimed Barbarou. "I never saw anything more magnificent in the world."

"After Marseilles, be it understood," added the doctor, never losing a chance of teasing his companion.

But Barbarou contented himself with shrugging his shoulders and making no reply to his adversary. Why trouble the charm of this delightful morning by a discussion which could only end in the usual manner?

"It was a lucky chance, all the same, my lord," said he to the young Englishman, "that led you to meet me. If it had not been for me you would not have been here."

"That is true," said the young man, "and I am sincerely grateful to you."

"There was not much in it after all," said Holbeck, "and I do not see why Barbarou should be so proud of the adventure. If nature had not endowed him with that carrotty fleece it is probable that you would not have noticed him more than anybody else."

"That is it, now make fun of my face," said the sailor, good-humouredly. "Know you that I am proud of the red beard that my ancestors gave me with their name, and that I have met not a few people who have considered me very good-looking?"

"Oh, indeed," said Everest, who was thinking of something quite different. But the phlegmatic interruption of the Englishman was so comical that both his companions burst into a roar of laughter.

Barbarou, above all, laughed so heartily that he ran some risk of suffocation, and this made him pass from a lively red to violet, a colour which refused to disap-



"Pickaback on the shoulders of the Lascars."

belt, turban, jacket, and shirt were all of a red that rivalled that of his bright, bronzed face. He was really "the red man."

Behind the three friends marched the faithful John and Latchman, the latter having changed his glittering costume for a simple jungle dress.

The sun had not yet cleared the line of the Ghauts which bar the east of Bombay with their level ramparts when the little group reached the Apollo bandar. Near the granite steps was moored one of those elegant craft the English know as bunder-boats. The boat was of fair size, and in the stern had a little cabin, with windows on all sides, where the passengers, comfort-

seemed asleep behind a delicate muslin curtain.

Suddenly an arrow of fire pierced the rampart, and like magic drew off the veil which covered the harbour and city. Slowly the sun's red orb rose on the horizon, and immediately the guns saluted the apparition of the celestial luminary. Up to the summit of each mast and signal staff, and at the prow of each ship, a hundred brilliant flags were run. A dull murmur rose in the town as it quickly awoke from its sleep.

And now the harbour appeared in all its beauty, with its magnificent sweep of rippling water, so enormous that all the fleets of the world could here hold rendez-

until the doctor had made his patient swallow a mouthful of something, and accompanied it with several vigorous slaps on the back.

Running before the breeze, the boat rapidly neared Karanja, the shore of which was now visible, bordered with a thick curtain of palms. In a little while they would have reached it, when suddenly the boat with a dull noise glided on to the sand, and stopped dead.

Holbeck sprung out of the cabin, but was quickly convinced that the shipwreck was of little importance, for across the limpid shallow water he could see the soft sandy bottom stretching away to join the beach. The crew seemed to be in no way affected by the accident.

One of the men, the captain probably, came up to the doctor and said,

"We have arrived; the sahibs can now land."

Holbeck could hardly help making a grimace, while Barbarou exclaimed at the idea of having to wet his magnificent boots.

"Well, let us land," said Everest; "we shall have a footbath."

"Footbath!" said the doctor. "It is all very well for you, who will only have the water up to your belt, but it will come up to my chin."

But already the Lascars, after divesting themselves of their long robes of striped cotton, had jumped into the water, and were holding out their arms to the travellers with "Come along, sirs."

Before the doctor could make out what was going to happen he felt himself lifted up by two strong arms and seated pickaback on the shoulders of one of the Lascars. Then he understood the captain's kind invitation.

An instant afterwards Barbarou and Everest found themselves in a similar position, each on his Lascar, and the group marched off to the shore.

Taking advantage of his position, Holbeck had opened his umbrella as a protection against the rays of the sun, but this simple action set his companions laughing. On his part he could not restrain his hilarity at the sight of the grotesque figure of Barbarou, who looked like a brigand mounted on a monkey.

In this way, without accident and with dry feet, they reached the strip of fine sand which bordered the bank. The coconut-trees came down even to the water, and held their huge fans aloft at over a hundred feet in the air.

"Well, friend Everest," said Holbeck, "it seems to me that this is rather better than our arrival the other day. It is more like our ideal dream. Borne on slaves of bronze, we set foot on the enchanted soil of old India beneath the shadow of the palms that nod their heads in the balmy breeze."

He jumped lightly to the ground, as did his two companions.

Three turbaned men were waiting for them, and bowed respectfully before them as they approached.

"Sahibs," said one of them, "we were informed yesterday of your intended arrival. According to Latchman's instructions all has been prepared."

"Who are these unknown noblemen?" asked Barbarou, in a low voice.

"These unknown noblemen are the servants I engaged the other day," said Holbeck. "I know them, notwithstanding their black phizzes, which make one so much like the other."

"I sent them on here," said Everest, "with all our camp."

"Our camp?" said Barbarou, astounded.

"Look!" said the Englishman, and with his hand he showed him through the

said the doctor. "Our Jardin des Plantes would be glad to have in its conservatories half the vegetable wonders which surround us."

At this moment Latchman, in the most



"A Buffalo lay dead on the ground."

trees the roofs and walls of two capital tents pitched in the middle of a clearing.

Around them the black servants were busily moving. The kitchen, installed at the foot of a tree, seemed in full activity, and the light-blue smoke of the fire floated slowly upwards in long spirals through the foliage.

Barbarou's admiration knew no bounds when, as he neared the spot, he saw, placed in the shadow of a huge mango-tree, a table elegantly spread awaiting the new arrivals.

"It is really superb!" he exclaimed.

"My compliments, Everest," said Holbeck, in his turn; "you are a model manager, and I think I had better hand you over my powers as mess president."

"Not at all," said the young lord, modestly. "Latchman ordered all this; you should compliment him, not me."

"And what a splendid dining-room!"

correct of costumes, came towards them, and said, with much solemnity, "Breakfast is served."

"Glad to hear it," said Holbeck, seating himself, "for this capital breeze has considerably sharpened my appetite."

"It is quite a fairy scene!" said Barbarou. "This is what I call travelling!"

It being his first appearance, the cook that Holbeck had engaged had done his best to distinguish himself, and the breakfast, declared excellent at all points, was rapidly dispatched.

Having satisfied their appetites, the travellers strolled off to the neighbouring village, so as to have a look at the natives. Barbarou took his gun with him.

They plunged into the wood which stretched thickly along the shore. The giant trees, with their gnarled trunks and thick interlacing branches, were bound together with elegant garlands of creepers

covered with many-coloured flowers. Noisy parakeets, birds with golden or emerald wings, were flying about in goodly numbers, and the sailor shot a few.

As they approached the edge of the wood there suddenly rose a chorus of hoarse guttural cries.

The hunters increased their pace, and soon found themselves before a strange, repulsive spectacle.

A buffalo lay dead on the ground, and his lacerated carcass was disappearing among a group of hungry vultures, who were greedily quarrelling over their prey. The enormous birds, with their bald heads, marabout collars, and black mantles, were not the only guests at the disgusting banquet. Around them pressed a crowd of buzzards, kites, and other accipitrine birds endeavouring to join in the feast and profit by the stupidity of the first conquerors to secure a few pickings. And, as a strange contrast, there was formed around the carnivores another circle of hundreds of golden-collared turtle-doves.

The travellers were silently contemplating the strange scene, when Barbarou, with his usual impetuosity, broke the charm and fired both barrels of his gun into the crowd. Immediately turtle-doves and accipitrines rose like a cloud, only the stupid vultures remained, as if petrified at this unexpected attack. But as they saw the hunters appear they decided to fly, and, beating the air with their heavy wings, slowly rose, describing huge circles as they did so. Two of their number, fallen victims to Barbarou, remained by the carcass.

Holbeck, without waiting for the departure of the birds of prey, hurriedly stooped and carefully examined the ground.

"The presence of those turtle-doves puzzled me," said he, as he rose, "but now I understand. While the accipitrine birds were devouring the buffalo the gentle birds of Venus were feeding on the ants which covered the ground, and which were themselves attracted by the carcass. It is the first time I have seen this ant, but I recognise it all right; it is the warlike or ferocious *Atta*—*Atta ferox* of Burke. This insignificant insect, although but a few

millimetres long, has mandibles by the side of which the jaws of the tiger are but playthings. I intend to make a special study of this curious branch of the formicary tribe. Taking Lubbock as a guide, I make out that one of these insects could carry fifty times his own weight between his teeth. At that rate a tiger could carry an elephant in his jaws. The prodigious strength of the *Atta ferox* gives him quite a providential part to play in this country, and permits him to tear enormous carcasses to pieces with a speed that is simply marvellous. Without the help of a single bird a tribe of these ants would in a couple of days transform that carcass into a mass of bones as white and clean as ivory."

"I see over there the first houses in the village," interrupted Barb'rou, who always rather dreaded these lessons on ants which his old friend favoured him with.

"It seems to me that they are coming out to us," said Everest.

In fact as they continued their walk they met a dozen half-naked natives, who gave them the usual majestic Indian salute, which seems to be at the same time a prayer and a benediction. At their head was an old man who introduced himself as the headman or chief of the village.

Everest had not as yet learnt to speak very much Hindustani, but he knew enough to understand and explain to his friends that the headman invited them to refresh themselves in his house.

"I am curious to see what wine the old fellow will give us," said Barbarou.

"Wine?" said Holbeck. "Why did you not ask if there was a bar at Karanja?"

"Ah!" said the sailor. "I once had a queer adventure on the coast of Africa, which made me rather suspicious of these invitations. An old gentleman asked us in, a few sailors and myself, and gave us a drink of a sort of liquor that was sweet and strong at the same time, and which we did not think half bad, but when we asked him how he made it he told us that it was tafia in which he had mixed an infusion of cockroaches. We were ill for two days afterwards."

"You were very difficult to please," said Holbeck. "Perhaps the cockroaches were

very good, for I remember when we were aboard the Houghly that the black stokers used to crunch them and enjoy them."

They had arrived in front of the old man's house, a modest mud hut, clean, almost elegant, like all Hindoo dwellings, hidden amid a thick clump of cocoa-trees.

At a sign from the old man a half-naked lad ran towards a cocoanut-tree, and fixing round his loins a very loose leather belt, scaled the giant trunk with monkey-like rapidity. Then, when he had reached the summit, he sent to the ground a shower of plump green nuts.

Seizing a hatchet, the old man cut off the top of one of the nuts at a blow, and offered to Holbeck the natural cup full of fresh and perfumed liquor. Everest came next, and then came Barbarou, who, quite reassured this time, followed the example of his friends and drank a draught of the delicious beverage.

Having taken leave of the headman of the village, the travellers continued their walk through the woods, and only regained their tents a little before sundown. After dinner, which was a worthy pendant to the morning's repast, they made themselves comfortable in the bamboo arm-chairs which Latchman had had placed on the beach.

John brought the coffee, and very soon the three friends were deep in the delights of this first evening in the jungle beneath the starlit sky of India.

The cool and gentle breeze, loaded with the penetrating perfumes of the forest, softly stirred the summits of the huge palm-trees. At their feet the sea came stealing in, its phosphorescent ripples covering the sand like a carpet. Afar a few jackals were giving their plaintive cry, so strangely poetical in its melancholy.

"Well, Everest," said Holbeck; "do you not think that they know how to live here far better than they do in your gilded saloons, and that the desert shore is worth more than the terraces of Tortoni?"

But the young lord made no reply. The melancholy charm of the night filled his heart with a vague sadness, and once again his mind was wrapped in gloomy thoughts of a mysterious future.

(To be continued.)

## THE SILVER CAÑON: A STORY OF ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

By G. MANVILLE FENN,

Author of "In the King's Name," "Nat the Naturalist," etc.

CHAPTER XXXV.—HOW JESSE FED THE CATTLE.

THE Apachés seemed to have had so severe a lesson that they kept right away in the plain for the rest of the day; and as it appeared to be safe, the Indians went out with the Beaver to hide the ghastly relics of the attack, returning afterwards to the doctor to sit in council upon a very important point, and that was what they were to do about the cattle and horses.

This was a terrible question; for while the occupants of the rock fortress could very well manage to hold out for a considerable time if they were beleaguered, having in ample store of meal and dried meat, with an abundant supply of water, the horses and cattle must have food, and to have driven them out to the lake

grazing-grounds meant to a certainty that either there must be a severe battle to save them, or the Apachés would sweep them off.

"The Beaver and his men will watch and fight for the cattle," said the chief, quietly.

"I know that, my brave fellow; but if they were yours, would you let them go out to graze?" said the doctor.

"No," replied the chief, smiling; "because the Apache dogs would carry all away."

"Well," said the doctor, "we must not risk it. Let us go out and cut as much grass as we can to-day, for the poor brutes are in great distress."

The chief nodded, and said that it was

good; and while strict watch was kept from the rock, three parts of the men were hurried down to the nearest point where there was an abundance of buffalo-grass really in a state of naturally made hay, and bundles of this were cut and carried to the starving cattle.

It was a terribly arduous job in the hot sun; and it made the doctor think that if matters went on in this way the silver procured from the mine would be very dearly bought.

Even with all their efforts there was but a very scanty supply obtained, and of that Jesse declared the mules got by far the best share, biting and kicking at the horses whenever they approached, and driving the more timid away.

Strict watch was kept that night, but no Apachés came, and as soon as it was light the next morning the horizon was swept in the hope of finding that they were gone; but no such good fortune attended the silver-miners, and instead, to the doctor's chagrin, of their being able to continue their toil of obtaining the precious metal, it was thought advisable to go out and cut more fodder for the starving beasts.

The next day came, and no Apachés were visible.

"We can drive the cattle out to-day, Beaver," said the doctor; "the enemy are gone."

"The Apaché dogs are only hiding," replied the chief, "and will ride down as soon as the cattle are feeding by the lake."

The doctor uttered an impatient ejaculation and turned to Josés.

"What do you say?" he asked.

"Beaver's right, master."

"Well, perhaps he is; but we can't go on like this," cried the doctor, impatiently.

"No silver can be dug if the men are to be always cutting grass. Here! you and Harry and a dozen greasers, drive out half the cattle to feed. Bart, you take the glass and keep watch from high up the path. The signal of danger directly you see the Indians is the firing of your piece. If you hear that fired, Josés, you are to drive in the cattle directly, and we will cover your return."

"Good!" said Josés; and without a word he summoned Harry and a dozen men, going off directly after through the gateway to the corral, saying to Bart as he went, "Of course, I do as master tells me, but you keep a sharp look-out, Master Bart, or we shan't get them bullocks and cows back."

Bart promised, and took his station, rifle across his knee and glass in hand, to look out for danger, while before he had been there long the Beaver came and sat beside him, making Bart hurriedly apologise for the risk he had caused on the day of their adventure, he never having been alone since with the chief.

"Master Bart brave young chief," was all the Indian said; and then he sat silently gazing out over the plain, while no sooner were the cattle released than they set off lowing towards the pastures at a long lumbering gallop, Josés and his followers having hard work to keep up with them, for they needed no driving.

In less than half an hour they were all munching away contentedly enough, with Josés and his men on the far side to keep the drove from going too far out towards the plain, and then all at once the Beaver started up, pointing right away.

"Apaché dogs!" he shouted.

Bart brought the glass to bear, and saw that the chief was right.

In an instant he had cocked and fired his piece, giving the alarm, when the garrison ran to their places ready to cover the coming in of the cattle-drivers and their herd, Bart seeing that Josés had taken the alarm, and with his men was trying to drive the feeding animals back.

But the doctor had not calculated upon hunger and bovine obstinacy. The poor brutes after much fasting were where they could eat their fill, and though Josés and his men drove them from one place, they blundered back to another, lowing, bellowing, and getting more and more excited, but never a step nearer to their corral.

And all this while the Apachés were coming on at full speed, sweeping over the level plain like a cloud.

The doctor grew frantic.

"Quick!" he cried; "we must go out to help Josés and his men. No, it would be perfect madness. Oh! what a mistake!"

"Let me go with the Beaver and his men to his help," cried Bart, excitedly.

"My dear Bart, the Indians will be upon them before you could reach the horses, let alone saddle and bridle and mount."

"It is true," said the Beaver, sternly. "Chief Josés must fight the Apaché dogs himself."

Bart knew they could do nothing, and just then he saw that the Mexican greasers had left the cattle, and were coming at full speed as hard as they could run towards the shelter of the rock.

"The cattle must go," cried the doctor, bitterly. "It is my fault. Why does not Josés leave them? Harry is running with the others."

"Because poor Josés is too brave a fellow," cried Bart, in despair. "I must go to his help; I must indeed," he cried, piteously.

"Young chief Bart must stay," said the Beaver, sternly, as he seized the lad's arm. "He would be killed. Let chief Josés be. He is wise, and can laugh at the Apaché dogs."

It was an exciting scene, the Mexican labourers fleeing over the plain, the cattle calmly resuming their grazing, and the cloud of Indian horsemen tearing along like a whirlwind.

The occupants of the rock were helpless, and the loss of the cattle was forgotten in the peril of Josés, though murmurs long and deep were uttered by the Englishmen against him who had sent them out to graze.

In spite, too, of the terrible loss, there was something interesting and wonderfully exciting in the way in which the Apachés charged down with lowered lances, the cattle calmly grazing till they were near, then lifting up their heads in wonder; and as the Indians swooped round they wheeled about, and went off at a gallop, but only to be cleverly headed and driven back; and then with the Apachés behind, and forming a crescent which partly enclosed the lumbering beasts, they were driven off at full speed right away towards the plain, gradually disappearing from their owners' eyes.

"Only half as many to feed," said the doctor, bitterly.

"Poor Josés!" groaned Bart, with a piteous sigh.

"Chief Josés coming," said the Beaver, pointing; and, to the delight of all, they could see Josés in the distance, his rifle shouldered, marching quietly towards them, and evidently making himself a cigarette as he came.

Half an hour later he was in their midst.

"Couldn't save the obstinate beasts, master," he said, quietly; "they were worse than buffer."

"But how did you manage to escape?" cried the doctor and Bart in a breath.

"Oh! when I see it was all over I just crept under a bush, and waited till the Indian dogs had gone."

"Chief Josés too wise for Apaché dog," said the Beaver, with a calm smile. "Beaver-with-Sharp-Teeth told young chief Bart so."

"Yes," said Bart; "and I can't tell you how glad I am."

"Just about as glad as I am, Master

Bart," said Josés, gruffly. "I did my best, master, and I couldn't do no more."

"I know, Josés," replied the doctor. "It was my fault; and the greasers ran away?"

"Yes, master, if we'd had five hundred thousand greasers there it would have been all the same. Nothing but a troop of horse would have brought the obstinate cattle back to their corral. You won't send out no more?"

"No, Josés, not a hoof," said the doctor, gloomily; and he went to his tent on the top of the mountain to ponder upon the gloomy state of their affairs.

(To be continued.)

## THE STORY OF SKERRY VORE LIGHTHOUSE.

By R. A. M. STEVENSON, M.A.

THE Board of Northern Lights was established by Act of Parliament in 1786, and it was as early as 1804 that their engineer, Robert Stevenson, builder of the well-known Bell Rock Lighthouse, first visited Skerry Vore, a rock of bad eminence on the west of Scotland.

The very dangers and awful position of this solitary rock, which rendered a lighthouse so necessary, made its erection a matter of so much difficulty and hazard that the site was not even visited again until 1814, after the completion of the Bell Rock. As Sir Walter Scott was of the party, I cannot do better than quote his record of this visit.

"Having crept upon deck about four in the morning, I find we are beating to windward off the isle of Tyree, with the determination on the part of Mr. Stevenson that his constituents should visit a reef of rocks called Skerry Vore, where he thought it would be essential to have a lighthouse. Loud remonstrances on the part of the Commissioners, who, one and all, declare they will subscribe to his opinion, whatever it may be, rather than continue the infernal buffeting. Quiet perseverance on the part of Mr. Stevenson, and great kicking, bouncing, and squabbling upon that of the yacht, which seems to like the idea of Skerry Vore as little as the Commissioners. At length by dint of exertion come in sight of this long ridge of rocks (chiefly under water), on which the tide breaks in a most tremendous style. There appear a few low broad rocks at one end of the reef, which is about a mile in length. These are never entirely under water, though the surf dashes over them. To go through all the forms, Hamilton, Duff, and I resolve to land upon these bare rocks in company with Mr. Stevenson. Pull through a very heavy swell with great difficulty and approach a tremendous surf dashing over black pointed rocks. Our rowers, however, get the boat into a quiet creek between two rocks, where we contrive to land well wetted. I saw nothing remarkable in my way excepting several seals, which we might have shot, but, in the doubtful circumstances of the landing, we did not care to bring guns. We took possession of the rock in the name of the Commissioners, and generously bestowed our own great names on its crags and creeks. The rock was carefully measured by Mr. Stevenson. It will be a most desolate position for a lighthouse—the Bell Rock and Eddystone a joke to it, for the nearest land is the wild island of Tyree at fourteen miles distance. So much for the Skerry Vore."

It was not, however, till 1834 that a survey, preliminary to serious operations, was made, and the works were undertaken by Alan Stevenson, son of the builder of the Bell Rock. The statistics of shipwreck, the objects cast ashore at Tyree, and the importance of the position, fully justified the dangers and expense incurred in the undertaking of such an erection at a distance of fifty miles from the mainland, and the fact that since its completion no shipwreck has

taken place is a thorough demonstration of its success.

The preliminary operations extended from 1834 to 1837, and consisted principally in a minute survey of the whole of the reefs about Skerry Vore, and between it and Tyree, in order to ensure the safety of the shipping that must supply the workers on the rock. Hynish, in Tyree, was chosen for the site of a work-yard, and a projected harbour for the tender. The necessary quarries of granite for the tower were also established at Hynish by permission of the late Duke of Argyll. The survey showed the constant danger that must attend life on a vessel moored off Skerry Vore in the midst of hidden rocks and sunken reefs so numerous that in bad weather the whole twelve miles between Tyree and the rock looked one mass of foam; and Alan Stevenson determined at any cost to erect a temporary barrack on piles as a dwelling-place for himself and his workpeople.

This barrack was constructed in pieces at Greenock, to be put up together on the rock, and it was completed in May, 1838. On June 26th the party began their first season's work by laying down moorings for the tender in which they must live until the barrack could be brought there and put up in its place. Several vain attempts at landing were made on the little slippery rock, so smooth that a pilot comported landing on it to climbing up the neck of a bottle.

On June 28th, however, a landing was effected, and the first day's work on the rock accomplished. It consisted in chalking out the best sites for the tower, the piles of the barrack, the forge, and the positions of the cranes, etc., with white paint, as one would mark out a cricket-ground. The seals and sea-fowl, hitherto the undisputed lords of this little domain a hundred feet in diameter, were formally dispossessed. My father says:—"I was amazed to find that those animals should select as their place of repose a rock in the Atlantic interseet by deep gullies which are never dry, with only one pinnacle about five feet in diameter, raised about sixteen feet above the sea, while the greater part is only five feet above high water. Yet in a crevice of this rock I found an egg resting on a few downy feathers which the first wave must have infallibly washed away."

He then sailed for Greenock to return with the materials and seriously begin upon the erection of his barrack.

The whole account bristles with continual interruptions to work from heavy weather and impossible seas. It is sufficient, however, to say that the 7th of August was the day they were able to land the materials, a job rendered extremely dangerous by the smoothness of the rock and the weight of the objects which had to be landed and transported by hand. They had got up a smith's forge protected from the wind by a wooden shed, when a gale forced them to take shelter for four days at Hynish, and extremely glad they were ever to get there after a wild night of unceasing danger and interrupted anxiety. A few more peaceful days, and the erection of six piles for the support of the barrack was fairly under way.

This work gave them a good idea of what was before them in blasting and preparing the foundation pit of the tower out of a rock so much harder than granite itself. The preparation of the seats for the six outer or main beams and those of the six inner ones employed twelve men for four days. The beginnings of such a work on a smooth slippery rock were of necessity more tedious and dangerous than were the later stages after the establishment of tramways and the erection of cranes at some height on the tower, and the task of moving the barrack piles fifty feet long across the rock and then raising them into place, was no joke on so narrow and low a reef. Everything had to be securely fixed before leaving work for the night, and a great beam, with difficulty just hoisted into place, might have to be taken down again and firmly lashed to the wind and wave-swept rock, should darkness suddenly come on before it could be fixed in its place.

In the meantime their life consisted of toil on

the rock in the day and sea-sickness in the tender at night. Work began at four; at eight the boats brought breakfast, bags of biscuits, canteens of beef, pitchers of tea; at two came dinner, bringing the extra luxuries of beer and vegetables. Work then went on till darkness drove them from the slippery, treacherous ridge to the close, sickening confinement of the heaving tender.

They were one day visited by a strange fleet of small medusæ with silky sky-blue sails, which covered the water as far as the eye could reach. This was the last fine day; then came a succession of howling autumn storms, which gave them but few intervals of work, and then drove them from the rock to various ports of refuge. On one occasion, unable to stand the weather at Hynish, they had just time to get on board a salted sheep as their only provision before making for a safer port.

The 11th of September was the last working day of this first season on the rock, and that day they managed to put the last finishing touch on the barrack in spite of the weather, which already began to show its accustomed winter fury. Half the tools only were they able to remove, but they left a chest of biscuits and a cask of water for the benefit of some possible shipwrecked mariner.

On the 12th of November came a letter beginning, "Skerry Vore Lighthouse Works. Tyree, November 5, 1838. Dear Sir,—I am extremely sorry to inform you that the barrack erected on Skerry Vore Rock has totally disappeared." Then followed an account of the storm, which was described as "truly awful," and a conjecture was thrown out that a large ship had been driven on to the barrack, as portions of a wreck had come ashore. The smith's forge had disappeared. The grindstone was thrown whole a distance of twelve yards, the anvil eight yards, one of the crabs twenty yards, and was smashed to pieces; the other, also dashed to fragments, had been thrown over a piece of rock six feet high.

On the 19th of April, 1839, Mr. Stevenson opened his second season, and sailed from Greenock with his new barrack, stopping to start fresh quarries in Mull on his way to the rock. The excavation of the foundation for the tower occupied the whole season, from the 6th of May to the 3rd of September. The rock, a hard gneiss, presented many difficulties to the workmen besides that of its distance from land. Its small size and the little cover afforded by its low shape made the blasting very dangerous. Mats and nets were placed over the mines as some precaution during blasting, and fortunately no accidents occurred. The boring took four times as long as the boring of Aberdeenshire granite would have taken. The uneven form of the rock, traversed by treacherous veins, necessitated making a horizontal cut, which should lay bare a level sound floor fit for the foundation pit.

This occupied thirty men 102 days. The progress was slow, owing to storms and the consequent interruption of labour and loss of cranes and materials of all kinds. Many new ways of doing things had to be invented, shifty contrivances, to suit the peculiarities of the case, and which experience alone enabled the engineer to extemporise. The pit was to be forty-two feet in diameter and fifteen inches in depth below the level platform already made, and by the end of the season about a third of it was cleared out. It required very delicate treatment in the work, as the action of gunpowder on the natural fissures of the rock might have endangered the stability of the foundation. This time the new barrack was not begun upon until after the completion of the level floor. It was not begun till the first of July this year, and was finished on the 3rd of September, the work being carried on during the excavation of the pit.

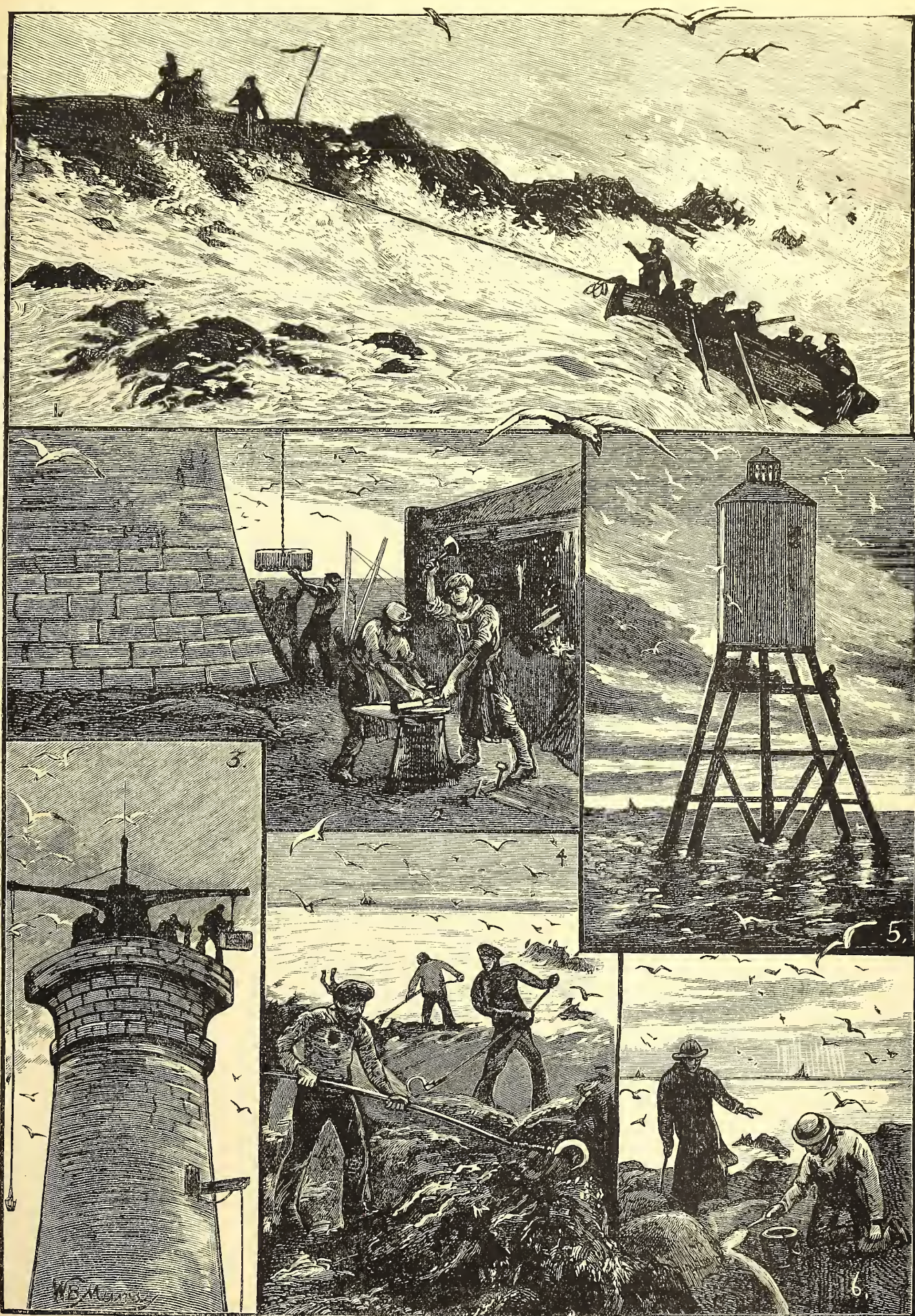
This season also saw the construction of a wharf and landing-place made in the creek mentioned by Sir W. Scott, as it was the best place for landing stones. Two days were spent in clearing away the gigantic seaweeds with a sickle mounted on a pole, that the engineer might see the true form of the rock and mark out the line

of the wharf. Galvanic blasting was used, to the terror of the native boatmen, for the explosion took place after the tide had risen and every one had left the spot. A tramway, fifty yards long, from the wharf to the tower, two cast-iron water tanks, and riug-bolts in various parts of the rock, were the next things set up. On the 9th of August a specially heavy storm drove them from their moorings to Tyree. They returned on the 12th, and the state of things on the rock gave them some idea of the great force of the storm. Cranes had been swept away and beams scattered in all directions, and even the cask mooring-buoy had foundered in the surf. Indeed, the difficulties and dangers of the enterprise were so great, and at this stage the life necessarily so comfortless and the progress so slow, that many of the more cowardly of the seamen, in spite of the disgust of some of their comrades, threatened mutiny, and aggravated circumstances by their enforced dismissal.

All next winter, and throughout the summer of 1840, the works proceeded at Hynish. The stones were to be dressed there, and even fitted together in their courses for trial, that there might be no unnecessary trouble on the narrow rock. And by October, 1840, twenty thousand cubic feet of granite had been dressed and fitted at Hynish. On the rock that season the first landing was effected on the 30th April, 1840. The barrack was there all right this time, though aged-looking. It had been left newly covered with red paint; it was now hoary with sea-salt and bird-droppings. It had become nearly white in a single winter, as men's hair changes in the course of some terrible night. However, all were glad to see that their future abode had, in all material points, so well resisted the exposure of the winter, that even the biscuits provisionally left for shipwrecked seamen were most of them dry and still eatable. That that exposure had not been slight was amply proved by the removal to a distance of a large block, weighing five tons, that the blasting of the wharf had disengaged. The early part of the season was very stormy, and on one occasion the working party on the little rock were fourteen days without any communication with the shore. These fourteen days were spent in bed, except at meal hours, leaving the barrack for work being impossible, and the cold making it uncomfortable to sit motionless in a bleak shed through which the wet, salt wind howled. One night the destruction of the former barrack was brought most vividly to every one's recollection by the startling shock of a great wave, which made every one spring with a cry of alarm from his bed. The waves sometimes obscured the engineer's windows, fifty feet above the sea, with their sheets of spray. Provisions ran short, and but one day's rations remained, when the welcome steamer was able to reach them.

The barrack was hexagonal in shape, and about twelve feet in diameter. It had three storeys, about seven feet high each, and was perched on poles fifty feet high, which came together in a point under the floor of its uppermost storey. This top storey, thus left clear of encumbrances, served as a dormitory for thirty men. The second floor, chopped up in the middle by the top of the pyramid of piles, contained the room of the engineer and that of the foreman, Mr. Charles Stewart, and Mr. Macnich, superintendent of the landing. The lowest floor, greatly curtailed in space by the wide-spreading of the seven beams which passed through it, was a kitchen and provision store for forty persons. An open platform, removed every winter to allow free passage to the waves, held other things that could not well be made fast to the rock. Life here was, as it had been before, either intolerably dull or intolerably hard-working. Work began at four, and went on sometimes till nine at night—rather a trying existence for an educated man accustomed to the comforts and intellectual resources of a town life. I am tempted to quote a few of the engineer's own words on its counterbalancing advantages.

"Yet life on the Skerry Vore was by no means destitute of its peculiar pleasures. The grandeur of the ocean's rage, the deep murmur



Building of the Skerry Vore.—See p. 535.

1. Preliminary difficulties; landing on the Rock.
2. Progress of Tower.
3. Completing Summit previous to raising the Lantern.
4. Clearing the Rock of Seaweed.
5. The Beacon.
6. Marking out Foundations.

of the waves, the hoarse cry of the sea-birds which wheeled continually over us, especially at our meals, the low moaning of the wind, or the gorgeous brightness of a glassy sea and a cloudless sky, and the solemn stillness of a deep-blue vault, studded with stars, or cheered by the splendours of the full moon, were the phases of external things that often arrested our thoughts in a situation where, with all the bustle that prevailed, there was necessarily so much time for reflection."

(To be continued.)

## HAROLD, THE BOY-EARL:

A STORY OF OLD ENGLAND.

By PROFESSOR J. F. HODGETTS,

*Late Examiner to the University of Moscow, Professor to the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science, etc., etc.*

CHAPTER V.—(continued.)

WITH many courteous expressions of goodwill, they parted. The stalwart warrior strode along, his good sword sheathed by his side, his boar-spear in his hand, and carrying with him an atmosphere of strength and manly confidence in himself as he stalked away, every inch a man. Arrived at the middle point of the opposite hill, he paused, turned back, and waved his spear. Instantly the door of the little outhouse was opened and the dog rushed out with an angry growl. He looked round to find his master, stopped, sniffed the air, stood still a moment, and uttered a low plaintive whine, which seemed to rouse the other dogs beyond endurance, for they uttered a most hideous yell from their place of concealment. Fangs started, gave a short angry bark, and another moment would have found him in the hall of the mansion, but at that instant a low shrill whistle caught his ear. One bound brought him to the chief gate, in the paling from whence he could see his master's figure in the distance. This was enough. He bent his whole body together for a terrific spring, as if he thought to clear the whole distance between himself and his master at one leap. And he did reach him in an incredibly short space of time by a succession of mighty bounds that made his pace more like flying than running, and in his joy at regaining him, in the sense of perfect freedom which the tremendous activity had seemed to yield, he nearly threw down that human tower, his master, in his gigantic gambols. The earl turned round, waved his cap gaily to Thorgerd, and he and Fangs were gone.

"Ah!" said the propheticess, aloud, though to herself, "had the Britons had a few such men as he, we English had never gained foothold in Britain. What a man it is!"

Saying these words the vala entered her hall and securely fastened the door on the inside, and then passed through to the end opposite to that at which she had entered, and where there was another door, which she also fastened. She then took down a fearful weapon something like the old-fashioned cat-o'-ninc-tails formerly used in the navy. She next opened the low door leading down into the vault where the dogs were confined, whose howling, barking, and yelling had now become perfectly deafening. Struggling up the narrow staircase, each striving to throw down the other so as to emerge before him, the two huge creatures at last rushed with wild yells against the front door. Baring her beautiful arm, the vala approached

them with her cruel instrument of torture and commenced such chastisement of the two animals as changed their yells into repentant whinings. Exhausted at last, she said in Norse, "Now go, and let me not hear a sound again." Cowed and sullen, the dogs obeyed, but ever and anon there was a backward glance from their bloodshot eyes that glared upon her as though they really were imprisoned fiends. Had her sense of command over the animals been less, had her resolution been less firm, had she faltered for a moment, she would have been torn to pieces; as it was, the victory of mind over brute force was complete. Humbled and thoroughly tamed, the huge creatures limped whining down the steps to their lair, and whined and growled alternately (but very low) until they fell asleep. Scarcely was this result attained, when again they were awakened by a low knocking at the door announcing the approach of a visitor. Again the vala opened the little portal, but just sufficiently to allow the dogs, which were again fearfully excited, to see her face and mark her high displeasure. Again she spoke in Norse—a language which she only employed when much displeased: "Another sound, and the scourge shall flay you, ye hideous brutes! Lie down!"

Understanding words and tone and manner, the dogs slunk down again, and she refastened the doorway to their den.

Meanwhile the knocking had been repeated, and at last Thorgerd opened the front door to admit her visitors; but, whatever her surprise might have been at seeing those who now sought admittance, she allowed no sign of astonishment to express itself in her countenance, which was as calm and placid as the waters of a mountain lake at midsummer.

"Good my lady, you are welcome to my poor abode. What seek ye of Thorgerd Herdabrud? But enter, and take part of the poor fare which I can offer."

The Hlafdige and Hilda entered the hall and were duly seated on the high bank, but refused all offers of other refreshment than a glass of clear cold water from the spring and some delicious rye bread, prepared by Thorgerd's own domestics, who, however, were rarely suffered to appear, and were at this very moment in an outhouse, where they dwelt.

A fair young girl of true Old English type, with blue eyes, fair skin, and auburn hair, appeared as if by magic from a door on the left-hand side of the high bank, the entrance to the "den" being on the right. She was clad in tunic, gunna, and wimple, but had no mantle, nor was there any distinguishing border on her dress, which, though exquisitely neat and clean, had no pretensions to elegance. She bore a silver dish, of foreign workmanship, of large dimensions, heaped with the choicest fruit. This she placed upon the small stone table and withdrew. Thorgerd proffered the fruit, which was not accepted by the lady, although Hilda helped herself largely. But when Thorgerd brought forth from a curious press standing against the wall near the door leading to the den a small wooden platter, with a loaf of bread somewhat of the shape of a modern bun, only about six inches in diameter, placed thereon, and accompanied by a silver vessel containing salt, the lady rose and begged her to come and sit by her on the high bank, that they might break bread together. With winning sweetness the witch complied. The loaf was broken—

not cut. Each lady broke a small fragment from the loaf, and first dipping it in the salt, presented it to the other. The pieces thus exchanged were eaten in rather a solemn manner, as though it were a grave ceremony; and indeed it was so, for they entered tacitly by its means into a compact of friendship and good-will.

"Will my dear lady give me leave to close the outer gate and see that other needful things be done before she leaves my roof?"

"Do what thou wilt, good Thorgerd," said the lady; "only remember I would fain hold converse with thee, and the sun is near to noon. I must return ere long, you know my work is such as may not be neglected."

"I only want to close the gate for fear of interruptions. I have much to say to thee, but we must be alone," replied the vala.

She spoke with so much sweetness, and looked so lovely in her white and gold (her mantle she had laid aside), so gentle and so kind, that no one could have credited for a moment the fact that she had inflicted on the noble dogs the chastisement that we have seen her administer. No trace of anger was there, no trace of sovereign will. So perfectly had Thorgerd all her feelings in control that no one could divine, from what he saw in that calm placid face, that she could tame such fearful animals as those within the den, still less that she could lash them with such fury as we have seen her use!

Many of our readers have heard of the curious responses from the wells in olden England—how well-worship was common all through "pagan Saxondom." Thorgerd had left to prepare her own servants, of whom she had a large number, to assist in the rites, their duty being rather to enhance the mysteries by certain additions to the weird surroundings than anything else. A few brief orders were given, and she returned after a very short interval declaring that everything was in readiness for the "walk to the well."

They proceeded to what we may call the back of the house together, when the same maiden who had brought the fruit appeared as if by accident, crossing the hofgård, or courtyard as we now should call it.

"Bronda!" cried the vala, "come hither; take Hilda to the maiden's hall and show her the new needlework of Odin and the ravens; we would be alone."

Receiving permission from the earl's lady by a glance, Hilda gladly accompanied Bronda to the part of the house indicated. Thorgerd and the lady were thus for the first time alone.

"Tell me," said the vala, "knows the earl of this thy visit, and its object?"

"Nay, good Thorgerd, I have told him nought of my forebodings and my wish to visit thee. I do not wish to hide it from him. I have no secrets from my lord, yet still I would not let him see my growing fears for Harold. Was this wrong, thinkest thou, Thorgerd?"

"Most right, dear lady," was the answer. "But the well is nigh. Are thy feet cold?"

"What a strange question, Thorgerd. Why?"

"Because," replied the vala, "the Nixé of the Spring likes worship to be done her, and I think the shoes were best cast off here."

Thorgerd herself now stooped down and drew from her feet her delicately fashioned

shoes. So did the lady. They next unwound the linen bandage round the foot and ankle, worn then instead of stockings, and the pair went on.

They had descended now the hillock's side on which the mansion stood. They crossed the little valley, gained the rising hill beyond, and entered a dark wood or rather thicket of short trees. On passing this they came into an open space where stood an ancient wall surrounding an old well. Here the seeress took up a small branch or twig of a tree curiously shaped, and turning to the Lady Edelgitha, said,

"This a token of good hap. Take the dried branch and lay it in thy hand so that where the twig bends off to form a fork it may rest in the middle. Then repeat the runes that form thy name and watch the twig, and if it moves, advance to the well and I will follow thee, but do not speak to me until I speak to thee, for while you mystic branch lies in thy hand I will pronounce the 'galder,' or magic charm, to call the white elf from the secret wave."

"But shall we see her, think'st thou, Thorgerd?"

"No, she will not appear—at least, to thee. And now be silent, strain thine ear for every sound."

The lady placed the twig in her open palm and watched it intently. At last a faint motion seemed perceptible, and the little dried stick began to roll over towards the well. Immediately the lady began to advance in that direction, and the prophetess, removing her shoes and wimple, rushed forward and threw herself upon her knees before the well. She then began chanting in a low tone the following charm:

Water Lady! Water Lady!  
Answer from the holy well.  
Elfin Sister! Elfin Sister!  
Listen to my mighty spell.

By the Fear of Frigga!  
By the Hosts of Hilda!  
By the Fires of Freya!  
By the Daughter of Delling!  
By the Maiden Miner  
And her wondrous well!

By the Mystic Moonbeam!  
By Sökkvabak and Saga!  
By the Voice of Vala!  
Lend our lawful Lady  
Help in Time of Trouble  
Through my spoken spell.

By the Strength of Star!  
By thy power to save!  
Send thy token from far  
From thy wonderful wave,  
That the Lady may hear  
What the Norn has to tell,  
What to hope, what to fear—  
Speak! Answer my spell!

Here the vala sprang up into an erect attitude, and signing to the lady to observe silence, she approached the edge of the well and threw in a large arm-ring. She then bade the lady do the like, who drew off her own golden bracelet and would have flung it in herself, but the vala stopped her by a sign, and taking it from her went to the well's mouth and dropped it over the brink. Instantly a low, sweet murmur was heard from below like the ripple of a rivulet in spring.

Thorgerd Herdabrud turned round with a triumphant glance at the lady, and said, smilingly, in a very low whisper, "Now

the spell works, Lady Edelgitha, listen for each sound!"

The ripple ceased, but was succeeded by an agitated boiling sound as of water in a cauldron on a fire. "Now," said the prophetess, still in a sort of stage whisper, "look in and see thy face reflected in the wave."

The Lady Edelgitha looked in but saw nothing save a whitish mist apparently caused by the extreme agitation of the water, which, however, was too low down to be very distinctly visible. Presently the tumult of the waves subsided, and she saw—not her own face reflected in the water, but the form of her son Harold reflected in the surface, which looked more like a disc of some metal polished to act as a mirror than a sheet of water. The figure looked somewhat more girlish than Harold, but it was clad in his usual garments and wore the hunting-cap which we described in the commencement. But the face was, as far as she could distinguish, in the indistinct manner of its being presented to the lady, beaming with merriment and almost childish fun!

"Harold, my boy! My brave—" here a thick mist issued from below and rendered the image invisible. The words died on the lady's lips and she fell into a swoon.

When she recovered she was lying on a couch upon which a magnificent bearskin had been flung, her head rested on a pillow stuffed with feathers taken from the nest of a northern sea-bird. The light of day was excluded from the chamber by wooden shutters placed before the glass windows above referred to. Thorgerd was sitting by her side holding in her hand a curious drinking vessel made of glass, and so constructed as not to stand upright, so that if put down on a table it would tumble over and spill any fluid that might be left in it. This glass was actually called a tumbler, and the name has come down to us, though the vile habits of intemperance which disgraced those days are passing now away.

"She has recovered," said the prophetess. "Give her some pure fresh water, Hilda, and she will be well anon."

Hilda obeyed. The lady drank some of the water and then some of the wine which Thorgerd offered her. At last she seemed perfectly recovered.

"What was it, Thorgerd? Say! It was a lovely vision. What means the sight I saw?"

"I cannot say before thou tellest me what it was," said Thorgerd; "was it very fearful?"

"Not at all fearful," said the Lady Edelgitha. "I saw my boy!"

"How! thy boy! What, Harold? Looked he happy or more sad than gay? Was he alone? or were his companions with him?"

"Alone, and very happy," replied the lady, "but methought I heard a strange wailing, then all was dark, and when I awakened I was here with thee! What means all this? What means this swoon of mine?"

"Most gracious lady—nothing. That is, I read not quite the riddle. That Harold should appear is well. He smiled—that's better; but I do not like the cry. Now hear me, lady. Thy husband must know nothing of this business. He will ask thee, lady, ere the sun goes down, to know thy thoughts about Earl Harold. Tell him this: Kenulf must go. Harold may need his aid, and more can be done by two wily boys than with helmet, byrnie,

and bill. Thou art stronger, but not strong enough to walk. My horse is saddled ready for thy use, another waits for Hilda. Grooms shall ride with thee to thy husband's land, where ye dismount and walk."

After a short time the lady was sufficiently recovered in mind and body to mount and ride away. Thorgerd remained and watched her mount the farther hill, then she turned round and struck a piece of metal hanging by a cord with a small iron hammer. Instantly a maiden entered through the door which led to the "holy well." This girl was strangely habited. Her lower form was dressed as women are. The upper part was like a boy in garb. She wore a eap precisely like the head-dress worn by Harold. Her hair was dressed like his, and she was so much like him in her strange disguise that, seeing but the upper portion of her form, you might have thought it Harold's.

"Bravely played out, Thorgilda. But hast thou closed the hidden doors that lead into the well?"

"Ay, good my lady," said the girl. "The two steel mirrors are with Cwalm, the groom. And yet I like not to deceive our lady. Here are the arm-rings."

"Give them to me, Thorgilda. Bravely caught, and all was done to wonder. Seldom nowadays does the good Nixé answer. But it would never do, my child, to lose belief among the country folk in her great powers for us. Some time has passed away since last she showed her might, and much I dread her anger should she think our deed was wrong."

"Nay," quoth the girl. "That cannot well be so, seeing we keep the dread of the old well still rife through all the kingdom. The Nixé loses nothing by our art, and if she would again lift up her voice and speak from out the waters she would find a thousand true believers. I fear not Nixé, troll, or elf; I fear the humankind who, from betrayal through some serving churl, may make this work our ruin."

"Nonsense, good maiden!" said the witch. "The churls are more afraid of me than of Nixé. Despite their knowledge of some tricks or so, their faith is still unshaken. What men wish to believe they will think true! Remove thy upper garments, see the mirrors well bestowed, and take this silver arm-ring as a token that Thorgerd Herdabrud is not ungrateful."

Meanwhile the lady had been quite restored by her ride, and reached home without showing the least token of weariness or ill-health. The earl sought her private chamber after the midday meal, and, as Thorgerd had expected, asked his wife her opinion as to the advisability of sending Kenulf in search of Harold. He was delighted to find that she cordially agreed with him. A female slave was sent to bid old Hilding send the boy, and in a short time he appeared.

"Well, Kenulf!" said the grim Earl Rolf, "what thinkest thou, lad; canst find thy young friend Harold now, or not?"

"I know not, good my lord," replied the boy. "But if thou wilt show me so much honour, and trust me to the work, believe me I will leave no stone unturned to find him. I am sure no truer servant rides with you to war than is my loving father, and I trow I was not born to shame him! Dear my lord, he will be proud of me if I succeed, and I shall be so happy. So please you let me go."

"Thou shalt go," said the lady; "and wear this for me," she continued, producing a charming little golden arm-ring, just large enough to fit our youthful warrior. Then the earl brought forth a lovely sword, a model of the ring-mæl or battle-blade of England, and presenting it to the boy, said,

"Thou shalt not go unarmed. Harold had nothing but his seax and falcon; thou hast here a right good sword, which thou canst use right well. To-morrow early shalt thou leave, and take two youngsters with thee; but of course their fathers must allow it, or 'tis nought!"

"Forgive me, good my lord," exclaimed the boy, "but dost thou think a 'nothing' rides among your train?"

The grim earl started.

"What! Among my train a 'nothing'? No, I tell thee, boy, and all the Saxon English land knows that full well, and 'Grim Rolf Blue-tooth' hates to hear the word!"

"I know it," answered Kenulf; "and it's true; but if there were a man who would not jump for joy to think his son should go with me, I, boy and youngster that I am, would call him coward, pull his beard, and laugh!"

The grim earl smiled his very ghastliest smile, and held his hand to Kenulf.

"Well, my lad, you may choose two of the boys as playmates to go with you. But, mind, no underhanded working. Ask the fathers of the boys you want, and if they will allow you, take them. Horses small and active you shall have; and as you may meet dangers on the road, each boy shall have a javelin and spear. The smiths shall fit their shafts for you this evening. Your garb is that of hunters of the wolf; and faith! it's not unlikely some may try your and the boar-spears' metal."

"Good night, my child," the lady said. "If you return with Harold safe and sound, your knighthood shall be certain, for my care has ever been to choose the doughtiest for our band!"

Overcome by this touching mark of interest from so great a lady, Kenulf dropped lower in his obeisance than usual, and left the room too much excited for more words.

(To be continued.)

## HOW TO MAKE AN ASTRONOMICAL TELESCOPE.

BY FRANK CHASEMORE.

(Continued from page 525.)

GET two circular pieces of beech five inches in diameter and one and a half inches thick, each to have a hole bored in the centre an inch in diameter, and going right through the wood. Take one of these pieces, and on the under side fasten, by three strong brass

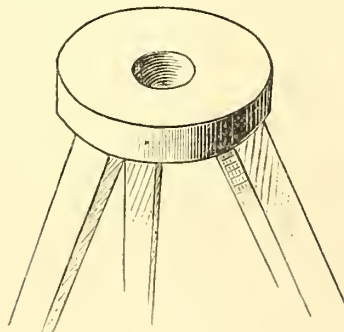


Fig. 5.

hinges that work stiffly, three legs, made of inch and a half square pine (Fig. 5). These legs are to be four feet six inches long.

Take the other piece of beech and fasten a rod or roller of wood, two feet and a half long and one inch diameter, into the hole, so that one end is flush with the top side of the wood (Fig. 6). Now fasten two uprights to the top, letting them into the wood (Fig. 6). These are to be

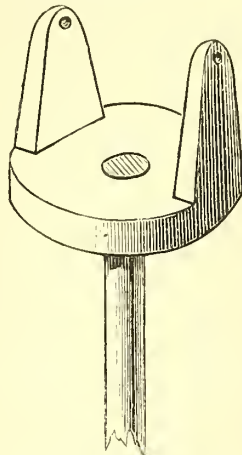


Fig. 6.

three-quarters of an inch thick, and four and a half inches high, and are to be three and a half inches apart.

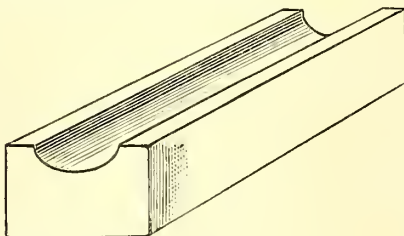


Fig. 7.

Bore a hole in each upright about half an inch from the top and about one quarter of an inch in diameter. Now get nine screw stair-eyes at the ironmonger's and about seven feet of brass wire one eighth of an inch thick. Get this wire straightened. Into the inside of each leg, and one foot from the top, screw one of the brass stair-screws. Now get a piece of wood, circular, three inches diameter and one and a

half inches thick (a ribbon roller will do very well), and bore a hole right through the centre, one and a quarter inches in diameter. Round this piece of wood at equal distances screw three more of the screw-eyes. Now cut from your brass wire three lengths of fourteen inches, and turn a ring at each end of each piece, and hook one end of each piece into a screw-eye in the circular block, and the other end into the eye in each leg, closing up the rings so that they will not come unhooked. This arrangement will keep the top from tilting. Now the stand is finished, and we will take the tube in hand if it is quite dry and hard. Before drawing out the



Fig. 8.

roller, cut, with a sharp knife, the ends off quite square, leaving the tube thirty-seven and a half inches long. Now draw out the roller without breaking the tube. We must now fix the object-glass. Cut a strip of cardboard half an inch wide, and long enough to go all round inside the tube without lapping, and to fit tightly. Push this inside, so that it will form a shelf half an inch inside the end of the tube. Glue this in its place. Upon this place the object-glass, and fix it there by glueing a strip of cardboard all round inside the tube on the top of the lens. To fix the eyepiece, cut from the roller used to make the tube on, a piece one inch long, and bore a hole right through the centre of it the exact size of the eyepiece tube. Glue this block in



Fig. 9.

Appearance of the Moon seen through this telescope on June 9th last year. The little moon in the corner is the size the real moon appeared to the naked eye compared with the magnified image.

the other end of tube. Push the brass tube in this hole with the field-lens inwards. The telescope can be focussed by pushing in or drawing out the brass tube. Get a piece of deal eight inches long and three and a half inches wide and two inches deep. Cut a groove along the top as Fig. 7, one inch deep and a little more than two and a quarter inches wide, to fit the outside of the tube. Glue this block on the tube, so that one end is thirteen inches from the front end of the tube (the eyepiece end). Put the block in its place between the uprights on the stand, and fix it there by two screws passing through the holes in the uprights and screwing into the block. Pass the rod attached to the uprights through the hole in the top of stand and through the hole in the block underneath.

Now we have only to make the arrangement for elevating the telescope. For this you will want the rest of the brass wire and the remaining three stair-eyes as well as two pieces of thin

brass plate, four and a half inches long, half an inch wide, and one-sixteenth of an inch thick. Bend these pieces of plate as in Fig. 8, making the bent parts one inch long, and get the ends cut as in the figure, and have holes drilled in the bent parts a little larger than the brass wire. Cut your wire into two lengths of eighteen and a half inches, and take them to the tinman and get him to cut a screw-thread nearly the whole length of each, leaving about two inches to each. At this end of each get him to turn a ring, and get him to close these two rings into one of the screw-eyes. Get him to make a screw-nut for each wire about the size of a farthing, but about twice the thickness. Screw the eye carrying these wires through the tube into the eyepiece block, screw the remaining two screw-eyes into two of the legs of the stand, on the outside of each leg and about one foot from the top of each. Bend the cut part of the brass plates into rings and close them in

these screw-eyes. Now put the screw-nuts in their places in the brass plates, and put the screw wires through the holes in the top, and turn the nuts to the left, which will draw down the wires and with them the eyepiece of the telescope. To turn the telescope to the left turn the right-hand nut to the right, and the other to the left, and to turn it to the right reverse the action of the nuts. In making this telescope you must be very careful in fixing the lenses. They are to be placed so that the centres are to be in one straight line, which line is to be at right angles to the lenses. You can cover your tube with coloured paper to give it a finish. It will be advantageous, in using the instrument, by keeping out all light not wanted, to make a cardboard tube about six inches long and large enough to slide easily on the end over the object-glass and to project about five inches. The telescope is now finished and will with ordinary care last for years.

## COLLEGE SONGS.

[From "*Carmina Collegensia*."] ]

### IVY SONG.

WORDS BY JAMES BRAND.

AIR.

ALTO.

1. Sym - bol of our trust! when sor - row Dark - ens on our shad - ovy way, Be thou sign of bright to -  
 2. Be thou might - i - er to in - spire, True - er than the seulp - tured bust; And while eling - ing, climb - ing

TENOR.

BASS.

mor - row, Climb to where the sun - beams play.  
 high - er, Tell that we are more than dust.

Symbol, too, of patient waiting,  
 Waiting for the tardy years,  
 Torn by storms, but still creating  
 Leaves of hope and charms for tears ;—  
 Planted thus by Friendship's fingers,  
 Silently to strengthen there,  
 Seal the thought that round thee lingers,  
 Witness our last, saddest prayer.  
 Frail memento ! softly waking  
 Memories set in checkered light,  
 Of our meeting and our breaking,  
 Thee we leave to God and night.

## HOW TO LAY OUT A GARDEN.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N., C.E.

### VII.—CLIMBERS—THE FRUIT GARDEN—ROSES.

IN the final sentences of my last paper I mentioned five different climbers, all of which are very easy to manage, and very showy and effective. The wild convolvulus I prefer to the coloured or cultivated one, owing to its intense luxuriansness of growth, and the earliness with which it gets up in spring. I am writing these lines in the middle of February; my convolvuli are all well through the ground, and my white bryonies, that by-and-by will make so splendid a shade for my tea-arbour and some arches, are up six inches. Both these need a little seeing to, when growing, every two days or oftener—I mean in the way of training.

I mentioned gourds. I like to see the great, noble-looking fruit of these resting on the top of an archway.

French beans you may grow almost anywhere. It will be early enough to put them in in May. The red and the white scarlet-runners may be grown side by side, for the sake of effect, wherever they have something to hold on by, and sun to shine on them. They need water, and sunshine, and good wholesome, rich soil. They look pretty even in a window-box, and will grow up the sides and arch over, trained either on strings or galvanised zinc work.

Hop plants grow very quickly, and are effective for either arches or arbours.

The deadly nightshade is a climber I have not mentioned. It grows wild in hedgerows and

about rocky ground, in railway cuttings, and quarries. Its foliage is charming in spring, and its berries most lovely in autumn. Avoid it.

I believe I have now said enough about climbers to entice some few of my readers to attempt their cultivation. If they do so they will gain experience every summer, and soon know far more about them than any written article can tell them. In an old or old-fashioned garden, where there are plenty of trees and bushes about, climbers are not so much needed. But had I a bare patch of ground in the middle of a field, or on a hill-side, by the aid of quickly-growing climbing plants I would undertake to make it both shady and charming in one short summer season.

Now for a word or two about fruit and roses, and I have done. Every one is fond of fruit, and though you may not aspire to nectarines or peaches, there are many of the smaller kinds of fruit that grow excellently well, even in newly-laid-out gardens. Indeed, they sometimes grow better in these than in the older sort, because they get more sun, and the ground is rich in many substances that they make use of as food.

Strawberries are very easily grown. They are hardy fruit; indeed, they grow finer in the far north, say in Aberdeenshire, than they do in the sunny south. Now, willing and all though the strawberry plant is to do well, it

must have sunshine, water, and elbow-room. If the plants are allowed to crowd each other, the fruit will be miserably small, or there will be merely a few flowers with nothing to follow. Close to where I am writing now I have a bed which I formed in November, 1882. There are four rows, each row eighteen inches apart, and each plant a foot apart. Well, even last year I had a good crop of large and luscious fruit. I did not stint the manure, and I treated them sometimes to a little liquid manure poured between the drills. The bed, too, is in a sunny, open position.

The reader may learn something from this. My plants, however, were big ones. But as productive a bed could have been got from runners—and these any gardener will give you cheap—had I planted them in July. Mind in cultivating strawberries to cut off the runners before the ends of them take root, unless indeed you want to form a new bed, in which case you may allow several bushes to run to runners. Beware of weeds, and give good manure in autumn.

Get the best kinds of strawberries when you are about it; and if you are planting several rows, let them be of early and late kinds, so that you may have rotation of crops. Put down straw or hay between the drills and under the plants in May, to save soiling of the fruit.

Among small fruits, next in point of merit come what we call bush fruits, including gooseberries, currants, red and black, and raspberries.

These may be grown in any garden, though you will find the currants do better against a southerly exposed wall or fence that throws back the heat and light. I do not mean that they should be nailed up, but only leaned to. Perhaps they will want a little support in the shape of a rope, run along and tacked here and there between the bushes. This, remember, is merely to prevent them from tumbling down or bending too far over valuable space, and must by no means interfere with the free circulation of light through them.

If my readers will only bear in mind now and always that everything grown in a garden requires the following five necessities of life, they will have a never-failing guide to the cultivation of whatever vegetable, fruit, or flowers they set their minds upon, provided the soil is suitable.

1. Food (good manure).
2. Water (whenever required).
3. Sunshine (obtained by growing in the open).
4. Air (obtained by judicious pruning).
5. Elbow-room (obtained by avoiding overcrowding).

Gooseberry bushes, nice little shapely young ones, may be bought for three shillings a dozen. Plant in autumn in well-manured soil, but not in too damp a situation, and you will have abundance of fruit next season. In fact, the bushes will be crowded.

Prune gooseberry bushes in March. Tip the ends of the long branches if they are growing straggling or falling, and cut down side shoots of principal branches to a couple of buds. If more branches are required leave the strongest and most likely to bear. Let the bush be upon

the whole somewhat hollow in the centre, then ease up the earth around the roots, and a little liquid manure will now do good, followed by a handful or two of slaked lime.

Currant bushes are pruned as early as November. Here also you must have a rather open-centred bush. Cut down straggling side-shoots to within a bud or two. Cut off the shoot just a little way above the bud, and remember it must not be done too obliquely, else the wound will not be healed, and will therefore decay. Cut out old wood, if new and likely branches are ready to take its place. In buying currant bushes get good kinds, such as red and white Dutch, Knight's large red, cherry, and black Naples.

In buying gooseberry bushes be sure to inquire the names and get a guarantee. The old-fashioned yellow hairy gooseberry is a good one, and prolific. The green hairy one is also very delicious. There is one that grows as big as a small pear, and is of a light-green colour, and smooth, which you ought to have. If it has a name I have forgotten it, but it is very old-fashioned. Many of the red kinds are excellent to eat, although they are usually chosen for making jam.

Of raspberries you ought to have both the yellow and the red kinds. Raspberry canes are very prolific; they want a deal of room, however, and I think, on the whole, two rows should not be grown together, however much space is left between them. There is one peculiarity about this fruit: the last year's canes do not produce fruit next season, so they are cut down, and the young shoots are trained and pruned. Three or four canes are enough to leave to each root. A good plan of training them is to have a strong stake driven in at each end of the row, and iron wires—two will be enough—run between. To these the canes may be tied and spread out like a fan. This is a

better plan than putting a stake or pole to each, and tying them up to that.

Beware of leaving your canes too high. Cut them well down in March if you wish good edible fruit.

Roses are grown either as standards or half standards—having been budded on strong straight briars—or on their own roots, either in the open or against the wall to form climbers.

I like to see them in the kitchen garden growing on their own roots, but standards look charming on a lawn.

Plant roses in the last months of the year, especially in October and November. The next two months are uncertain, but you may plant again in February. Do not place them where they cannot have sunshine, and do not forget that roses require plenty of manure and frequent waterings in dry seasons. You must also watch for maggots. Wherever you see a leaf curled squeeze it. The green-fly is also very destructive in some seasons. Soap-and-water will bring them off wall-roses, but if on standards you may use your fingers, only do not be rough.

Prune roses in February, or early in March, according to the season. Cut the twiglet a little way above a bud, and down to a couple of buds. Prune so that the tree may have air, and do not allow any one single branch to cross the hawse—if I may be allowed a nautical term—of another.

Roses on walls should be trained symmetrically, and not allowed to grow too wild. If any long shoots are growing out consider first if there be room for them to be nailed to the wall. If not, off with them, leaving just three eyes, but do not overcrowd.

Keep the surface of the ground loose around your rose-trees, to admit the warmth of the sun and the water, which they must have if the season be anything like a dry one.

(THE END.)

## TRAPS, AND ALL ABOUT THEM;

INCLUDING HINTS ON MOLE, OTTER, WEASEL, RAT, SQUIRREL, AND BIRD TRAPPING.

BY J. HARRINGTON KEENE,

Author of "Fish, and How to Catch Them," etc., etc.

(Continued from page 508.)

### CATCHING BIRDS WITH BIRDLIME.



HE birdlime itself is the first consideration under this heading. I do not advise any boy to make it himself, but if he nevertheless chooses so to do

here is a recipe which will produce a very good "lime." Half a pint of linseed-oil should be put into an iron pot and carefully boiled over the

fire for four hours, or, in fact, till it thickens sufficiently, stirring it repeatedly the while with a stick. The oil is smooth when it boils. In order to ascertain when it is done take out the stick and immerse it in water, after which see if it sticks to the fingers. If it does the oil is ready to be poured out into cold water, and thereafter placed in little flat tin boxes—the most convenient receptacles, as they fit in the waistcoat pocket, and can be used as required.

Birdlime is also made from holly bark, but according to the directions given in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" the process is much too

troublesome for boys, and as one can buy birdlime enough to stick a flock of rooks together for a few pence from a professional birdcatcher, life may be considered too short for that process at this time. As I am some distance from a town, much less a professional birdcatcher, I make mine as above, and find it little if any inferior to that I have been in the habit of buying.

During winter time, when frost and snow cover the earth, birdlime is very useful, for at that time the "clap" net is of very little use. A good plan then is to sweep a bare place anywhere near a plantation or wooded garden, or even in the farmyard, and having anointed a few dozen wheatears with the straw attached—or rather, having anointed the straw for about a foot nearest the ear—to spread them about in the patch. The birds will attempt to take the ears away, and will so get limed and drop to the ground. You must very quickly pick them up or you will lose some, as their struggles not infrequently release them, at least partially, and they flutter out of reach.

Sometimes it will be found that a few handfuls of oats, barley, or wheat thrown down where the limed straws are will be of service when they do not seem to care for the wheat ears themselves. There is the probability of the little fellows coming in contact with the ears, and so getting limed. These methods are chiefly applicable, as I have said, to cold weather.

A different mode of procedure may be practised when the weather is very hot. Cut, say,

a hundred twigs of some smooth, thin wood, such as withy, and after liming, stick them down by the side of any rivulet of water near woody growths, and of course not near a large tract of water such as a lake or river. Cover over the stream with brush or fern, so that the birds can come only by where your limed twigs are placed. I have had remarkable sport in this way when the birds have been coming to drink during the forenoon and afternoon.

I tried an experiment for rooks with birdlime some little time ago. We all know that in winter, during a thaw, rooks will frequent pastures in great numbers, especially if cattle be present. About fifty yards to the west of where I am now sitting is a long waterside pasture, and thousands of rooks could be seen digging away right lustily. Rooks are too strong and wily to be limed in the usual way with bristles or twigs, so I made some paper cones—funnel-shaped, you know, like the grocers use for packing sugar—and anointed the inside with birdlime, sticking also a few grains of wheat round the inner side. The result was ridiculous in the extreme. After scattering a few grains of corn about, and placing about a dozen of these limed brown-paper funnels in a likely manner, I retired to a distance, and with my field-glasses watched. A flock soon found out the scattered grain, and one after the other the cones were inspected, but for some time no one ventured to do more. Presently, however, after the loose grain was apparently all eaten, one of the wily birds had the temerity to poke his head inside a cone. The result was much to his evident surprise, for

the cone stuck tight, and there he was tumbling and attempting to fly with a foolscap on, which blindfolded him, and which stuck tight enough to allow me time to go up and release the poor fellow. I did not kill him, for old rook pie is by no means palatable. I tried this plan for a heron which continually frequented a little pond wherein my last year's trout are kept, but did not succeed in capturing him, though he took both the cone and fish used for a bait away somehow. Anyhow, it has most thoroughly frightened my gentleman, for I have not seen him since.

One fine morning some time since I had a delightful ramble with a quaint old character living hereabouts who gets his living by mole and bird catching. Old "Twiddle," as he is familiarly called, has been bailiff on a neighbouring estate for nearly fifty years, and, like the generality of farm-labourers, I am sorry to say, being gifted with magnificent health, he has allowed the day to pass wherein a pound or two might have been put by for the exigencies of old age. One faculty, however, he has not been allowed to spend at the alehouse, and that is a natural love for nature's works and a gift of observation which has, perhaps almost unknown to himself, forced him into being a natural naturalist, if I may so use the expression. He can tell any bird on the wing by its flight, he knows all the fancies—some of them old imagined fancies—of bees, each fly as it flits from the water's edge has a name, though far from being that given it by science. No matter for that; a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, and old Twiddle can tell something of its life-history. Well, Twiddle and I started on our ramble, and this is how he was equipped. A cage containing a beautiful little cock goldfinch dily and comfortably furnished with food and water, and protected from the sharp though clear air of the bright November day by means of an old silk handkerchief. Some dozen or two of prepared bristles, a small box of birdlime, and a "dummy" or stuffed goldfinch set up on a branch of wood with one end sharpened so that the latter could be stuck in the ground and then the bird retained in any position deemed desirable. The bristles were of the best shoemaker's kind, and were arranged in bunches of three on a stout carpet-needle. By-the-by I have improved on these by substituting a fish-hook straightened (see Fig. 6). To do this take an ordinary eel-hook and make it red-hot in the gas or candle flame, holding it the while by means of a pair of pliers. It can be readily straightened after this, whether hot or cold, as the heating softens the wire. The utility of the barb lies in the fact that the bird cannot by any chance fly away with the bristle or lose it for you in its struggles, because of the barb's holding power when thrust into the branch of a tree, etc.

But to return. Chatting about this and that we journeyed along till, after old Twiddle had craned his neck over a hedge to regard the other side of a field, he announced our walk for the present ended. On creeping through a hole in the hedge this field turned out to be a piece of evidently waste water meadow, so-called because the crops are, as it were, manured with water from the neighbouring river, and a perfect little forest of thistles with their downy heads swaying in the breeze indicated the probable presence of the goldfinch. Some thorn-trees grew in a row down the centre of the field, and hither and thither the sparrows flitted amongst their branches busily chattering the news of sparrowdom. But I saw no finches. "Twiddle," said I, "where are the goldfinches?" "Ye'll see where they be, sir, presently," he answered, setting down the caged bird near the largest of the thorns. "Now, Billy," he added, speaking to the bird, "crow away," and with that he removed the handkerchief. Billy needed no second bidding, and his little throat quivered and trembled with the glad song which came trilling forth. Twiddle now placed the dummy bird just beneath a branch of the thorn close to the cage, and so as to be easily seen, and all around it and round the cage the bristles carefully lined were stuck. All was now ready. We

retired behind the hedge, where we could see and not be seen. Presently the singing was answered, and we saw a goldfinch hopping about amongst the branches of the thorn. Suddenly it caught sight of the dummy bird, and with a pleased swiftness flew down towards it; in another second it had touched a lined bristle and was rolling over and over hopelessly lining its wings with every fresh bristle it touched. Very carefully the little chap was dusted with a little fine earth to mitigate the stickiness and placed in another cage which the birdcatcher always carries for the wild birds. It is flat and long and well supplied with food and water; in the upper part of it is a hole sufficiently large to admit the hand, and to the edges of this hole is tacked the leg of an old stocking, which falls inwards. Then the bird can easily be placed inside, but it cannot escape, because the folds of the stocking fold together.

We caught five there, and as the market value of the birds was about a shilling, Twiddle, it must be owned, had a very profitable morning's work. Let me express a hope that my readers may be so successful, but just a word of caution. Be always sure you are not trespassing—this is a golden rule in amateur bird-catching as in other sports.

(To be continued.)

## SCHOOL CRICKET IN 1883 AND 1884.

PART II.

WELLINGTON, with its compulsory cricket on half-holidays, showed considerable improvement, although the record of three wins out of ten matches is not as good as it might have been. Westminster also won three matches out of ten, but while Wellington drew the Charterhouse match, Westminster lost it. The Westminster-Charterhouse meeting was memorable for G. A. Coulby's score already alluded to, and for F. T. Higgins's excellent 70—one of the best displays of patient cricket that occurred during 1883. In the match against the Old Haileyburians the Westminster captain scored his 108, and these and other successes give him an average of over 27—more than double that of any of his men, who, if their bowling averages could only have changed places with their batting averages, would have been a fairly strong team.

Winchester had one of the best—if not the best—of the 1883 school elevens. The most remarkable incident of the season was their dismissal of Eton for 64 and 95, as against their own 109 and 274. The full return shows four matches won and two lost out of eleven played.

We have not in our plate given the colours of any school north of the Tweed, but perhaps a few notes in conclusion on the doings of the Scotch schools may not be amiss.

Loretto won seven matches out of fourteen, winning against Uppingham and drawing against Rossall. Fettes won four matches out of seven, the migration to Windermere being rather prejudicial to many matches. Both the High School and Watson's were fairly successful. Merchiston Castle was the champion school of 1883, having, by a strange piece of good fortune, defeated Loretto by a single run in the first innings of the match; a record of twelve wins out of twenty-two engagements speaks well for the general excellence of the cricket. The Academy, like Craigmount and Glenalmond, has not yet recovered from its relapse, and the average merit is not as high as it might be. Blair Lodge is improving annually, and, by the aid of the Ardingley master, W. A. Bettesworth, came well to the front in 1883. In fact, Blair Lodge appears half a dozen times in the century list, four of the entries being to the credit of Mr. Bettesworth, one of them being for a not-out score of 227 against Falkirk.

And here we are pleased to note that the hint given by us in our last year's article has not been disregarded, and that in the reports for the past

season the masters are in most instances distinguished from the boys. We hope that this year the practice will become general, and the just complaints as to the misleading nature of the school averages and century columns may thus be judiciously removed.

(To be continued.)

## A Charade.

THE big match is over; one boy's hurt his back,  
Scarce one but can show a blue mark from a hack;  
As for you, you've no cause to complain; at the worst  
Your ankle has suffered a rather bad first.

Though in Latin a dunce you are usually reckoned,  
You will not be frightened at meeting my second;  
A small word it is; if you ask me its functions,  
'Tis the one that's most used amongst all the conjunctions.

Now summer has come and fine days are the rule  
My whole is in vogue at each college and school;  
Then when winter has thrown her white robe  
o'er the ground,  
Near the warm chimney corner it often is found.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

We rise by things that are 'neath our feet:  
By what we have mastered of good and gain;  
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,  
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.  
—Dr. Holland.

### WRITE HOME A LETTER TO-NIGHT.

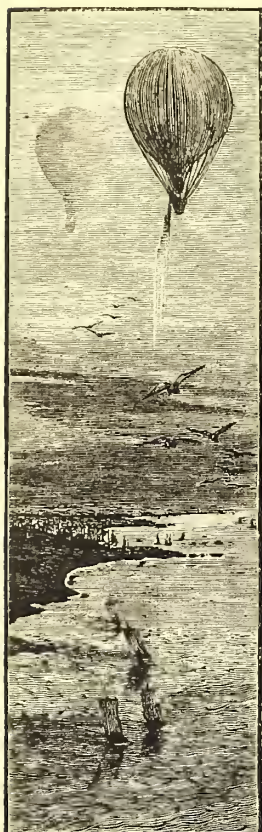
DON'T selfishly scribble, "Excuse my haste;  
I've scarcely the time to write,"  
Lest their drooping thoughts go wandering back  
To many a bygone night,  
When they lost their needed sleep and rest,  
And every breath was a prayer  
That God would leave their delicate babe  
To their tender love and care.

DON'T let them feel that you've no more need  
Of their love, or counsel wise;  
For the heart grows strongly sensitive  
When age has dimmed the eyes.  
It might be well to let them believe  
You never forget them quite;  
That you deem it a pleasure, when far away,  
Long letters home to write.

DON'T think that the young and giddy friends,  
That make your pastime gay,  
Have half the anxious thought for you  
That the old folks have to-day.  
The duty of writing do not put off,  
Let sleep or pleasure wait;  
Lest the letter, for which they looked and longed,  
Be a day or an hour too late.

REV. DR. DEEMS.

## Correspondence.



**C. JACKSON.**—You must get the presentation plates by buying parts. When the volume is closed the plates that have been issued during the year are sold in a packet, with title-page and full index, for the convenience of weekly subscribers desirous of binding, but no plate is sold separately.

**TADPOLE.**—The cheap clock was in No. 117, in the part for May, 1881.

**R. S. S. D.**—The wood is teak, which, next to oak, is the best and strongest for shipbuilding and target backing.

**F. C. DOUBLE.**—Purfling tools can be obtained from several of the violin-makers in Soho. Would not a wood-engraving tool do better than the bradawl? With regard to finishing there are such very opposite views that you must select from the various

nishes frequently given in these columns. Mr. Charles Reade, in "Cremona Fiddles" in "Readiana," has handled the subject at some length. The articles would interest you.

**BLIND BOY.**—Write to Dr. Armitage, Cambridge Crescent, Hyde Park. He will tell you from whom you can get the Braille writing-frame, and books.

**C. CHASE** (Uitenhage, Cape Colony).—The simple word "yes," in answer to a request, ought to be as binding and sacred in every respect as the more lengthy "I promise," and is so amongst all respectable men—in this country, at any rate.

**P. P.**—It is perfectly well known amongst our regular readers that we have only a small space to spare for correspondence, and that answers to the letters we receive from one county alone would suffice to fill it. It is only reasonable, then, that when you write you should remember that the chance of a reply is a very remote one. Neither you nor we can pack a gallon of water into a pint pot.

**SAM WELLER** (Senior).—You will find a great many mixtures for coloured fires given in No. 209. The number is in the fourth volume.

**AN OLD BOY.**—The Lion was in No. 199, the Tiger in No. 111. There was an article on parrots in the fourth volume as well as the two in this.

**R. W. K.**—A bottle for insect-killing is charged with a small quantity of plaster of Paris and cyanide of potassium mixed together with a little water. The mouth of the bottle should be tolerably wide, and the bung should fit tight. The mixture is a deadly poison, and must be carefully used. It will want occasional renewing.

**SQUIB.**—1. You will find filling the thermometer-tube a dangerous and difficult operation. The mercury has to be forced through a leather filter, and boiled. On no account drink it. 2. You must not attempt to make rockets unless you have a firework licence.

**MIRAMICHI.**—The four articles on the "Aquarium," by the Rev. J. G. Wood, were in the second volume. They began in No. 76.

**C. B.**—Barley-sugar is only clarified loaf-sugar boiled to crack or caramel, and flavoured with a little lemon. Barley-sugar is a corruption of *sucré brulé*, although it has now appeared in the French cookery books as *sucré d'orge*, and the old form has disappeared.

**ÆNEAS.**—1. We have seen several tricycles fitted with sails. Most of them are ordinary square sails, but the patterns given in our Christmas number for ice-sailing purposes would be much handier. 2. You had better have a catamaran for sea-going purposes. Canvas canoes are safe enough, but there would be more freedom from risk in the other craft. 3. No canoe to carry the weight ought to be less than eight feet long.

**W. S. GLEN.**—If you are both of full age, there is no law to prevent you marrying your cousin—unless your cousin objects to marry you.

**TIMBO.**—1. The identification of the stamps, though it might be a convenience to you, would be of no interest to other readers. 2. The blacking round magic-lantern slides is asphaltum, or any opaque black. 3. No. We do not answer by post.

**J. A. SWEETING** (Seaton Carew).—There is a Marine Office at North Shields, where you would get the information. Please stamp the next letter you send us.

**JACK HUNT.**—Captain Chapman's "All about Ships;" "Under Square Sail," by Captain Withers; "Boy's Manual of Seamanship," and "Young Seaman's Manual," by Captain Burney; "Fore and Aft Seamanship," by T. E. Biddle; "Epitome of Navigation," Rosser's "Handbook," and "Under the Red Ensign," by T. Gray.

**A WELL-WISHER.**—The principle of the hydraulic ram is that water coming from a height through a large pipe has power to force water to a higher level through a smaller pipe. The relative height of the spring, or source of supply above the ram, and the elevation to which it is required to raise it, determine the relative proportion between the water raised and wasted—the quantity raised varying according to the height it is conveyed with a given fall. The greater the distance the water has to be sent the smaller the pipes have to be in proportion to the size of the ram.

**TRITON.**—Wood suitable for model boats can be had from nearly all the canal-side timber-yards. Boats under two feet long are unsatisfactory, because the sails and fittings are so small that sailing them is more a matter of chance than of skill.

**A SPORTSMAN.**—Gloves were used to prevent the fingers being hurt by the hawks. They were usually of buff-leather. Gant is a glove, gantlet a little glove, hence gauntlet.

**EDMUND.**—In our second volume we gave the full dimensions of a three-foot model cutter, and all the details you ask for as to masts and sails. Your best plan would be to get the book, as we cannot repeat. The articles were by Mr. Ashworth. The best wood is pine, and you could get a suitable block from Messrs. Hudson and Carr, of Millbank, or any of the model-yacht builders, such as Messrs. Rundle, Hastings, Butcher, etc., etc. For prices see the articles.

**READER.**—Mr. Ballantyne's "Twenty Minutes with a Burglar" was in No. 141, in October part for 1881.

**REMUS.**—We are glad you find the calendar so useful. You can easily make it do for years previous to 1752 if you have understood the principle of the letters, but it would take too much space here to explain the device in full. In the splice the engraver has accidentally cut away one of the strands.

**S. R. J. C.**—Aquarium cement is made by mixing three parts each of finely powdered litharge, white dry sand, and plaster of Paris, with one part of pulverised resin. Having mixed all these fine powders as well as you can, you make them into a paste with boiled linseed-oil and a little dryers, and use the cement four or five hours after it is made. Glass and iron will by it be united so firmly as to defy separation. Neither salt nor fresh water has any effect on it. This is the Zoological Garden mixture.

**W. B.**—Volume I. can at present only be had in volume form.

**ELECTRIC.**—There is no reason why you should not drive a small dynamo with an engine of only an inch-and-a-half stroke, but you would get a stronger current from a battery. You must remove your mast if you wish to make the cutter into a steam yacht. If the boat is of the deep racing type the hull will be most unsuitable for the experiment.

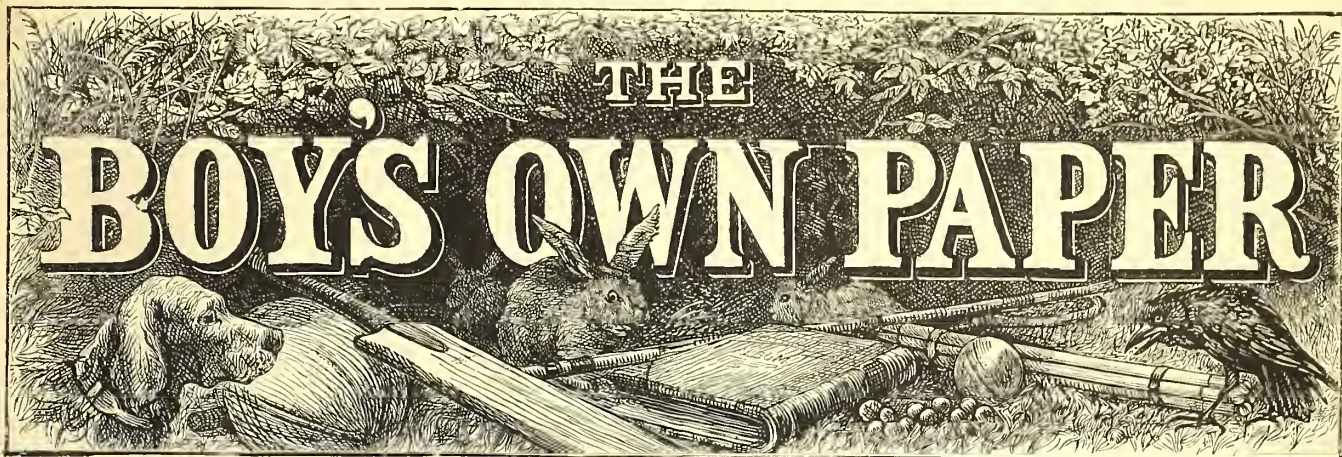
**E. E. W.**—Byes and leg-byes are the faults of the wicket-keeper and longstop, not of the bowler, and hence are not counted in the analysis. A wide is the bowler's fault, and, like a no-ball, has a note made of it, but none of the extras in a match are counted in the runs in the analysis. The runs scored off the bowlers should equal the score of the side less the extras.

**J. EWART LITTLE** (Edinburgh).—1. The most useful thing for an apprentice in a mercantile office is an elementary knowledge of our postal regulations. For instance, if you put a used halfpenny stamp on a letter, and fancy that you will not be found out, you are mistaken, and the friend you have favoured with your correspondence will have to pay twopence for your little dodge—which we had to do, O Little! 2. The language likely to prove most useful is the one most used in the trade. Speaking generally, French will be of more value than German; but this may not be so in a few years' time.

**A SUBSCRIBER** and **VENTRO.**—Read our articles on Ventriloquism in Nos. 16, 17, 18, and 102. As a matter of fact, the so-called "throwing the voice" does not exist. Ventriloquism is simply a deception of the senses, and so ranks with conjuring.

**F. FRANCIS.**—The bait that suits one locality will not suit another. It depends entirely on what the fish are accustomed to feed. Your best plan is to try the bait recommended by the local fishermen. All those mentioned in your books have proved successful in different places. In float-fishing generally you cannot have a better rod than one not too whippy nor too long, and fitted with upright rings.





No. 281.—Vol. VI.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1884.

Price One Penny.  
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

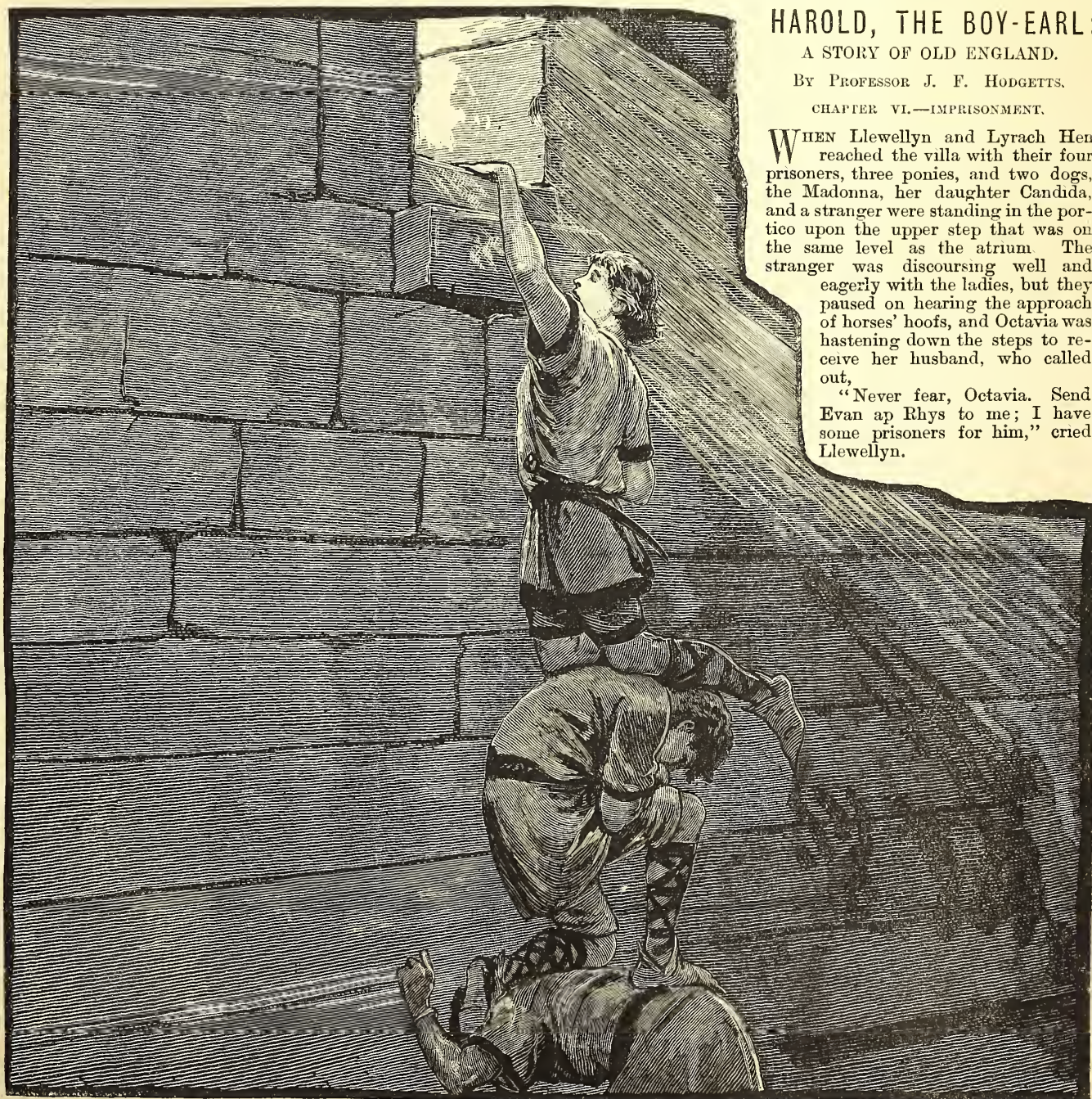
## HAROLD, THE BOY-EARL: A STORY OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY PROFESSOR J. F. HODGETTS.

CHAPTER VI.—IMPRISONMENT.

WHEN Llewellyn and Lyrach Hen reached the villa with their four prisoners, three ponies, and two dogs, the Madonna, her daughter Candida, and a stranger were standing in the portico upon the upper step that was on the same level as the atrium. The stranger was discoursing well and eagerly with the ladies, but they paused on hearing the approach of horses' hoofs, and Octavia was hastening down the steps to receive her husband, who called out,

"Never fear, Octavia. Send Evan ap Rhys to me; I have some prisoners for him," cried Llewellyn.



The Pyramid of Boys.

"Surely not you boys, my lord?" said Octavia, interrogatively. "We make not war on children, do we? I thought women and children were respected by the brave, and out of danger from the sword. Thou hast taught me so thyself, Llewellyn."

"Octavia, upon questions of the chase and war I hold my judgment keener than thine own. I should consult thee upon points of ornament, of dress, of weaving, and the like; but how to deal with prisoners, that's *my* work. This foolish brag-gart would have taken me, St. Stephen be our guard! He fought right well, the biting English hound. Fancy a whelp like that! When he grows a *man* his pagan blood will make a snarling cur! They are but pagans, good Octavia; they are not worth a thought! Send Evan to me, Candida!"

But Candida was too much engaged in a sharp scrutiny of the stranger to pay much attention to what her father said. For among many other causes of the decay of power among the Britons may be noticed the dreadful habit of utter disregard among the rising generation of the wishes of their parents. The Romans had endeavoured to teach them the doctrine of filial duty, and many other things, to make men of them, but in vain. Llewellyn's mandate passed unheeded. The boys understood nothing of what was going on, and stood gazing first at Octavia, then at Candida, and then at the stranger, who seemed to look upon them with unusual interest.

At length some servants made their appearance, and surrounded Llewellyn with awkward attempts at respect. Finally came soldiers trooping down the steps to form a guard of honour to the "king," as men now called Llewellyn. Among the last to appear was Evan ap Rhys, the henchman, whose odd, unmilitary arms and armour sent the Saxon lads into a tolerably hearty laugh, much to the annoyance of Llewellyn and the rest, except the stranger, who appeared rather amused with the bold bearing of the boys. Evan seemed particularly irritated. Llewellyn ordered the henchman to carry off his prisoners, and to confine them within the "tower," a fort of Roman architecture which served, in time of war, as a shelter to the women and children, and also to their defenders, if the truth must be told, for it is said that they greatly admired the feeling of having a stone wall between them and the English javelins.

The poor boys were marched off with scant ceremony to this tower, and here their English pride and northern stoicism were severely tried. Edgar, the youngest of the group, felt his tears very nearly escaping when he found himself a prisoner, but he repressed them, first, because he did not wish to be outdone by the other boys in manly bearing; and, further, because he could not endure the idea that a "dog of a Briton should see an English boy weep—and the son of a soldier, too!"

Under the guidance of the surly henchman the boys were led to a dungeon in the ground-floor of this tower. Here they were conducted through a stone gallery dimly lighted by mere slits in the wall, but quite without any protection from the weather. Evan unlocked a small, low arched door which opened on to a cell where there was absolutely no trace of any comfort or convenience whatever. Here he pushed in the four boys, with a brutal kick to the last of them, which sent him flying down the stone steps, at the foot of

which he lay for some moments, stunned by the fall. This greatly excited the indignation of Harold, who raised the fallen boy to his knees and tried to comfort him.

Beorn was in a towering rage, but Edgar's manly bearing, which had given way, was restored by the ill-usage to which he had been subject. Then he bethought him of the dove which all this while he had forgotten in the bag under his mantle. He opened this bag joyfully to let the bird escape and fly home with all speed to Earl Rolf, but, alas! the bird was dead. In despair he threw himself on the cold floor of the dungeon, and wept bitterly. At last he came to himself, and Harold strove to comfort and to cheer him, while Beorn tried his hand on Hugo. And soon, by trying to give courage to others, the two elder boys completely recovered their own; and by the time that a soldier arrived and flung in some food, in the shape of an oatmeal cake for each, a large jar, shaped like a Roman amphora, full of water, some dried fruit, and a piece of cold venison, they had completely regained their ordinary spirits. They squatted on the stone floor, and were soon discussing the viands with which they had been supplied, and to which they were well prepared to do justice. After their meal Harold proposed that Beorn should mount on his (Harold's) shoulders, and Edgar climb again on Beorn's, so that he could spy out into the surroundings of the tower. When this "pyramid" of boys was fairly constructed, Edgar exclaimed from his perch,

"Hurrah, boys! there is a way for Harold to escape. He can squeeze his body through this wind eye [*i.e.*, window], and then he can tell Earl Rolf that we are in prison. Then the earl will come with bill and byrnie and blade, and down go the Britons and up goes the Griffin of England! That will be better sport than heron-hunting! What, lads! that's the way out of it!" cried the excited little fellow, springing down with a bound.

"Nay," said the boy-earl, "I take my stand with you, sink or swim. But if we could only get the 'young ones' safe I should not so much care."

"Young," forsooth! said Hugo; "not so much younger than thou after all. I shall be twelve next Yule, and thou wilt have but fourteen winters in the spring following. But he gives himself airs because he is our earl, and must know better than we do. I budge not an inch without the earl! And what of this poor dead dove? I will heave it through the wind-door; shall I, Harold?"

"Do as thou wilt," said Harold; "it cannot serve us now, and this vile den is close enough without that poor dead thing."

Before another word was spoken the bag containing the body of the bird went whirling through the air.

"Stop!" cried Harold, but it was too late; "my father's ring was bound under the wing of yonder bird! What shall we do now?"

"Nothing!" cried a most extraordinary voice from the opposite corner away from the window.

The boys were sadly frightened, for, though bold and daring as any English boys ever were, they had so many superstitious beliefs regarding the elves, nickars, dwarfs, and all sorts of supernatural creatures, that it is no wonder that they were ready to attribute whatever was not immediately clear and intelligible to them to

supernatural agency. There was no person in the den in which the boys were confined; the window, or rather loophole, was too high from the ground to permit of their being overheard by any one outside the wall; and besides, the voice came from the opposite part of the cell.

At last Harold, thinking that he, as the elder of the party and their leader, ought to show the other boys an example of bravery, cried out, in a tolerably firm voice considering the circumstances, "Who art thou?"

"A prisoner like thyself," was the reply.

But although the words were reassuring, there was still something singular and unfamiliar about the mode in which they were uttered that rendered the position of the lads very unpleasant. At length Harold, by right of seniority, again spoke. "Why art thou a prisoner?"

"Why art thou a prisoner?" was the reply, like an echo, but the boys could distinguish something in the tone that was not English.

"Because we trusted to yon British dog of king!" said Harold, "and thought he meant us well. But he by rights was mine. He is a rascal king!"

"Thou sayest true," replied the voice. "How looks thy dungeon to the sky? I have no window."

"We have a window," said the boy, "that looks towards the setting. Just below our window is a mound—methinks a grave; beyond, a wood; then, and far away, some hills."

"Right!" said the voice. "Now watch as yonder sun goes down and see whether her [the sun is feminine in Anglo-Saxon] beams strike on a brazen bar; if so, pull that bar hard, with might and main, and ye shall see a wonder!"

Eagerly the boys rushed towards the spot indicated, for the declining orb shot its almost horizontal rays across the chamber, and with great difficulty from discoloration through time and dirt and weather they discovered a small bar of metal, clamped, as it seemed, with iron clamps against the solid wall. Bravely tugged the boys at the bar, but their strength was not sufficient to move it or to cause the slightest change. At last Harold took off his stout leathern belt, and, passing it round the bar, gave the long end to the boys to pull at while he tugged at the bar itself. And here old Hilding's lessons stood them in good stead. They had been taught on board a dragon—so the ships of war were called by the vikings—how to throw the united strength of many on to one particular rope, so that the concentrated force of the whole number pulling should be brought to bear on one place at one moment of time. So they waited for the word of command from Harold, "One, two, three!" Out flew the bar, projecting into the cell like a pump-handle—or rather like the tiller of a boat.

"What shall we do now," asked Harold, "we have found the bar?"

"Press it firmly downwards," said the voice.

No sooner said than done. With might and main they pressed the bar until it turned and lay perpendicularly against the wall. But who can paint the wonder of the boys to see a portion of the heavy wall, about a foot or eighteen inches wide, rise slowly towards the roof? When the opening in the wall thus made was about four feet high the boys could see a cavernous descent, in which stone steps were cut, and

opposite the opening in their cell there seemed another door of similar construction.

"All is well!" cried the voice, much clearer and more distinct, yet still odd to the boys from having a strange accent.

"All's well!" cried Harold. "What is next to be done?"

"Search until thou findest just such another bar in here."

For some time the boys looked, but at last they really found the bar described, at which they tugged with might and main until it yielded to their strength; and as the sliding panel rose there stood revealed the form of Owen ap Gwynn, whom we saw carried off by Evan ap Rhys the previous day.

"Now," said that worthy, "we must close these doors again; few know the secrets of this house as I." Thus saying, he searched about until he found an upright bar projecting from a stair. Again they worked until they saw the sliding boards descend.

"The next thing to be done," said Owen, "is to find our way downstairs. I will go first—I know the way, and ye may follow as ye list." The boys were practised climbers, wrestlers, and leapers, but all their dexterity was requisite to keep them from being thrown repeatedly. Hugo and Egbert had some ugly falls; Owen fared worse, although he "knew the way." Still, spite of ancient masonry's decay, they reached the ground at last. The journey seemed quite endless to the boys, not that the steps were many, but the passage was so dark that nothing could be seen. The staircase had been cut within the walls and not a beam of light could ever penetrate from sun or star into that pitch-black way. Becoming accustomed to the want of light, the boys felt more at ease. At last a step seemed to give way and Owen fell heavily, but the boys marked the fall was short and he had reached the ground. With greater caution they continued until they found the broken step from which the Kelt had tumbled.

"What, below there!" cried Harold, "can we jump? Look out lest we jump on thee!"

"Wait just a moment," cried the fallen man, "and then jump down and walk!"

This counsel the boys followed, and they found their guide gone on before them. Here some fragments of stones had given way above them. Through these cracks the light stole in a little. To their eyes, now used to utter darkness, this was light indeed, and Harold saw that they were in a vaulted passage underground. Seeing the Briton walking fast, the boy-earl cried,

"Holla! Thou hound! What! have we set thee free and thou wilt pay us in this wise?"

Owen quickened his pace, but, stumbling in the pathway, fell, and Harold, quick as thought, was on him! The others were not slow, but in a group stood round him. One held his left arm, one his right, Beorn held his legs securely. Then said Harold in the words of Hengist when he ordered the famed slaughter of the Britons long, long years ago,

"*Nemeth ewer seaxes*"—"Take your seaxes, boys, and now I tell you what I mean to do. Who took my belt from yonder bar above?"

"Here it is, Harold," cried Hugo, "round my waist."

"Then give it me, my brave one, give it quick; I mean to bind this fellow's hands,

and if he make resistance run thy seax into the easiest part about his ribs. The lean hound will be no hard morsel for a Saxon knife!"

From the glimpses we have had of Owen's character, it will not be supposed that he was a brave man, and the suggestion made by Harold to find an "easy part about his ribs" was not calculated to reassure him. So he felt that his policy was to make friends of the boys if possible, and commenced his work by promises of service to be performed for his captors thus:

"Well, boys, I have humoured you, I have done you a great service, I have set you free, and I would have led you to a place of safety, only my foot slipped, and thus you bind me. Such is the reward of those who try to help the ungrateful! But I would have brought you to a secret place within Llewellyn's villa; there you could have heard his plans unheard, unseen yourselves; and then I would have brought you to the Saxon land, and aided you to bring this tyrant down by calling out the English Herban to assist our need."

Indignation choked Harold's utterance, and he could not have given vent to the contempt he felt for the mean trick of listening like a spy to the devices of Llewellyn, and for the suggestion of the traitor who would call in the aid of a common foe to secure his private revenge. Beorn, however, saw what advantage might be gained by pretending to enter into Owen's views, and he rapidly said, in the old Scandinavian language, called Norse or Icelandic at the present day:—

"Let not the rascal see our scorn. We are more in his hands than he in ours. Once in the open air, who knows what may betide?"

Harold was shrewd enough to see the force of this argument, albeit curtly put.

"Right," he replied, also in Norse; "but speak thou to him, I loathe the rascally vermin too much to speak him fair!"

"My good Lord Briton, thus it is," said Beorn. "Thy life is in our hands. Thou wert imprisoned too, it seems. Well now, I doubt if those who shut thee in yon dungeon there would show much mercy if they caught thee here. We have done nothing, and if we are harmed Earl Blue-tooth will avenge us fearfully. I tell thee, Briton, and I speak the truth, that for each hair on Harold's head that's harmed, a hundred Britons die in torture. Rolf holds besides a royal British maid as hostage for our safety. Rise and lead the way; but if thou shouldst attempt another flight my seax shall dispatch thee. Now be quick."

During this speech a change came over Owen. Here was a chance! Whichever way he looked at the adventure there was good in store for him! He hated Prince Llewellyn, but he thought that in betraying these four Saxon boys into Llewellyn's power his own reward was sure. If, on the other hand, he carried them to England, and informed the earl how he had rescued them from prison, how Morven was the rightful king, and next to him in due succession Llewelyd owned the crown which now Llewellyn wore;—if he could tell the grim Earl Rolf all this he might secure his aid to gain the crown for Llewelyd! And then—

"Hulloa!" cried Harold. "Too much thought, my lad! Lead on a little briskly and look a trifle honest if thou canst!"

Owen made no reply, but quickened his pace, saying half aloud in British,

"Anyhow, I make my market of the boys."

"What gibberish is that he mutters now?" said Beorn. "By Tyr, I think thou wert right in wishing him a grave! But still for such a rascal fox a hero's death is far too grand an end. Send seum like that to Odin? Never! I vote we hang the fellow. What?"

This was unintelligible to Owen, who felt, nevertheless, that he was in a critical position, and sullenly and far from firmly he walked along without attempting to quicken his pace.

At last they reached the end of the subterranean passage which had seemed so interminable to the boys. A winding staircase was ascended, but with less difficulty than the first had been descended. At the top of this staircase was a heavy door fastened by an iron bar thrown across it held by metal catches, into which it fitted. They raised the bar—the door remained still closed. They shook with might and main, yet still without effect.

"Death!" cried the Briton, "they have closed it up!"

And with a fearful rush he tried to burst it open. All in vain!

The five sat down despondingly, but Beorn, who always had some tricks for times of need, suggested picking out a hole in the thick oaken door by the help of their seaxes.

"Now!" said he, "my boys, we'll cut a space out big enough for one of us to pass; each takes his position, working steadily, and soon we'll have the hole."

The boys now set to work, each taking part of a supposed circle to cut out; and working with a will, after the lapse of some hours they had succeeded by pecking at the wood incessantly to get out a circular piece. Like as a chicken pecks itself out of the shell, so the English boys worked for themselves an aperture. When the circle was complete it was, however, late, and the twilight had been succeeded by darkness most intense. With a great rush they burst through the aperture, and Harold first leaped through. Then Beorn insisted that the Briton should be next, then Hugo, and then Egbert. When all had safely passed, Harold exclaimed, in joy, "A right good thought of thine, old fellow, with the door! Now we are free!" At this very moment a thick door, which, of course, they had not perceived in the darkness, was flung open, and a blaze of light from many torches dazzled their eyes so much that they could see nothing then. They pressed their hands to their eyelids for a moment, and on removing them became aware, as they got more accustomed to the blaze, of many men in Roman dress, well armed with spears and swords which flashed the torchlight back.

Astounded but undaunted Harold stood, his seax in his hand. "Come on!" he cried, in fierce and wild excitement; "come on! we are but boys; but, still, remember we are English-born and sell our lives full dearly! Before we die some score of you will fall, and after that my father, grim Earl Blue-tooth—"

"What!" exclaimed a Welshman, who appeared to be some sort of officer. "What! thou the son of Blue-tooth? What a chance to have such a prize in bondage! Then to the guard he said, in British, "Harm them not; no blow must reach those youngsters; but for him who yonder stands beside them, he is your safe prisoner; still, take but do not slay him."

The soldiers nearest the boys rushed

forward to seize Owen, but as Harold could not understand the order, which had been given in Welsh, he stood on the defensive and raised his seax to strike the foremost man, when a clash of arms was heard, an additional glare of torches was seen, and as a fresh party of armed men moved up, they opened their ranks, and through the centre of the lane they formed there stalked the King Llewellyn.

(To be continued.)

## THE TIGERSKIN : A STORY OF CENTRAL INDIA

BY LOUIS ROUSSELET,

Author of "The Two Cabin Boys," "The Drummer Boy," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XIII.—THE DOCTOR'S UMBRELLA.

THE island of Karanja is separated from the mainland by a narrow channel of little depth, which the travellers with their servants and baggage crossed on the following morning in small native boats. At the village of Panvel, where they first set foot on the continent, bullock-carts were in waiting to take them on to Poona. These carts are very primitive, and the bullocks which draw them are exceedingly slow. Besides, the carts were for the luggage and servants; the travellers themselves had to go on horseback.

Everest, with this in view, busied himself in Bombay in endeavouring to find three good, strong, quiet horses. When, however, he heard of his inquiries, the doctor exclaimed,

"My dear Everest, I never in my life put my legs across one of those noble quadrupeds, and I am not going to begin my horsemanship studies when I am fifty years old."

"How do you think of travelling, then?" asked his lordship. "The roads we are going are very rough for carriages, and you could never stand the joltings."

"I will travel as I have always travelled up till now, as I did in America, as I did in Africa, on foot."

"That will never do," said Everest. "We should have to make such short stages. The villages are few in the interior of India, and at long intervals apart."

"Well, then," answered the doctor, "I beg you will get me a donkey. If I fall then I shall not have to fall very far."

Everest, however, was unable to gratify the doctor's desire, as the donkeys of the country were very poor and miserable-looking animals, so that Holbeck had to content himself with a compromise between a donkey and a horse—in other words, a mule.

The mule was a very fine one, and looked so clean beneath its gay red trappings, allowed itself to be so quietly straddled, and started at such an agreeable little trot, that the doctor as they went out of Panvel felt himself quite reconciled to horsemanship, and proudly rode along between Everest and Barbarou, who were each mounted on a superb Arab. The young lord, like nearly every English gentleman, was a consummate horseman, and thoroughly good across country. Barbarou had a regular sailor's seat, his riding-lessons having been taken on the miserable hacks that Jack ashore takes such delight in.

Following the plan drawn up by the Englishman, the travellers made their way towards the Ghauts in short stages.

This part of Konkan is very picturesque, and merits more attention than it generally gets from the carriage windows of the express. It is an old sea-beach about ninety miles across, which the sea has left as it retired from the cliffs of the hills that now skirt the coast; but on the rich deep soil of the plain rise the outlying masses of Matheran and Bahon Malim with their precipitous flanks and thickly wooded summits. Although on these plateaux the

air is pure and bracing, the country generally is marshy and insalubrious. It is for this reason that, in spite of its proximity to Bombay, a large part of it has up to now been abandoned to the natives and the wild beasts. Tigers, thanks to European sportsmen, are very rare, but leopards and panthers, to say nothing of the less respectable *felide*, still haunt its more woody retreats.

Our friends, however, did not meet with any, and were in consequence rather disappointed. Barbarou, with gun in hand, made frequent plunges into the jungle, but had to devote himself to the birds, and made a tolerably heavy bag.

Holbeck, from the very outset, was in a most enthusiastic state of mind. Everywhere, on the trees, under the leaves, in the fissures of the rocks, among the shingle on the sand, there were innumerable legions of his beloved ants—red, black, grey, blue, green, bronzed, giant and pigmy, busy and fierce, savage and civilised. During the daily halts he remained for hours watching the proceedings of these marvellous insects. He studied their habits and their laws; he dug into the depths of their subterranean cities, and went into ecstasies before their prodigious architecture. In the evening, by the light of an Argand lamp, he sat over his microscope and dissected the specimens he had taken during the day, studied their internal structure, and classed them into types and varieties. It seemed to him that chance had permitted him to discover the very ant-paradise, and he cared not to go farther. What was India to him, with all its splendours, all its ancient civilisation? Ants were what he wanted, and the ground, moist or rocky, furnished them in abundance. He had begged his companions to allow him to thoroughly explore the district, and instead of reaching the Ghauts in two or three days a week had passed since their departure from Panvel, and they had not got half way.



The Duke's Nose.

But if the two naturalists found enough to keep them occupied in this country, it was not the same with Everest. After going into raptures in all good faith for one or two days over the wonderful ants of Holbeck and the beautiful birds of Barbarou, he felt himself again falling a victim to his unconquerable spleen. His was not one of those minds which are satisfied with the sublimity of virgin nature. Had he dared to tell the truth, he would have confessed that a fine English park, properly laid out, seemed to him much better than this savage jungle, crowded with creepers and thorns, where amid the underwood there was nothing to be seen—not even the tail of a miserable tiger.

The spleen—that horrible spleen—was again closing on its prey. The young man forgot all the fevered dreams of Bombay. The announcement of the Maharajah of Mahavellipore appeared to him but a mystification, and he began to think that his companions were making sport of him and taking him with them in a journey without charm, and, above all, without danger.

One evening Holbeck, returning from an entomological excursion, found Everest stretched on an armchair at the door of the tent, plunged in a profound state of torpor. Scared at what he saw, he ran up to him and asked, "Are you ill, my dear friend?"

"Would that I were!" answered the young man, "for then I would soon be free from the burden that crushes me,



and would relieve you of my fastidious society."

"What is all this?" said Holbeck, with well-meaning indignation. "How about your promise, my lord?"

"I feel it is beyond my strength. I thank you for your sympathy, but your generous efforts are in vain; my malady is incurable. Leave me to my fate."

"I leave you!" exclaimed the doctor. "Never! I would rather abandon my dearly beloved ants. All we have to do is to resume our treatment, and to begin with I prescribe for you to-night my sovereign remedy."

"I will obey you, doctor," said Everest, who could not refrain from smiling.

This was all that Holbeck said at the time, but when he had gone into the tent which constituted his bedroom, and had brought out from his pockets the numberless little tin boxes in which he kept his ants, he struck his hand against his forehead and exclaimed, "Stupid fool that I am! As if I could not have seen that while I was deep in my ant-hills this poor lad was fretting with weariness! We must get on. If he throws the journey up in disgust he is a lost man. We must leave here, and try to bring this poor sick soul to more exciting scenes. A few hard knocks will cure him. If we could only

reach the famous rajah! I will call Latchman to the rescue."

He gave a slight tap on the gong on the table.

A moment afterwards the khitmatgar appeared. "May the doctor excuse me,"



"The Buffalo rushed at him."

said he; "it is not my fault that the dinner is late. The bawarchi had to go six miles away from here to find one skinny fowl."

"It is not about the dinner nor the fowl, fat or skinny, that I wish to see you," said the doctor. "I want a tiger."

"A tiger!" exclaimed Latchman.

"Yes, a tiger—a really good tiger, the most active tiger you can get—for my lord Everest to kill."

"But, sir—" murmured the servant.

"There is no 'sir' about it," said Holbeck. "You told me the other day that you were an accomplished shikari; now a shikari is a man who provides people with tigers. Get me a tiger or I dismiss you!"

"The thing is impossible at this moment," said Latchman, in a suppliant tone; "but if the doctor will be satisfied with a nice panther, I can promise one as soon as we get to Khandalla."

"Very well," said the doctor, with much condescension; "this time I will be satisfied with a panther, but it must be a real panther, strong and ferocious; none of your wild cats."

"You shall have no cause for complaint, sir," said Latchman.

Shortly afterwards, as the doctor sat down to table, he said to his companions, "Gentlemen, I have some news which I am sure will interest you. You know with what ardour I have, during the last few days, devoted myself to the study of the habits of the warlike attas—"

"As if we didn't!" interrupted Barbarou, stifling a yawn. "You never speak unless it is about it."

"Well," continued Holbeck, paying no attention to this somewhat uncourteous interruption, "I have attained the desired result. The warlike attas is now properly classed, and, as nothing keeps us here, we start to-morrow morning in forced marches on Khandalla, which is only fifteen miles ahead."

"Have they, then, telegraphed some still more peculiar ant?" said Barbarou the pitiless.

"No," said the doctor; "but Latchman has received intelligence of a panther infesting the neighbourhood of the village, and I thought, as a beginning for our future career as tiger-slayers, we might relieve the earth of the monster's presence."

"Bravo!" said Barbarou; "that is something like! A panther is not much, you know, but still it is something."

"Don't be mistaken," said Everest, whom the news had woke up a little; "the leopard or large panther of India is not a bad sort of fellow. A good many sportsmen rate him above the tiger, for while the tiger will run when slightly

wounded, the leopard, on the contrary, never hesitates to charge, and keeps up the attack in fine style."

"Oh, dear!" said Holbeck; "then we had better think about it. I hope neither of you are going to miss him."

"Oh, be easy!" said Barbarou; "I have an idea. Let Everest fire first, and then if the beast stirs I'll—pung, pung! and I assure you he won't want any more."

At dawn the next morning the camp was struck, and, leaving the servants to come on afterwards, the horsemen set out accompanied by Latchman.

Two hours afterwards they reached Kampulli, a small village at the very base of the famous Bhoire defile, one of the principal passes leading from the coast plain to the tableland of the Deccan.

Everest knit his brows as he suddenly heard the whistle of a locomotive which was descending the mountain, dragging—or rather holding back—a train of travellers.

"Do not be uneasy at this meeting," said Holbeck; "the railway was not made for us."

A moment afterwards they had begun the ascent of the mountain, and were on that admirable road which winds among the precipices whose sublime beauty railway travellers can hardly appreciate. As they ascended, the vegetation became more verdant, and their lungs drank in the cooler air. Each minute the panorama changed, and drew from our friends continual



exclamations of enthusiasm. Now they beheld some gloomy gorge, quite filled with trees, an admirable haunt for tigers, where man perhaps had never penetrated; now they were among the rocks, bare, precipitous, and jagged; and then as they emerged from them the plain would enrol

## THE SILVER CAÑON:

A STORY OF ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

BY G. MANVILLE FENN,

*Author of "In the King's Name," "Nat the Naturalist," etc.*

CHAPTER XXXVI.—ANOTHER FRIEND COMES BACK.

itself at their feet like a gigantic map, with its watercourses, forests, and villages clearly portrayed, and afar off the long glittering line of the Indian Ocean, indented by the gentle profile of the little archipelago of Bombay.

The sun was already high on the horizon when they reached the bungalow, or travellers' house, at Khandalla. Their people and tents not having arrived, they were very glad to find this hospitable resting-place.

The bungalow is one of the few that have survived the establishment of the railway in the Bhore Ghaut, and it owes its survival to its admirable position. Situated on the extreme edge of the plateau, it towers above a deep ravine, whose pointed precipices lose themselves in the dense forest. On one side rises a huge mountain, which vaguely recalls the profile of the Duke of Wellington, and hence bears the title of the Duke's Nose, and on the other a grand cascade leaps from a height of over six hundred feet into the valley.

After a very comfortable breakfast prepared for them by the cook of the bungalow, the three travellers walked to the edge of the precipice to admire the panorama. The atmosphere was of such limpidity that they could see the villages and trees in the plain with astonishing clearness. Eagles and vultures were hovering at a great height above the valley, and the huge curve of their flight brought them every now and then to the foot of the rock where our friends were seated. The sight immediately tempted Everest and Barbarou to fire at the eagles from a position such as the sportsman rarely gets—namely, down on them. The first vulture that came round received a bullet from the young lord, and tumbled head over heels into the abyss.

At the report, a hundred times repeated by the echo, some buffaloes grazing on the tableland looked up uneasily. One of them, evidently the leader of the herd, sniffed noisily and swept the horizon with his big short-sighted eyes. Suddenly he saw against the sky the white flag of the umbrella of Holbeck, who, upright on the summit of a rock, was admiring the landscape. Immediately the buffalo thought he had discovered his enemy, and with his horns down charged at a trot towards him.

When Holbeck, warned by the shouts of his friends, turned round, the animal was only a few paces off. The gallant doctor thought he was done for. Flight was impossible; on one side was the frightful precipice, on the other were the horns of the buffalo. Without a moment's hesitation he turned sharp round on his enemy, and held out as a buckler his white umbrella. The buffalo rushed at him, and a shout of terror escaped from the lips of Everest and Barbarou as they ran up to their friend's succour. Assailed and assailant had cleared the edge of the precipice, but while the buffalo leapt to destruction down the abyss and the umbrella turned somersaults as it slowly fell, the doctor remained crouched amongst the bushes that capped the crest of the rocks.

Before his friends had reached him Holbeck arose and shouted to them,

"All right here; but I have had a narrow escape, and I have lost my parasol!"

And with a melancholy look he followed his umbrella, which, like a parachute, had been caught by the wind, and was being majestically wafted out to sea.

(To be continued.)

WATCH was set that night as usual, but it came on so pitchy dark that nothing could be made out distinctly a yard away. Bart was with the Beaver and Josés in their old place in the gallery, fortunately well sheltered by the rock overhead, for the rain came down in torrents, and gurgled loudly, as it rushed in and out of the crevices of the rock, finding its way to the plains.

"How uneasy the cattle seem," said Bart once, as they could be heard lowing down below in the darkness.

"'Nough to make 'em," said Josés, with a chuckle; "they'll have got wet through to-night, and I dare say there'll be water enough in the stable for the horses to nearly swim."

"What a night for the Apachés!" said Bart, after a pause, as they crouched there listening to the hiss and roar of the falling waters. "Suppose they were to come; we would never see them."

"But they wouldn't in a night like this," replied Josés. "Would they, Beaver?"

"Beaver don't know. Beaver think much," replied the chief. "He and his men would come if they wanted their enemies' horses; but perhaps the Apachés are dogs and cowards, and would fear the rain."

Towards morning the rain ceased, and with the rising sun the clouds cleared away, the sun shining out brilliantly; and as the Beaver strained over the stones to get a good look into the corral, he uttered a hoarse cry.

"What's wrong?" cried Bart and Josés, starting up from their wearying cramped position.

"Cattle gone!" cried the Beaver; and a moment later, "Horses are gone!"

It was too true; for, taking advantage of the darkness and the heavy rain, the Apachés had sent in a party of their cleverest warriors, who had quietly removed the barriers of rock, and the cattle had followed their natural instinct, and gone quietly out to the last hoof, the horses the same, making their way down to the pastures, where, at the first breaking of day, there was a strong band of mounted men ready to drive them right away into the plain, where the Beaver pointed them out miles away, moving slowly in the bright sunshiny morning.

The alarm was given, but nothing could be done, and the doctor looked with dismay at the lowering faces of the men who had agreed to follow his fortunes out there into the wilderness.

"You never said that we should meet with enemies like this," said one man, threateningly. "You said you'd bring us where silver was in plenty, that was all."

"And have I not?" cried the doctor, sharply. "There, now, get to your work; we have plenty of food and water, and we are relieved of the care of our horses and cattle. The Apachés will not interfere with us perhaps now, and when they have gone we must communicate with Lerisco, and get more cattle. Have we not silver

enough to buy all the cattle in the province?"

This quieted the complainers, and they went quietly to their tasks, getting out the ore in large quantities, though it was, of course, impossible to touch the vein in the cañon. That had to be reserved for more peaceful times.

It almost seemed as if the doctor was right, and that the Apachés would go away contented now; but when Bart asked the Beaver for his opinion, he only laughed grimly.

"As long as we are here they will come," he said. "They will never stay away."

"That's pleasant, Josés," said Bart; and then he began to bemoan the loss of his little favourite, Black Boy.

"Ah! it's a bad job, my lad," said Josés, philosophically; "but when you go out into the wilderness, you never know what's coming. For my part, I don't think I should ever take to silver-getting as a trade."

It was a serious matter, this loss of the horses and cattle, but somehow the Indians seemed to bear it better than the whites. Whatever they felt they kept to themselves, stolidly bearing their trouble, while the Englishmen and Mexicans never ceased to murmur and complain.

"How is it, Josés?" asked Bart one day, as they two were keeping guard by the gate. "One would think that the Indians would feel it more than any one else."

"Well, yes, my lad, one would think so; but don't you see how it is? An Indian takes things coolly, for this reason; his horse is stolen to-day, to-morrow his turn will come, and he'll carry off perhaps a dozen horses belonging to some one else."

Their task was easy, for the Apachés seemed to have forsaken them in spite of the Beaver's prophecy, and several days went by in peace, not a sign being discovered of the enemy. The little colony worked hard at getting silver, and this proved to be so remunerative that there was no more murmuring about the loss of the cattle and horses; but all the same, Bart saw that the doctor went about in a very moody spirit, for he knew that matters could not go on as they were. Before long they must have fresh stores, and it was absolutely necessary for communications to be opened up with Lerisco if they were to exist at the mountain.

"I don't know what is to be done, Bart," the doctor said, one day. "I cannot ask the Indians to go without horses, and if a message is not conveyed to the governor, asking him for help, the time will come, and is not far distant, when we shall be in a state of open revolution, because the men will be starving."

"Not so bad as that, sir," cried Bart.

"Yes, my dear boy, it is as bad as that. I begin to repent of coming upon this silver expedition, for I am very helpless here with these wretched savages to mar all my plans."

It was the very next morning that, after being on guard at the gate all night, Bart was thinking of the times when, for the sake of protecting the cattle, they had kept guard in the gallery over the corral and by the cavern stable, when, out in the bright sunshine at the foot of the mountain, he saw a sight which made him rub his eyes and ask himself whether he was dreaming.

For there, calmly cropping what herbage he could find, was his old favourite who

had carried him so often and so well—Black Boy.

"He must have escaped," cried Bart, excitedly, "or else it is a trap to get us to go out, and the Indians are waiting for us."

With this idea in his mind he called Jose and the Beaver, showing them the little horse, and they both agreeing that it was no trap or plan on the Indians' part, Bart eagerly ran out and called the

docile little steed, which came trotting up and laid its soft muzzle in his hand.

"If he could only have coaxed the others into coming with him," said Bart, "we should have been all right;" and, leading his favourite up to the gateway, he coaxed it to enter and climb up over the rugged stones till it was well in a state of safety, for he dared not risk leaving it outside.

It was almost absurd to see the curious way in which the little horse placed one

foot before another, pawing at the road to make sure of its being safe before he trusted it and planted it firmly down, and so on with the others; but Bart's word seemed to give him confidence, and step by step he climbed up till he was in the spot where his master intended him to stay, when he gave a loud snort as if of relief, and stood perfectly still while he was haltered to a peg.

(To be continued.)

## MORE ABOUT SUNDIALS.

By FRANK CHASEMORE.

IN a former paper on this subject I gave directions for the construction of a horizontal sundial which would be suitable for all places north or south of the equator. But in southern latitudes the style must point due south instead of north, and the numbering must be done from right to left instead of from left to right. The method, however, there described would not do for any place situated *exactly* on the equator. The reason for this is—the style, or gnomon, being parallel to the axis of the earth, it would be horizontal at the equator and perpendicular at the poles, and the shadow would be parallel to the style at the equator and perpendicular to it at the poles. The style must be regulated in height by the size of the dial-plate, and the length of the line of hours, in the scale, must be regulated by the height of the upper edge of the style from the dial-plate.

I will now explain the construction of the equatorial dial. (See next page.)

The dial-plate is to be cut about eighteen inches long by twelve inches wide. The inner lines are to be drawn all round, about one inch from the edges, as in the dial already described. Divide the dial-plate into two equal parts by a line drawn from points bisecting the long sides, as in Fig. 1 in the page of illustrations. This line is the twelve-o'clock line. The two lines A B and C D are to be drawn parallel to this line, one on each side of, and a sixteenth of an inch from, it. Before the hour lines can be drawn the style must be made. This must be rectangular in shape, with the long sides equal in length to the twelve-o'clock lines between the inner lines of the plate, and must not, for this size of dial-plate, be more than two inches wide or high. The dialling scale must now be made. It consists only of the line of hours. Draw the two lines O A and O B at right angles to each other, and make each equal in length to the height of the gnomon, or style—viz., two inches. Draw B C parallel to O A, and make it about ten or twelve inches long. Describe the arc B C, with O for the centre, and O A and O B for radii, as in Fig. 2. Divide this arc into six equal parts, and draw lines from the point O through the points of division to cut the line B C in the points 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. The six-o'clock point will not be required. This is the line of hours. With your compasses mark on the side-lines of the dial-plate, from the points A B and C D, the divisions of the line of hours. Join the corresponding points on each side of the twelve-o'clock line by lines drawn parallel to it. These lines will represent the hours, and are numbered 1 to 5 to the right and 11 to 7 to the left. Fig. 3 shows this dial.

This dial does not show the time before seven o'clock in the morning or after five o'clock in the evening. The reason of this is, the days and nights at the equator being equal—viz., twelve hours each—the sun rises and sets at six o'clock. At six o'clock, the sun being exactly on the horizon, any object placed in the middle of a perfectly horizontal plane would cast an indefinite or unlimited shadow, as the shadow of the upper part would be parallel to the plane, and of course could not meet it. The dial can be made to show any time after six in the morning or before six in the evening by lengthening the dial-plate. Fig. 4 will show how inconvenient it would be to have a plate to show the

time before seven or after five o'clock. In Fig. 4 the hour from five to six is divided into quarters, and shows that for 5.30 the plate must be about double, and for 5.45 about four times, the length required to show the time between seven and five o'clock. So that a plate about six feet long would be required for a dial having a style two inches high.

The style is to be soldered to the dial-plate between the two lines A B and C D, and must be equal in thickness to the distance between them. The dial must be set up in a horizontal position with the gnomon directed due north and south.

Both these dials are horizontal. I will now explain the construction of vertical dials, or dials that are fixed in an upright position against a wall or house. The dialling scale described in my first paper on this subject will be required for the construction of a vertical dial to be fixed on a wall facing the south.

Cut the zinc plate twelve inches square, and mark it with the inner square, the twelve-o'clock lines, and the six-o'clock line, as in the horizontal dial. From the line of latitudes, in the scale, take the length equal to the difference between 90 deg. and the latitude of the place (that is, not as in the horizontal dial, the latitude, but the complement of it).

Taking London as the place, take from the scale  $38\frac{1}{2}$  deg., which is the difference between 90 and  $51\frac{1}{2}$  deg. This distance must be marked off on the six-o'clock line from the points A and C. The rest of the construction is the same as for the horizontal dial, with the exception that the hours are limited to fourteen, viz., from 5 to 7 o'clock, and are numbered backwards, or from left to right as in Fig. 5. The style is made as for the horizontal dial, but the angle C A B is to equal  $38\frac{1}{2}$  deg. in the case of London, or the complement of the latitude. The base A D is to equal the length of the twelve-o'clock lines, measuring from the six-o'clock line to the inside line at the lower edge, or the lines A B and C D. In fixing this dial care must be taken to let it face due south.

The east and west vertical dials are made something like the equatorial horizontal dial, with a rectangular style. The same scale is required for making the line of hours, the lines of which are regulated in length by the height of the style. Make the plate about eighteen inches long and twelve inches wide, and draw the double lines, which in these dials represent the six-o'clock line, as in Figs. 7 and 8. These double lines are drawn making an angle with the lower edge of dial-plate equal to the latitude of the place. The style is cut rectangular, with the long sides equal to the double six-o'clock lines, and the short sides two inches long. Draw the scale making O A and O B two inches long, and mark the hour line. Before the points on the hour line can be marked in on the dial-plate, a plan (Fig. 9) must be made. Draw on a large piece of paper a plan of either dial-plate, and mark in the double lines. Through these draw the line A B perpendicular to them, as in Fig. 9. On this line, on each side of the double lines, mark the points on the hour line, and through these points draw lines parallel to the double lines, and letting them cut the sides of the plan of the dial-plate. The points where the lines cut it can be transferred to the dial-

plate with a pair of compasses, and the hour lines drawn in parallel to the six-o'clock line. The style must be fixed in its place, and will be parallel to the axis of the earth when the dial is fixed up with the long sides quite horizontal. The east dial is marked as in Fig. 7, and the west as in Fig. 8, if for the northern hemisphere. For the southern, the west dial would take the place of the east, and the east, the place of the west, with the numbering reversed.

There are several other kinds of sundials, which may be used for any degree of latitude, a few of which I will describe.

The first of these is the globular (Fig. 10). This is a white globe (any size), supported on an axis which is fixed in a position parallel to the axis of the earth (or making an angle with the horizon equal to the latitude of the place, and pointing due north or south), in which position the globe is acted on by the sun exactly as the earth is. The globe is divided into twenty-four equal parts by lines running from pole to pole, and has an equator drawn round it, on which the hours are marked from 1 to 12 twice over. The axis is fixed in a stand so that one of the six-o'clock lines is in the zenith. The time is indicated by the edge of the shaded part (caused by the sun illuminating one half of the globe, leaving the other in shade), passing over the hour lines. An ordinary globe answers very well for this dial, if it is rectified for the latitude and placed so that the brass meridian is directed north and south.

Fig. 11 is another pattern; it is basin-shaped, and is made of a hollow hemisphere of metal, whitened inside, and has the inside divided into twelve equal parts by lines running from pole to pole, which are numbered on the equator from 6 to 6. A wire is stretched from pole to pole to serve as the style, which casts a shadow on the line corresponding to the hour. The position of this dial is the same, as regards the axis of the earth, as Fig. 10.

Fig. 12 represents what I call the trough-shaped dial. It is made of metal-plate bent into the shape of a half-tube; the ends are closed with semicircular metal plates. The interior is divided into twelve equal parts by lines running parallel to the edges, and are numbered from 6 to 6. A wire is stretched from the centres of the semicircular end plates to serve for the style.

This dial must be fixed, with regard to the position and direction of the style, as the other dials are. This is the one constant condition of all dials, that the edge of the style that is in east the shadow must be parallel to the axis to the earth.

Fig. 13 is a very simple dial, and is the last I shall describe. It consists of a circular dial-plate divided into twenty-four equal parts, numbered from 1 to 12 twice over. The style is a perpendicular wire fixed in the centre of the plate. The plate is hinged to a stand, so that one of the twelve-o'clock lines runs directly from the top to the bottom.

From the construction of the dials 10, 11, 12, 13, they can be used in any latitude, as well as on the equator, but of course the numbering would have to be reversed for the southern hemisphere. They all have an arrangement by which the style can be fixed at the required angle to suit the latitude of the place.

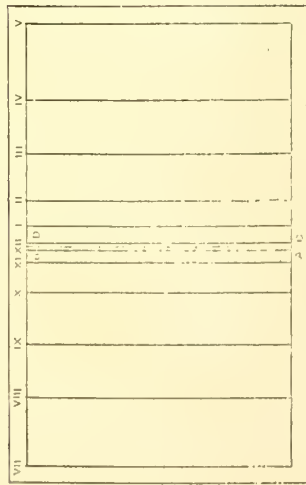


Fig. 1

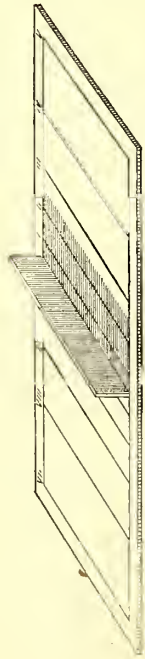


Fig. 3

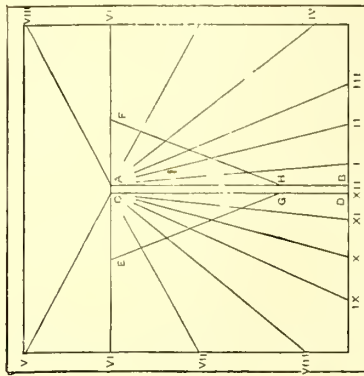


Fig. 5

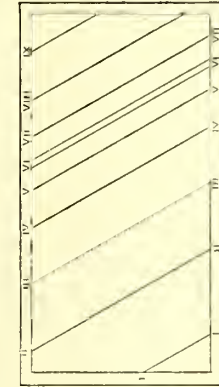


Fig. 8

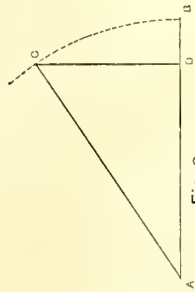


Fig. 6

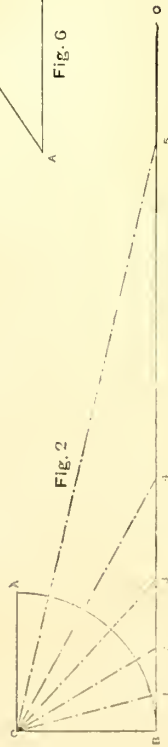


Fig. 2

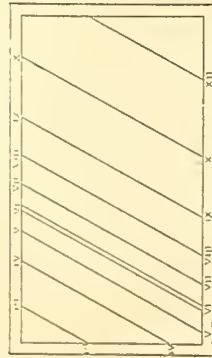


Fig. 7

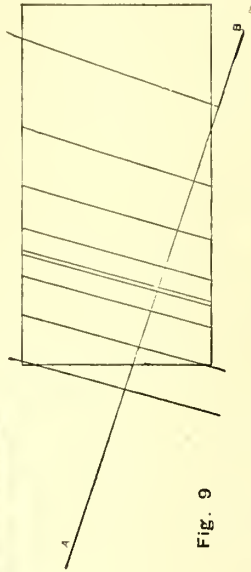


Fig. 9

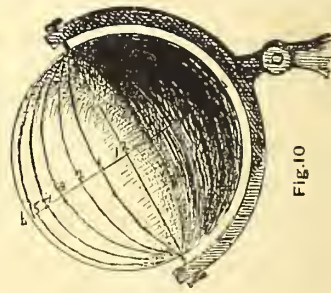


Fig. 10

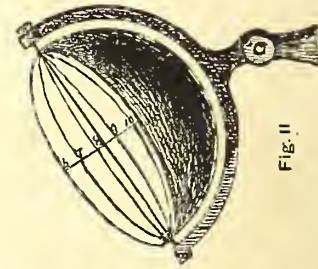


Fig. 11

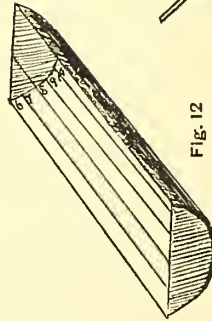


Fig. 12

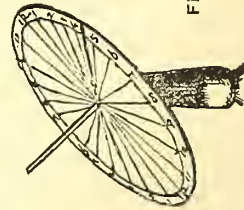


Fig. 13

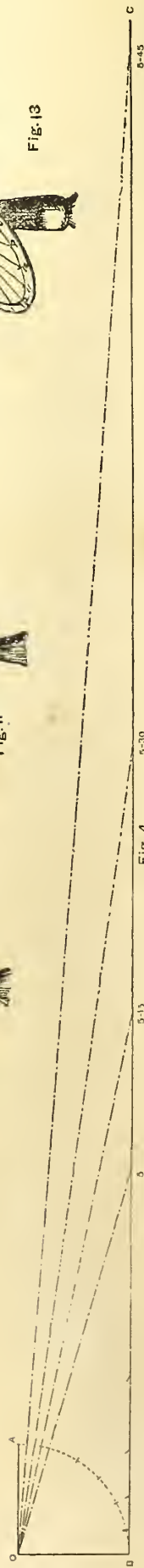


Fig. 4

## THE WILLOUGHBY CAPTAINS.

A SCHOOL STORY.

BY TALBOT BAINES REED,

*Author of "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "My Friend Smith," etc.*

CHAPTER XXXV.—A TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

WILLOUGHBY little dreamed that night, as it went to bed, of the revelations and changes of the day which had just passed.

It knew that Silk and Gilks had been reported for fighting, and naturally concluded that they had also been punished. It had heard, too, a rumour of young Wyndham having been "gated" for breaking bounds.

But beyond that it knew nothing. Nothing of the treaty of peace between the two captains, of the discovery of the boat-race mystery, of the double expulsion that was impending.

And still less did it dream of the unwonted scene which was taking place that evening in the captain's study.

Riddell and Gilks sat and talked far into the night.

I am not going to describe that talk. Let the reader imagine it.

Let him imagine all that a sympathetic and honest fellow like Riddell could say to cheer and encourage a broken-down penitent like Gilks. And let him imagine all that that forlorn, expelled boy, who had only just discovered that he had a friend in Willoughby,

would have to say on this last night at the old school.

It was a relief to him to unburden his mind, and Riddell encouraged him to do it. He told all the sad history of the failures and follies and sins which had reached their catastrophe that day; and the captain, on his side, in his quiet, Christian, manly way, strove all he could to infuse some hope for the future, and courage to bear his present punishment.

Whether he succeeded or not he could hardly tell; but when the evening ended, and the two finally betook themselves to bed in anticipation of Gilks's early start in the morning, it was with a feeling of comfort and relief on both sides.

"If only I had known you before!" said Gilks. "I don't know why you should be so kind to me. And now it's too late to be friends."

"I hope not," said Riddell, cheerily. "We needn't stop being friends because you're going away."

"Needn't we!—will you write to me now and then?" asked Gilks, eagerly.

"Of course I will, and you must do the same. I'll let you know all the news here."

Gilks sighed. "I'm afraid the news here won't be very pleasant for me to hear," said he. "What a fury the fellows will be in when they hear about it. I say, Riddell, if you get a chance tell them how ashamed and miserable I was, will you?"

"I will, I promise you," replied Riddell.



"What do you mean by it, you young cubs?"

"And, I say, will you say something to young Wyndham? Tell him how I hate myself for all the mischief I did to him, and how thankful I am he had you to keep him straight when I was trying to lead him all wrong. Will you tell him that?"

"I'll try," said the captain, with a smile, "part of it. But we ought to be turning in now, or we shall not be up in time."

"All right," said Gilks. "Good night, Riddell."

"Good night, old fellow."

Bloomfield was up early next morning. He had only received the evening before the melancholy notification of the fact that young Wyndham, owing to circumstances over which he had no control, would be unable to play in the second-eleven match next week; and he had it on his mind consequently to find a successor without delay.

Probably, on the principle that the early bird gets the worm, he determined to be out in good time this morning. But for once in a way the bird was too early for the worm, and Bloomfield prowled about for a good quarter of an hour before the aspiring youth of Willoughby mustered at the wickets.

It was during this early prowling, while the hands of the clock were between half-past six and seven, that he received something like a shock by seeing the captain alight at the school gate from the town omnibus.

"Why, whatever's up? Where have you been?" inquired Bloomfield.

"I have just been to see poor Gilks off," said the captain.

"What! then it was true?"

"Yes; I hadn't time to tell you yesterday. He's been expelled."

"The cad!" cried Bloomfield. "It's lucky for him he was able to slink off unnoticed."

"Oh! don't be too down on him," said the captain; "you'd have been sorry for him if you'd seen how cut up and ashamed he was. After all, he was little better than a tool in somebody else's hands."

"Silk's, you mean?" said Bloomfield.

"And I suppose he gets off scot-free?"

"No; he is expelled too. He had to confess he suggested the whole thing, and he is to go this morning."

"That's a comfort! But why on earth did they cut our lines instead of yours?"

"That was a blunder. Gilks, in his flurry, got hold of the wrong rudder. I really think that's why it wasn't found out long ago."

"Very likely. But what a nice pair of consciences they must have had ever since! I suppose the Doctor will announce that they've been expelled?"

"I don't know. But I hope he won't be too hard on Gilks if he does. I never saw a fellow so broken down and sorry. He quite broke down just now at the station as he was starting."

"Poor fellow!" said Bloomfield. "The fellows won't take the trouble to abuse him much now he's gone."

At this point two Parrett's juniors came past. They were Lawkins and Pringle, two of the noisiest and most impudent of their respectable fraternity.

Among their innocent amusements, that of hooting the captain had long been a favourite, and at the sight of him now, as they concluded, in altercation with their own hero, they thought they detected a magnificent opening for a little demonstration.

"Hullo! Booh! Fiddle de Riddell!" cried Pringle, from a safe distance.

"Who cut the rudder-lines? Cheat! Kick him out!" echoed Lawkins.

The captain, who was accustomed to elegant compliments of this kind from the infant lips of Willoughby, took about as much notice of them now as he usually did. In other words, he took no notice at all.

But Bloomfield turned wrathfully, and shouted to the two boys, "Come here, you two!"

"Oh, yes; we'll come to you!" cried Lawkins.

"You're our captain; we'll obey you!" said Pringle, with a withering look at Riddell.

"What's that you said just now?" demanded Bloomfield.

"I only said, 'Kick him out!'" said Lawkins, somewhat doubtful, as he noticed the black looks on the Parrett's captain's face.

Bloomfield made a grab at the two luckless youths, and shook them very much as a big dog shakes her refractory puppies. "And what do you mean by it, you young cubs?" demanded he, in a rage.

"Why, we weren't speaking to you," whined the juniors.

"No, you weren't; but I'm speaking to you! Take that for being howling young cads, both of you!" and he knocked their two ill-starred heads together with a vigour which made the epithet "howling" painfully accurate. "Now beg Riddell's pardon at once!" said he.

They obeyed with most abject eagerness.

"Mind I don't catch you calling my friends names like that any more," said Bloomfield. "Riddell's captain here, and if you don't look out for yourselves you'll find yourselves in the wrong box, I can tell you! And you can tell the rest of your pack, unless they want a hiding from me, they'd better not cheek the captain!"

So saying, he allowed the two terrified youngsters to depart, which they did, shaking in their shoes and marvelling inwardly what wonder was to happen next.

The morning passed, and before it was over, while all the school was busy in class, Silk left Willoughby. His father had arrived by an early train, and after a long interview with the Doctor had returned taking his boy with him. No one saw Silk before he went, and for none of those whom he had wronged and misled did he leave behind any message of regret or contrition. He simply dropped out of Willoughby life, lamented by none, and missed only by a few who had suffered under his influence and were now far better without him.

After morning classes the Doctor summoned the school to the great hall, and there briefly announced the changes that had taken place.

"Two boys," said he, "are absent today—absent because they have left Willoughby for good. Now that they are gone, I need not dwell on the harm they have done, except to warn any boys present, who may be tempted to follow in their steps, of the disgrace and shame which always follow vice and dishonesty."

There was a general stir and looking round as the Doctor reached this point. He had not yet announced the names, though most present were able to guess them.

"It's not you two, then?" whispered Telson across the bench to where Cusack and Pilbury sat in mutual perplexity.

"Two things at least are comforting in what has passed," continued the Doctor.

"One is that by the confession of these two boys a very unpleasant mystery, which affected the honour of the whole school, has been cleared up; I mean, of course, the accident at the boatrace early in the term."

It was that, then! Willoughby bristled up with startled eagerness to hear the rest, and even Telson found no joke ready to hand.

"The other consolation is that one of the boys, Gilks—"

There was a sudden half-suppressed exclamation as the name was announced, which disconcerted the Doctor for a moment.

"Gilks," pursued he, "expressed deep contrition for what he had done, and wished, when leaving, that the school should know of his shame and sorrow. He left here a softened and, I hope, a changed boy; and I feel sure this appeal to the generosity of his old schoolfellows will secure for him what he most desires—your forgiveness."

There was a silence, and every face was grave, as the Doctor concluded.

"I wish I could say as much of his companion, and, I fear, leader in wrong—Silk."

There was another start, but less of surprise than assent this time. For when Gilks had been named as one culprit every one knew the name of the other.

"I have no message for you from him," said the Doctor, with a voice in which a faint tremble was discernible; "but on his behalf we may at least hope that in new scenes, and under more favourable conditions, he may be able to recover the character he lost here. An event like this carries its own lesson. Do not be too ready to blame them, but let their example be humbly taken by each one of you as a warning against the first approach of temptation, from which none of us is free, and which by God's help only can any of us hope ever to resist or overcome."

The Doctor's words did not fail to make a deep impression on those present. There were not a few whose consciences told them that after all the difference between them and the expelled boys was not very great, and it had needed a warning like this to arouse them.

The rest of that day a subdued atmosphere hung over Willoughby. A good many boys thought more than was their wont, and even the noisiest shrunk from indulging their high spirits to their customary extent.

But the chief feeling that day was one of relief. Not that two bad boys had been expelled, but because the hateful boatrace mystery had been finally cleared up, and with it the reproach on the honour of Willoughby had been removed. As long as it had hung like a black cloud over the term boys had lacked spirit and encouragement to rally for the good of the school. House had been divided against House, set against set, captain against captain, and the order and discipline of the school had gone down to a miserable pitch.

Against all these opposing influences the new captain, as we have seen, had struggled gallantly, and not wholly without success, but even his influence could not disperse all the suspicions and heartburnings and jealousies that centred round that unlucky race. Now, however, the clearing up of that mystery, and, still more, the new alliance, rumours of which were spreading fast, between the two captains, opened new hopes for the old school.

There were not a few who at first treated the rumours of the new alliance with sceptical derision, but they had soon cause to discover that it was more than a joke.

Stutter and Wibberly, two of the scorpions, happened to be caught that very afternoon by Bloomfield in the act of "skulking" dinner—that is, of answering to their names at the call-over, and then slipping off unobserved to enjoy a rather more elaborate clandestine meal in their own study. It was not a very uncommon offence, or perhaps a very terrible one, but it was an offence which monitors were bound to report.

"Where are you off to?" demanded Bloomfield, encountering these two deserters.

"Oh, it's all right," said Wibberly, "we've been called over. We're only going to Stutter's study."

"Go back at once," said Bloomfield, "and go to the captain after six."

Wibberly laughed.

"You're joking surely," said he; "you aren't to mind the extra feeds now and then."

"If I shirked my duty once it's no reason I should do it for ever. Go back, do you hear? at once."

"What, won't you let us go this time?" said Wibberly, quite bewildered by this unexpected sternness on the part of his old patron.

"Do you hear what I say?" thundered Bloomfield. "Do you want to be licked into the bargain?"

"Oh, very well," said Wibberly, with a last fond thought of Stutter's good bill of fare. "But, I say, you needn't give us lines, Bloomfield."

"I've nothing to do with giving you lines. That's the captain's affair."

"What do you mean? Do you mean to say you'll report us to Riddell?"

"Of course. He's the captain."

"Oh, look here!" cried Wibberly, quite convinced now that the rumours were no joke. "We'll go back, and we'll do lines for you, but pray don't send us up to him."

"We had no warning, you see," said Stutter, "that things were changed."

"Go back, then," said Bloomfield, "and make up your minds unless you keep rules you'll get treated just the same as any other rowdies. I won't report you this time, but you'd better take care what you do."

This little incident made a remarkable impression, not only on the two boys immediately concerned, but on the school generally. For it soon got noised about, and no public proclamation could have made the state of Bloomfield's mind clearer.

But a day or two later the last glimmer of doubt was removed by the proceedings which took place in that august assembly, the Willoughby Parliament.

Honourable members assembled in large numbers, as they always did after any special school excitement, and even had this inducement been lacking, the significant sentence, "Resignation of Mr. Bloomfield—Election of President," on the notice-board would have sufficed to pack the House.

Riddell had implored Bloomfield not to take this step, or at least to defer it to the beginning of next term. But he might as well have pleaded with a lamp-post. The Parrett's captain was inexorable.

"No," said he; "if it was the last day of the term I'd do it. It would serve me right if I was kicked round the school for sticking there so long."

Before the business began Crossfield rose and asked to be allowed to put a question. This was the signal for a general buzz of anticipation that was not lessened by the sight of Messrs. Game and Ashley looking very uncomfortable where they sat.

"I should like to ask Mr. Game, whom I see present, if he will kindly report to the House the proceedings of the last special meeting, which he summoned in the interests of the honour of the school. I hope the gentleman will speak out, as we are all anxious to hear him."

Game blushed up to the roots of his hair, and dug his hands in his pockets, and tried to look as unconcerned as possible at the laughter which greeted this innocent question.

As he made no offer to reply, Crossfield thereupon regaled the House with a highly facetious report of that famous meeting amid much laughter and cheers, not a few of which were directed to the heroic sky-rockets. This little diversion being at an end, it was suggested by the Chair that perhaps the matter might now drop, which, greatly to the relief of the discomfited ex-monitors, it accordingly did, and after a few other questions the orders of the day were reached.

"Gentlemen," said Bloomfield, rising and speaking nervously, but resolutely, "you will see by the notice-paper that I am going to resign the office of President of the Willoughby Parliament. (No, no.) Gentlemen, there's a proverb which says, 'It's never too late to mend.' That's the principle on which I am doing this now. I've been in this chair under false pretences. (No, no.) I was elected here under false pretences. (No, no.) I was a fool to let myself be elected, and I'm ashamed of myself now. Gentlemen, I am not the captain of Willoughby! I never was; and I had no more right to be than any fag present. (Loud cheers from Parson, Telson, Cusack, and others.) The only thing I can do now, gentlemen, to show how ashamed I am, is to resign. And I do resign. Really, gentlemen, let's be done with the folly that's been working the very mischief in Willoughby all this term. I know I've been as bad as any one, so I've no right to abuse any one. But we've time to pull ourselves right yet. It wants three clear weeks to the holidays. (Groans from Boshier.) In three weeks, if we choose, we can make the old school what it was the day old Wyndham left. (Cheers.) We've had more than folly among us this term. We've had foul play—I'm thankful no one here was concerned in that. We don't want to kick fellows that are down, but now they've gone our chance of pulling up is all the better, and we'll do it. (Cheers.) I said the only thing I could do to atone for my folly was to resign. No, gentlemen, there is something else I can do, and will do. I propose that the captain of Willoughby be elected our President! (Cheers.) He's a jolly good fellow, gentlemen—(cheers)—and I can tell you this (and I'm not given to romancing), if it hadn't been for him, gentlemen, there would have been scarcely anything of Willoughby left to pick up."

Bloomfield, whose spirited address had carried his audience by storm, as only a genuine, hearty outburst can, sat down amid tremendous cheers. The school had fast been coming round to his way of thinking, but it had wanted some one to give it utterance. Riddell, in his speech a week or two ago, had hit the right nail on

the head, and now Bloomfield had driven it home.

When presently the applause subsided, young Wyndham was discovered, all excitement and eagerness, trying to be heard.

"I want to second that!" he cried, in a voice that positively trembled. "I'm only a Limpet, and I've been in lots of rows, but you none of you know what a brick he is. Gentlemen, he's worth the lot of us put together! I mean it. If you only knew what he's done for me, you'd say so. I'm in a row now. ('Hear! hear!' from Cusack.) I'm detained all the rest of the term. (Cheers from Boshier.) I can't play in the second eleven next week—(loud laughter)—but, gentlemen, I don't care a hang now old Riddell's put where he ought to be, at the head of the school—(applause)—and I'm proud to be allowed to second it."

This was no ordinary meeting truly. No sooner was Wyndham done, but Telson leapt on his form and shouted,

"On behalf of the kids—(laughter)—I third that. (Laughter.) I don't know what you're grinning at—(laughter)—but, I can tell you, we all mean to back him up. (Loud cheers.) That's all I've got to say!"

Other speeches followed, equally cordial, from Fairbairn and the captain's old School House friends, and even from some unexpected quarters where every one supposed the old partisanship still lurked.

Amid much enthusiasm Riddell was elected President, and duly installed by his old rival.

Then there were loud calls for "A speech!" from the captain. It was long before he could sufficiently overcome his nervousness to attempt it, but at last he said—or rather stammered—amidst the enthusiasm of the meeting, "I am much obliged, gentlemen. I wish Bloomfield had kept the post. I'm afraid I shan't make a good President. Gentlemen, if we go on as we have begun to-day the captain of Willoughby will have nothing to do. The old school is looking up fast. (Cheers.) Now we are all pulling one way, I should like to see what can stop us! But I really can't make a speech now. If you knew all I feel—but there, I shall only break down if I try to go on, so I'd better stop."

And thus Willoughby returned once more to her right mind.

(To be continued.)

## The New Boy.

No doubt, my boys, you think 'tis "jolly fun" Each victim fresh to tease,  
But pray remember that you once were quite As raw as one of these.

Recall *your* feelings when you first were sent  
The "pigeon's milk" to fetch,  
And then feel sorry that you ever meant  
To "guy the little wretch."

Shall British boys (unworthy of the name)  
Unfair advantage take  
Of any weakling stranger's trembling frame?  
Forbear! For honour's sake!

Yet, "freshman," fancy not in any place  
All chaffing you can shirk;  
Each boy (and man) in this wide world must face  
His worry and his work.

J. PAUL TAYLOR.

## GREAT AFRICAN EXPLORERS.

I.—DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

A STUDY of the map of Africa previous to 1856 will show what knowledge owes to the work and initiative of Dr. Livingstone.



The names on the maps of the dark continent prior to that date were almost exclusively confined to the coast. Of the centre little was known, and that little was wrong; of the southern centre nothing at all was known, and from Lake Tehad to the advanced posts of the London Missionary Society just north of the Gariep the space was a blank without a river, a lake, or a mountain.

Livingstone was the first of our great African explorers. The work he did was immense and accurate. About the only statement of his that has not stood the test of time was the identification of the Luabala with the Nile instead of the Congo, but even this mistake he would himself assuredly have rectified had he lived.

His achievements now belong to history, or rather to that history in suspense which has strayed from our newspapers and not yet found its way into our schoolbooks. For this reason it is that lads of the present ask, What did he do? In the bright light of the living his star is for the moment obscured, but his deeds have merely dropped out of recollection to be recovered in another and more permanent form, and there assume their proper value. Among the pioneers of civilisation none have deserved better of this world than David Livingstone.

He was the son of Neil Livingstone and Agnes Hunter, and was born at Blantyre, near Glasgow, on March 19, 1813. He began to work for his daily bread when he was ten years old, his first situation being that of a piecer in the neighbouring cotton mill. With his first week's wages he bought a copy of "Ruddiman's Rudiments," and set himself to learn Latin. His hours at the factory were from six in the morning till eight at night, and he attended a night school from eight to ten, so that, to say nothing of reading up to midnight, his time was pretty fully occupied. Every book on travels or science that came in his way he made himself master of, and taking up the study of botany and geology, he and his brothers on their occasional holidays had many pleasant rambles in search of specimens and sections.

By the time he was sixteen, thanks to his own efforts, to the night school, and to the Sabbath school, whose master, Burke, in "Make Religion the Every-day Business of your Life," gave him the keynote of his career, he had read through most of the Latin classics, had a working acquaintance with natural science, and was a fairly educated lad. His search for knowledge was unrelenting. With a book open in front of him to snatch a hasty glance at as he

passed to and fro he even continued his reading amid the noise and racket of the mill.

At nineteen he was promoted to be a spinner, and in the next year came the crisis of his life. There was no very sudden change, for Livingstone, like his parents, was always reverent and religious, but though many had been his plans for the future, that of going into a foreign country to preach the gospel to the heathen was not amongst them. Mr. Gutzlaff was at that time in Scotland appealing for help in his mission to China. Livingstone chanced to hear him, and after much anxious thought decided to become a medical missionary to the Chinese.

As many another Scottish lad has done, by working hard during the summer he earned sufficient to enable him to attend the University classes during the winter, and entering at Glasgow he became a student in Medicine, Greek, and Divinity. In 1838 he came to London to present himself to the London Missionary Society, and then spent some time at the Training College at Chipping Ongar. In 1840 he returned to Glasgow to take his degree, and in December of that year started for Dr. Moffat's station at Kuruman in Bechuana Land, the Opium War having put an end to all his thoughts of labouring among the Chinese.

He reached South Africa after a three months' voyage, and made his way up country to Kuruman, over five hundred miles from Cape Town. After a brief stay at Kuruman he moved to Lepelote to learn the language, and then went on to Mabotsa, where his independent missionary career first began.

His work was constant; and the report of what he was doing reached home to Cambuslang, whence a Mrs. McRobert sent him twelve pounds to enable him to employ a native assistant as schoolmaster. He selected one in Mebalwe, and by a curious coincidence it was

Mebalwe who saved his life in his terrible adventure with the lion. The lions were numerous round Mabotsa, and expeditions against them were frequent. The Doctor and a party of natives had been out on one occasion, and the lions had broken through the ring the natives formed around them and escaped. As the party returned, Livingstone caught sight of a lion seated in shadow on a rock. He fired, and the natives, thinking the lion was dead, began to close up, notwithstanding the missionary's "Wait till I load!" which he had no sooner shouted than he saw the wounded animal prepare to spring, and with tail erect come leaping on to him. The lion seized him by the shoulder and shook him as a cat would a mouse, but as he did so the shouts of Mebalwe attracted his attention, and, dropping the missionary, he sprang at the schoolmaster, whose gun missed fire. The lion bit Mebalwe in the thigh, and immediately afterwards was shot dead. When Livingstone told the story he used to say that while he was in the lion's mouth all sense of fear forsook him, and that he seemed in a state of torpor and felt neither pain nor anxiety. Eleven of the teeth had penetrated his shoulder and so crushed the arm that he could for the rest of his life only use it with difficulty. When his body was brought home from the centre of Africa it was this injury to his arm which proved the means of its identification.

In 1844 he married Mary Moffat; in 1846 he moved to Chobane; in 1847 he went on to Kolobeng, where, as at all his other stations, the work he did was good and lasting, and the influence he obtained over the natives was immediate and permanent. It was when at Kolobeng that he heard of a great lake to the northward that had never been seen by white man. With Messrs. Oswald and Murray he crossed the Kalahari Desert in search of it, and in August,



Livingstone attacked by a Lion.

1849, discovered Lake Ngami. This was the first of his exploring expeditions. He had now found the career to which he was most suited, and henceforth he was the "pioneer missionary" he called himself, travelling untrodden ground, and preparing the way for the advance by spreading as he went the good report of the white man and his religion.

In 1850 he again crossed to the lake, and in 1851 he reached the Chobe, and made at Sesheke his famous discovery of the Zambesi, the great river of Central Africa, until then unknown to Europeans.

Returning to Cape Town, he sent his family to England for the good of their health, and in 1852 started for the western coast. He reached Linyante, found Lake Dilolo on the 20th February, 1854, crossed the Coango on the 4th of April, and entered Loanda on the 31st of May.

The men from Linyante whom he had led to Loanda were deeply impressed at the sight of the sea. Said they: "We marched along with our father, believing that what the aged people had always told us was true, that the world had no end; but all at once the world said to us, 'I am finished; there is no more of me!'" They found employment in coaling a ship, and great was their astonishment—as indeed has ever been that of a good many more people—at the amount that a ship will hold.

Livingstone soon took the Linyante men back from Loanda on his way across to the east, when he had resolved to follow the Zambesi to its mouth. He left their native town on the 8th of November, 1855; and a fortnight afterwards, under the guidance of Sebituane, he found "the smoke that sounds," as that chief described the Victoria Falls. Five pillars of mist, seen from a distance of five miles, denoted the position of the mighty cataract of the Zambesi, where the water falls sheer down a narrow fissure and escapes along a zigzag ravine. Beneath the blaze of the noonday sun the Doctor leant over the gap and saw the two bright rainbows in the spray. Beyond the falls he followed the river to the sea, and emerged into civilisation at Quillimane on May 20th, 1856, having proved the correctness of Murchison's guess at the configuration of the continent as being a mountain-girdled plain. When he left England fifteen years before he had promised Sir Richard Owen to remember him in case of his meeting any interesting specimens, and as a proof that he had not forgotten his promise to the professor he brought home from the interior of Africa the first spiral tusk of the elephant known to science.

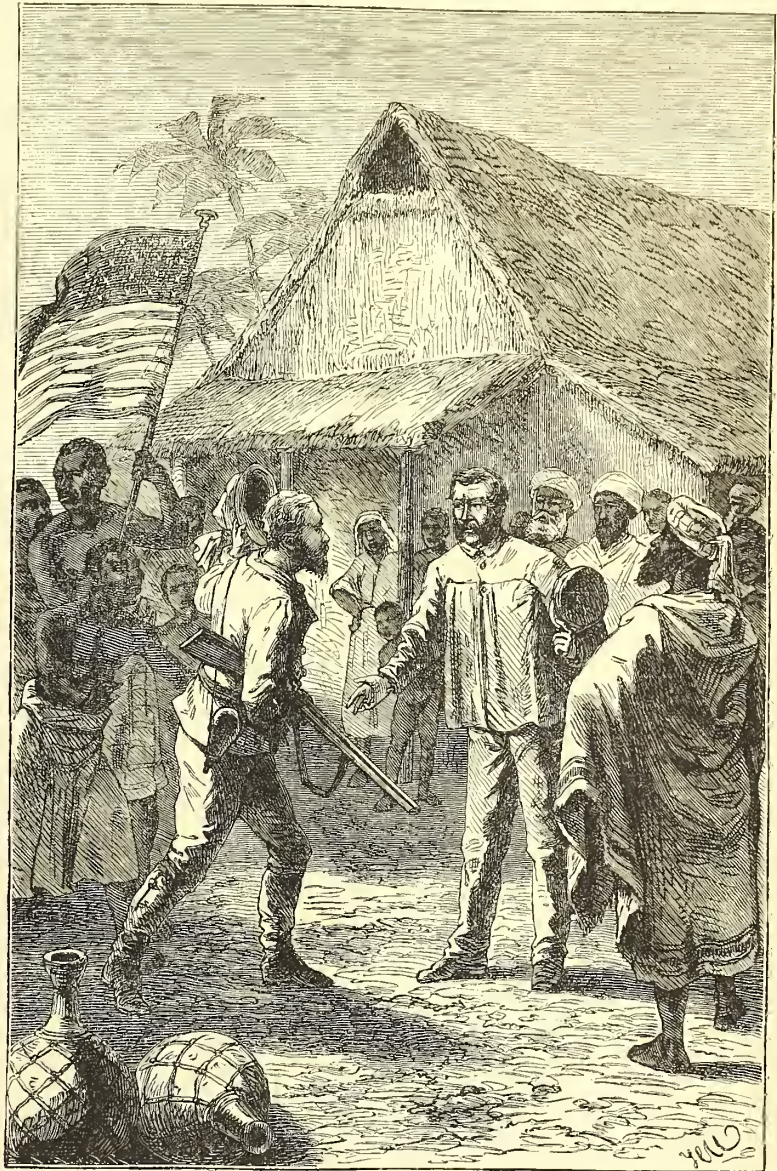
He arrived in England in December, and was received with the enthusiastic welcome he deserved. For the next twelve months or so he was engaged in preparing his first book and lecturing on his discoveries. He left again for Africa in March, 1858. His connection with the London Missionary Society had ceased, and he went out as "Her Majesty's consul at Quillimane for the eastern coast and the independent districts in the interior, and commander of an expedition for exploring Eastern and Central Africa." With him went his brother Charles as second in command, Dr. Kirk as botanist, Mr. Skead as surveyor, Mr. Thornton as geologist, Mr. Barnes as artist, and Captain Bedingfield as navigator. He sailed from Liverpool in H.M.S. Pearl, and went up the Kongone mouth of the Zambesi in his steam launch, the Ma Robert.

Although this expedition was the least fortunate of his undertakings, Lake Nyassa was discovered, the Shire was explored, and the Murchison Falls on the Shire, and the Kerabras Rapids on the Zambesi, were duly surveyed. In January, 1861, Bishop Mackenzie's mission arrived to settle on the river, and Livingstone went with them in the Pioneer to Chibisas. The missionaries took up their quarters at Magomero, and the Doctor entered on a thorough exploration of Lake Nyassa. In April his wife died at Shupanga; she had rejoined him but four months previously. The blow was great; Livingstone's grief was deep and lasting. He had married her for love; he had loved her ever since he married her.

Not long afterwards the expedition was recalled by Earl Russell. The party had been seriously thinned by death and disease, and had undergone much hardship and annoyance. It was therefore with rather mixed feelings that Livingstone, who had just been over a hundred and fifty miles up the Rovuma, started for England.

long that but few in this country believed that he was alive. Relief expeditions were being discussed when Mr. Gordon Bennett, of the "New York Herald," dispatched one of his special correspondents, Mr. H. M. Stanley, to make his way at all risks to the rescue.

From Nyanza Livingstone returned to Ujiji,



Meeting of Stanley and Livingstone.

His last boat had been the Lady Nyassa; she cost him six thousand pounds, all of which he had paid out of his own pocket, and in order to get rid of her at a favourable market he himself navigated her across the Indian Ocean to Bombay.

In 1865 he was back again on the Rovuma in search of the sources of the Nile. Again sickness did its work, and one by one his men dropped away. He struck the Nyassa and the Tanganika, crossed the Chambeze, skirted Lake Moero and Lake Mofwa, and reached the Lualaba, the head of the Congo, which he mistook for the sources of the Nile. After discovering Lake Bangweolo he started for Ujiji, which he reached in March, 1869. Two years afterwards he was again on the Lualaba at Nyangwe and at Nyanza. When he next went he saw the slavers amusing themselves by shooting down the inoffending women in the marketplace, which caused such a thrill of horror when the account reached home.

All this time Livingstone was popularly supposed to be lost. He had been gone for six years, and nothing had been heard from him for so

and there, on October 18, 1871, Mr. Stanley met him. With him Stanley went round the north of Tanganika, and ascertained that the Luseze flowed into and not out of the lake. At Unyanyembe they parted—Stanley for home, and Livingstone for Lake Bangweolo in search of the mythical fountains of Herodotus.

This was the last time that Livingstone saw a white man. The final entry in his diary is dated April 27, and reads: "Knocked up quite and remain—recover—sent to buy milk goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo." On the 29th he was at a village on the Lulimala in Itala, very weak and ill; and on the 30th, when the boys went in to rouse their master, they found him kneeling by his bedside—dead.

The thirty years' toil was over; the hero had died in his armour, and as he knelt praying to Him he served his soul had gone to its rest. Surely there could be no more befitting end for one every action of whose life was but an embodiment of his own

"Fear God—and work hard!"

His faithful followers wrapped the body up,

preserved it as well as they could, and reverently carried it to Zanzibar, from whence it was brought to England and buried in Westminster Abbey.

Open the Abbey doors and bear him in,  
To sleep with king and statesman, chief and sage,  
The missionary come of weaver-kin.  
But great by work that brooks no lower wage.  
He needs no epitaph to guard a name  
Which men shall prize while worthy work is known.  
He lived and died for good—be that his fame:  
Let marble crumble: this is Living-stone."

## THE STORY OF SKERRY VORE LIGHTHOUSE.

By R. A. M. STEVENSON, M.A.

### PART II.

IN this season the foundation pit was finished and dressed for the reception of the first course, although sometimes half a day had been lost in baling it out after it had been filled by a heavy sea. One-third had been dressed in the previous season, and the remainder took thirty men, working fourteen hours a day, half this season to finish. A pick seldom resisted more than three strokes in the harder quartzose veins, and my father remarks that when the gigantic basin of variegated marble, forty-two feet in diameter, was smoothly finished off, some of the men expressed serious regret that it was to be covered up and—as he hoped—never seen again.

Large lighters, bearing the stones on their decks that they might be the more easily landed, were now towed to the rocks. Building began, and on the 7th July, 1840, the Duke of Argyll laid the foundation-stone. The lighter service and the landing service were, under the circumstances, of necessity perilous, and sometimes landing was so difficult that the lighters, after having been towed thirteen miles through a dangerous sea, were unable after all to approach the wharf. On one occasion a big wave lifted a lighter, which was already alongside, and snapped eight large warps. Before the close of that season, however, the tower reached the height of eight feet two inches—a solid mass of masonry of 10,780 cubic feet, not far off the whole mass of Eddystone, and about a third of the mass of the Bell Rock.

The works at Hynish put on extra exertions and extra hands now the building of the tower had begun, and during 1841 upwards of 38,000 cubic feet of granite was dressed. It would here be perhaps neither out of place nor uninteresting to give some details of the proportions of the tower of Skerry Vore, the shape of the stones, and the comparative measurements of the other two great deep-sea lighthouses—Eddystone and the Bell Rock. I am speaking, of course, of Smeaton's Eddystone, not of the recently erected tower. In all three lighthouses the towers are in their general form conic—that is, the lower solid portion resting on the rock is simply a truncated frustrum of a cone, but a curve concave to the sea is given to their exterior walls to prevent the awkward breaking of the waves in an angle. This curve goes up to the top of the tower, getting flatter—that is, more parallel to the perpendicular—as it goes higher, where the building is less forcibly attacked by the sea. The curves vary slightly in the different towers to suit the ideas of their engineers and the conditions imposed by their respective sites.

Skerry Vore curves less sharply outwards at the base than the others, which makes the stones, and especially the outer ring of the lowest course, feel to the full the steadying effect of the superincumbent mass. The shaft of the tower, without cavetto, cornice, or lantern, is 120·25 feet, and its diameter at the base is 42 feet, the top diameter being 16 feet. The first 26 feet of height is a solid frustrum of a cone containing 27,110 cubic feet, and weighing 1,990 tons. Immediately above the solid portion the walls are 9·58 feet thick, and they decrease in thickness to 2 feet at the top. Some of the comparative dimensions of the three lighthouses may be seen from the following table:—

	Height of Masonry above First Course.	Contents.	Diameter.	
			Base.	Top.
Eddystone .	68	13·343	26	15
Bell Rock .	100	28·529	42	15
Skerry Vore	138·5	58·580	42	16

The nearer approach to a perpendicular pressure on the lower solid masonry in the Skerry Vore tower enabled the engineer to dispense with dovetails and joggles, and the dressing of the stones for this part of the tower was much simplified and labour and expense saved. The cornice on the top of the tower, and on which the lantern is placed, is also built without metal ties or chains, in a manner that balances the forces which would have tended to throw it outwards.

The dressing of the various stones to make them fit each other like a Chinese puzzle occupied the people at Hynish times varying with the magnitude and shape of the stones. Much depended on whether they were curved outside stones or inside ones; whether they had dovetails or ribands on them or not; and on many other variations in their shape. Suffice it to say that the times differed from about ten hours to 320 hours of one man's work to each stone.

I mentioned that at the close of the 1840 season the tower was brought to the height of 8 feet 2 inches, and it was with satisfaction that the party found it uninjured on their return in 1841. The weather being bad this season, it was not till the 25th May that serious work began, and a crane was hoisted on the top of the masonry—a crane thirty-four years old, the very crane that had occupied a similar position on the Bell Rock lighthouse. This was cheering, and by July 8th the solid base of masonry, 26 feet in height, was complete—that base which was to be the real anchor of the tall tower bearing on high its eye of light. Weight was the principle of its stability, its solid base would prevent its overturning, and its friction in the pit of solid rock would oppose its sliding. The bad weather and heavy seas natural to the wild locality continually endangered the material, and a constant use of the crane was necessary to save from the sea the stones prepared with so much labour. The men suffered much from wet and damp, the smallness of their living-room preventing their keeping a large wardrobe, and the fire was too much occupied in the kitchen to admit of the constant drying necessary. Of the powers of their terrible enemies, the waves, some idea may be given by quoting the results of experiments made with Mr. Thomas Stevenson's marine dynamometer. At the Bell Rock the highest pressure obtained was 3,013 lb. on the square foot, while at Skerry Vore a pressure of 4,335 lb. was recorded. Of their effect on people an idea may be got from the following passage from my father's book:—"Nothing struck me more than the illusive effect produced on the mind by the great waves which rolled past the rock. The rapidity of their movements, and the noise which accompanied their passage through the gullies and rents of the rugged reef, seemed to give them an appearance of being much larger than they really were; and even when viewed from the tower after it had risen to the height of 30 feet they seemed on approaching the rock to be on the eve of washing right over the building and sweeping all before them into the sea." He elsewhere mentions that the sailors judged waves to be 30 or even 40 feet high that he concluded to be in reality only 15. I never heard that any of the party fished from the rock, but, at any rate, the seals that still sported round it did so, and often the waves threw up a cod still bleeding from the bite of a seal.

On the 25th of July a balance-crane was set up on the top of the masonry, which had now reached a height that rendered its use preferable to that of jib-cranes. Its arms stuck out from the central shaft like the two expanded wings

of a bird perched upon the tower, and Mr. Stevenson watched with no small anxiety the lifting of a stone of two tons weight. All went off well, and the work went on in the most favourable manner, till by the 17th of August they left off work, after having built that season a mass of masonry more than double the contents of the whole Eddystone.

Next year, on the 17th April, 1842, earlier than customary, the engineer began his labours. The usual traces of severe weather everywhere met the eye. The railway was fearfully knocked about; huge blocks half a ton in weight were found jammed in the fissures of the rocks, and against the main timbers of the barrack, and on the top of the uninjured tower, at a height of 60 feet, the heavy seas had deposited pebbles and small boulders. No serious damage had anywhere been sustained, though the tower had an even line of colouring all round it like a coloured tobacco-pipe from the thick green seaweeds with which it was coated.

This season my father felt the want of extra hands on the rock, so he made what he calls a "comfortless retreat, the inconveniences of which few but seamen would have patiently endured," by planking in the open gallery below the kitchen and lining the inside with painted cauvas, thus making a room in which he could lodge his twenty additional sailors. During this season they again came very near losing some pieces of the belt course, stones that it would have taken a long time to replace, and whose loss would have prevented their finishing the masonry of the tower that season, as they did on the 25th of July. The crane which had so long dominated the tower, and, so to speak, grown up with it, now came down to give place to the real crown of the building—the lantern.

In his account, Alan Stevenson here expresses his thankfulness for the wonderful immunity from loss of life or even serious accident which all had enjoyed in so uncommon and arduous an undertaking, prosecuted under such extraordinary difficulties, and in such a wild place, so far removed from all civilised appliances. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the work had been carried out with scrupulous exactness, and in the dressing of the stones no deviation exceeding an eighth of an inch had been admitted. Thus was brought to a conclusion this great polished sea-tower, solid as a work of nature, 137 feet 11 inches high, and about 4,308 tons in weight. On the summit of this pillar the lantern was to be placed so as to show a light 150 feet above the sea. The lantern was finished and glazed on the 14th of September, and that day the rock was abandoned for the season. Strange to say, this last embarkation was the most difficult that had ever been made from the rock, thus making all feel what dangers had accompanied them to the very close of their perilous undertaking.

A good deal still remained to be done, not only on the lighthouse and inside the lantern, but on the shore station at Hynish. Several small streams running into the sea were all turned into one channel to scour out the little harbour which was to serve the lighthouse, and which a north-west wind, by heaping up the sand at its mouth, was capable of making a prison of in a single night for any unfortunate vessel that happened to be inside. Beacons had to be erected on dangerous reefs between Skerry Vore and Tyree, and accommodation for the lightkeepers' families must be built at Hynish. The attention and expence devoted to the beacons, harbour, and accommodation at Tyree were not misplaced, as was shown by the circumstances attending the first opening of the light. Mr. Thomas Stevenson, who in 1843 succeeded my father in superintending the works at Tyree, has told me that after the date of the first exhibition of the light had been publicly announced, great fears were entertained that, owing to the bad weather and the want of shelter on the coast, the instructions to the lightkeepers would never reach them in time. Notwithstanding the continual efforts made under the imperative necessity of showing the light on the day advertised, lest the lighthouse should do more harm than good, seven weeks elapsed

in fruitless attempts to reach the unfortunate prisoners in the tower. The last attempt happily succeeded just in the nick of time, and the light appeared on the 1st of February, 1844. But Mr. Thomas Stevenson found the men in a pitiable state of privation, with their clothes hanging in rags. They had recorded their most heartfelt trouble on the wall thus: "Tobacco gave out to-day; all pipes broken."

It is unnecessary to give any technical description of the nature of the light beyond saying that it is a revolving one, with a period of one minute, and is after the system of Augustin Fresnel. One of the most peculiar features in the building of these lighthouses—the Eddystone, Bell Rock, and Skerry Vore—is, according to Mr. David Stevenson's book ("Lighthouses"), the fact of their execution under the personal superintendence of their respective engineers. The last touch my father put on the work was the composition of the inscription in Latin, which the Commissioners caused to be placed in the visiting officer's room.

A. D. O. M.

Auctoritate et Conciliis  
Pharorum Scotiae Collegii  
Haec Structa fuit Pharos  
Cujus Directi Flamma

Nautae

Infamibus his scopulis adhuc Merito Deterriti  
Optatum Fortum Rectius Advenirent.

Joannes Dux de Argyll

Insularum adjacentium Dominus

Lapidem Auspicalem Rite Statuit

Die IV Mensis Julii anno IV. Vict. Reg. MD.CCC.XI.

Operum Magistro Alano Stevenson, LL.B.

## A TALE OF A TAP.

BY PAUL BLAKE,

Author of "The Two Chums," etc.

"THERE now, you stupid lump, you've inked my fingers all over."

"Never mind, my young Thersites, go and clean them. Hurry up, you've only just time."

The aggrieved junior, Barnard minor, gave a hurried look at the clock and then dived out of the schoolroom down the passage which led to the lavatory. Only three minutes before the bell would sound for school! No time to be lost.

When he entered the lavatory he found his friend Merridew busily engaged in removing stains from his hands, the result of heel-balling a bat-handle. He was scrubbing away for dear life.

"Shy us over the soap," cried Barnard, taking his stand before a basin and turning on the tap full. "Look sharp."

Though time was such an object Merridew could not resist that most delightful of sensations, the squeezing of a piece of wet soap in one's hand and letting it gradually slip out between finger and thumb. How it travels! What curious unexpected excursions it makes!

Merridew tried to shoot the slippery missile to his friend. But it is about as difficult to fire wet soap by compression as to throw a boomerang, and it was no matter of surprise to either of them to see the Windsor fall nearer to the thrower than to his object. Merridew rushed forward and picked it up.

"One more shot!" he cried. "I'll fire straight this time."

At that moment the turret clock gave its well-known preliminary wheeze. That may have unsettled Merridew's aim. Whatever the cause, the unfortunate fact remained that the soap flew straight through the window, breaking a pane of glass that stood in the way of its exit. The broken pieces fell into the courtyard below, a juvenile voice shouted up, "Hullo, you fellows, won't you catch it!" then the steps of an approaching master were heard, and the boys fled towards the schoolroom, their wet hands thrust into their pockets.

It was a summer afternoon, so in a few minutes all discomfort arising from their condition ceased. The old clock ceased striking,

the passage doors were locked, and school began in real earnest.

Neither of the youngsters, however, felt quite at ease. Merridew anticipated unpleasant questions arising from the broken window and the soap which would be discovered in the yard. Barnard was aware that when his inky hands were seen it would mean fifty lines. However, by dint of keeping them in his pockets as much as possible, and putting them behind him when he stood up to construe, he avoided the master's eye and saved himself.

The first hour rolled slowly by, and the time came to change classes. The two boys were in the same form and sat next each other, not unfrequently, I am sorry to say, giving each other a mental "leg up." But in this particular study—geography—Barnard junior required no help; he was always up in his lesson, and easily gained the best marks day after day. This afternoon was no exception; he ran off the names of the principal towns on the Volga with facility, and when his turn came next to give the principal heights of the Himalayas every one knew that the question was a mere trifle for Barnard junior.

What was the surprise of the class to hear him mutter something about three thousand feet. This was utterly wrong, as even Jorkins, the dunce of the class, could tell.

"Come, Barnard," said the master, kindly, "you cannot have heard what I asked. Try again. The heights of the principal mountains of the Himalaya range?"

In vain; Barnard was unable to collect his thoughts; he grew red, stammered, and then sat down helplessly.

"Next boy," said the master.

As soon as it was safe to do so, Merridew whispered to his chum,

"What on earth's the matter, old man?"

"Look up at the other end of the room," was the frightened response.

The room was a long one. At the end nearest the door was the doctor's throne, classrooms opened out at intervals along the walls, whilst at the end farthest from the entrance was held the class of which Barnard and Merridew were members.

Merridew did not at first perceive the cause of his friend's distress. But it soon became apparent. Underneath the door slowly poured a small stream of water, spreading itself when it met an obstruction, and then moving on again down the room.

"Gemini!" whispered Merridew; "that comes from the lavatory!"

"Yes," whispered back the miserable Barnard; "I must have left the tap running. I know I turned it full on to wash, and your sending that soap through the window made me forget to turn it off again. I never thought of it till I saw it coming under the door. What can I do?"

"The place must be pretty well flooded," said Merridew, by way of comfort; "it's got to travel all along the passage before it can get here. The doctor must see it in a minute!"

In less time than that his attention was called to it by one of the head boys, who perceived the water about his feet. The cause of the mischief was guessed in a moment, and a monitor splashed through the passage at eight miles an hour to turn off the offending tap. Then he came back, with his boots full of water, to report.

A message was sent round to the housekeeper to see about the mopping up of the floor, and another message to the masters of the different forms to detain all boys who were in the lavatory after dinner. It happened that our two friends were the only ones who had visited it, so it was not hard to fix the culprits.

Fortunately no great harm had been done, so Barnard junior came off more lightly than he had anticipated, Merridew being, in fact, the more unfortunate of the two, for he had to pay for the broken glass out of his pocket-money.

"Never mind," said Barnard, consolingly, as they escaped; "'twas lucky you didn't have to pay for the soap as well!"

## SIGNALS AND SIGNALLING.

(Continued from page 477.)

IN all telegraphic signalling the Morse code is now adopted. In it the signs are given by longs and shorts, the length of contact at the transmitting end making the difference between a dot and a dash. The alphabet is as follows:—

A = — — —	N = — — —
B = — — — —	O = — — — — —
C = — — — — —	P = — — — — —
D = — — — —	Q = — — — — —
E = —	R = — — — —
F = — — — —	S = — — — —
G = — — — —	T = — — — —
H = — — — —	U = — — — —
I = — —	V = — — — —
J = — — — — —	W = — — — — —
K = — — — —	X = — — — — —
L = — — — —	Y = — — — — —
M = — — — —	Z = — — — — —

And similar combinations of dots and dashes give the numerals—

1 = — — — — —	6 = — — — — —
2 = — — — — —	7 = — — — — —
3 = — — — — —	8 = — — — — —
4 = — — — — —	9 = — — — — —
5 = — — — — —	0 = — — — — —

This is what is called the "printed code;" the "single needle" code used in some telegraphic offices is only the same thing in a different form. But perhaps we had better give the single-needle alphabet:—

A = /	N = / \
B = / \ \	O = ///
C = / / \	P = / / \
D = / \ \	Q = / / \ /
E = \	R = / \
F = / \ \	S = \ \ \
G = / / \	T = /
H = \ \ \ \	U = \ \ /
I = \ \	V = \ \ \ /
J = / / /	W = / /
K = / / \	X = / \ \
L = / \ \	Y = / / \
M = / /	Z = / \ \ \

Instead of the dots and dashes being horizontal, the dots, it will be noticed, slope from left to right, and the dashes from right to left. The simplest way to read this alphabet is to call the dots "ticks" and the dashes "tacks," and then the fact that A = tick tack, B = tack tick tick tick, C = tack tick tack tick, D = tack tick tick, E = tick, etc., etc., is very easily learnt. It is astonishing how soon the ear grows accustomed to the sounds of this Morse alphabet. Many an operator can take off a message without seeing the instrument. There is a famous American story of an attempt being made to steal some bullion that it was known would be at a certain railway station on a certain night. One of the thieves was sent in a coffin addressed to be called for at the same station, and, as had been expected, the coffin was placed in the same room as the bullion. During a heavy thunderstorm

just before midnight the clerk in charge heard the needle of one of the telegraph instruments click out

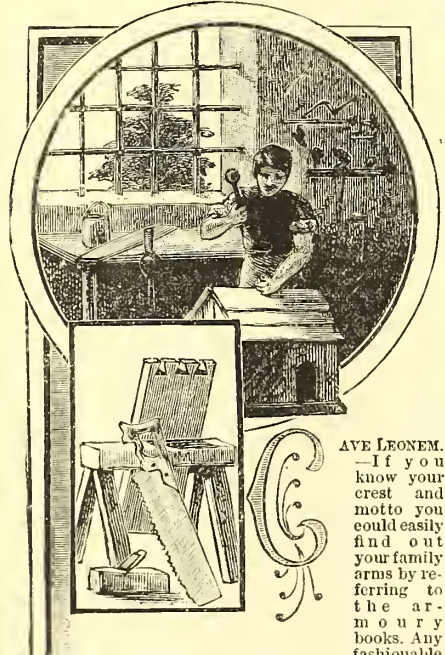


and looking round saw to his horror the coffin-lid moving upwards. Of course in the struggle the occupant of the coffin got the worst of it. The "message" is supposed to have been due to the influence of the storm.

It is this dot-and-dash Morse code which is used in signalling by the heliograph, the instrument of that name being a four-inch mirror mounted on a tripod stand, and so arranged as to reflect the sun's rays jack-a-lantern-wise to any desired point. With it a speed of twelve words a minute has been attained even between stations forty miles apart. An ordinary piece of looking-glass serves every purpose, the length of the signals being regulated by sliding a piece of paper between the mirror and the point with which communication is being made. A long exposure represents a dash, a short exposure a dot. The same device is employed at night, when a lantern, bull's-eye or otherwise, takes the place of the heliograph.

(To be continued.)

## Correspondence.



**AVE LEONEM.**  
—If you know your crest and motto you could easily find out your family arms by referring to the armory books. Any fashionable

stationer would procure you the information.

**ANONYMOUS.**—Oysters live on rock in clear water, and feed on the diatomaceous plants and microscopic organisms which flow through them. The small images are inserted between the shells by the Chinese, and are covered with the pearly substance by the animal.

**TOM BROWN.**—You will find some very handy ways of fitting lug-sails in "Practical Canoeing," by Tiphys, published by Norie and Wilson, of the Minories. In "Model Yachting," obtainable from the same publishers, you will find a description of the rig. "Practical Boat Building," published at 170, Strand, is a very useful book, as is also "Boat Sailing," but it does not deal very fully with the subject. The losses of our fishing-luggers when compared with our fore-and-afters have opened the eyes of seafaring folk to the dangers of the rig, and it is gradually being improved out of existence. It is not worth while to give an article on a design that has been condemned, and which in a few years will be obsolete. The small craft of the future will be sloops, cutters, yawls, ketches, or schooners.

**WHEEL OF FORTUNE.**—Suitable wood—pine, elm, ash, or mahogany—can be obtained from any wood-yard.

**M. T. S.**—Let your mother take you to one of the Mercantile Marine offices, say that at St. Katharine's Docks, and you will find, if your references are satisfactory, that there will be little difficulty in getting a berth.

**BARNY.**—Messrs. Marion and Co., of Soho Square, have a guide for amateurs that will give you some of the information on dry-plate photography that you require, but it would be only a reprint of patent specifications that would give you all.

**W. MILLER and G. BULL.**—Boys on merchant ships get about ten shillings a month for the first voyage. You will find particulars in Mr. Thomas Gray's "Under the Red Ensign."

**DEMY QUARTO.**—There are several firms now making small printing-presses. Apply to Squintani, of Ludgate Circus, for his price-list. The Birmingham Machinists' Company have some very handy models. You must be prepared to spend from fifteen to twenty pounds if you want an outfit that will be good for anything.

**SELAT.**—1. Meerscham—The word is the German for sea-foam—is hydrated silicate of magnesia. It has an earthy fracture, gives a shining streak, feels smooth, yields to the nail, and adheres to the tongue. It is found in alluvial deposits in Asia Minor, and in the green marls of some of the freshwater limestones in France and elsewhere. When first dug up it is soft, and forms a lather like soap, and hence it is used by the Turks for washing purposes. The surface soon hardens on exposure to the light, and the harder it is the less porous it is. 2. Amber is a combination of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, its formula being  $C_{10}H_{16}O$ . It is a resin of coniferous trees found fossil in strata of later tertiary age, and is thrown up in large quantities by the sea on the beaches of the Baltic, the North Sea, and the Mediterranean. The amber collected from the beach is known as marine amber, that coming from the mines is called terrestrial amber.

**LAWYER.**—A solicitor duly qualified in England is qualified to practise in any of the colonies without further examination; and your best course would be to serve your articles here and then go abroad. The prospects of a man with a definite profession are good.

**D. R. DANGAR.**—1. There can be no question but that riding on a horse is a healthier exercise than riding on a bicycle. The bicycle is only a substitute. Napoleon III. was born in the Tuileries at Paris on April 20, 1808.

**H. M.**—1. Write to the Secretary of the Royal Veterinary College for a prospectus, and shape your studies according to its requirements. 2. In due time. 3. There was no recommendation of a particular method.

**V. N. MASSEY.**—The varnish to use is artists' copal, generally sold in shilling bottles. A thin sheet of glass is sometimes used instead, and with good effect. We had some articles on French Polishing in the June part for 1883.

**J. CRAWFORD.**—The catapulta is on sale by Messrs. Wisden and Co., Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square. They would doubtless forward you an engraving of it if applied to. We do not think that the game would be improved by its extended adoption, and we prefer to say no more about it than we have done.

**W. S. HACKETT.**—In our fretwork competitions you can use either hand or machine saws.

**A READER.**—1. One of Mr. Barnum's agents says that he was leaving the country about the time mentioned in the story, and that he accidentally mislaid a menagerie or two in the hurry of departure. 2. The "Liou Sermon" is annually preached in the City of London in commemoration of Gayer's wonderful escape from perhaps the only lion ever known to have existed in Arabia.

**W. BAKER and Others.**—We do not think your suggestion of any practical use. Those who want the plates separate can get them in the packet.

**SPORT.**—1. You would find the series of articles on Gymnastics in our third volume of great use. 2. You could consult the advertisements in the "Exchange and Mart." 3. A good horizontal bar will cost you about two guineas. Messrs. Spencer, of Goswell Road, publish a catalogue of gymnastic appliances.

**J. B. EVANS.**—1. See our articles on Dumb-bells and Indian Clubs. 2. A pilot kite should be about two-thirds the size of the main. 3. Instead of lance-wood you could use the best red deal.

**IOLANTHE.**—You can get "From Powder Monkey to Admiral" by buying the first volume of the Boy's Own Paper. The other publication you ask about is one of the trashy undesirables that no decent lad would nowadays care to be seen reading.

**W. ROSCOW.**—1. The author of the educational works was T. K. Arnold, not Dr. Arnold of Rugby. 2. The statement from Madame de Staël is the reverse of the truth. It is only in France that such things are invented and believed. The ship was captured by the English; the crew, instead of disappearing "dans l'abîme," went into Warwickshire.

**MULCIBER.**—There were articles on oil-painting in the third volume, in the parts for May and September.

**ENQUIRER.**—Apply direct to the Admiralty. The Secretary will send you the forms.

**CANADA.**—For books on land surveying get the catalogues of Messrs. Crosby Lockwood and Co., or Messrs. Spott; for books on Canada apply to the office of the Canadian Government. All present officers of the Army you will find in the Army List; all present officers of the Navy you will find in the Navy List.

**C. G. FORD.**—Bookbinders charge about half-a-crown for binding the paper. The August part for 1881 contained the best coloured plate of war-medal ribbons yet published.

**A. H. LANE.**—You can see how to make gut for fishing-lines in the last part of the last volume, in No. 246.

**APPRENTICE.**—The book on "Building Construction" used at the better class Government examinations is the expensive one published by the Clarendon Press.

**C. WALKER.**—Mr. Alfred Tennyson, the poet-laureate, was born in 1802.

Answer to Poetical Charade on p. 543.  
CRICKET.

## OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SIXTH SERIES.)

### II.—Illuminating Competition.

SENIOR DIVISION (ages 18 to 24).

**I**n this division we offered, it will be remembered, one prize only; but in appreciation of the pains taken and skill exhibited by many competitors, we gladly give several extra prizes.

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First Prize—Two Guineas.

HARRY SIDNEY TURK (aged 18), Burlington Cottage, New Wanstead, Essex.

Extra Prizes—10s. 6d. each.

ARTHUR BLACKBURN (aged 19), 90, Upper Earl Street, Bradford, Yorkshire.

JOHN MAINWARING (aged 18), 18, Carlisle Street, South Circular Road, Dublin.

FREDERICK ARCHER (aged 18), 2, Peel Terrace, Peel Street, Nottingham.

ERNEST CHARLES COLLINGS (aged 18), 39, Harman Street, Kingsland Road, N.

HARRY PARKINSON (aged 19), 11, Clarence Street, York.

JOHN ALBERT SUTTON (aged 20), 8, Upper Stanhope Street, Liverpool.

### CERTIFICATES.

[The names are arranged in the order of merit.]

MAURICE T. O'CONNELL, Killadysert, Co. Clare.

W. H. D. CAPLE, 36, Stacey Road, Roath, Cardiff.

A. F. MATTHEWS, 7, Dartington Terrace, Harrow Road, W.

THOMAS W. BROWN, Regent House, Terminus Road, Eastbourne.

WM. G. ERRINGTON, 2, St. Paul's Street North, Cheltenham.

J. J. PELLING, 91, High Street, Barnstaple.

T. W. ELLDEED, 56, Herne Hill Road, Camberwell.

FRANK WASSNER, 21, St. Anne's Terrace, High Street, St. John's Wood, N.W.

BENJAMIN SHONE, 14, Market Street, Borough Road, S.E.

J. T. HANSON, 99A, Haughshaw Road, King's Cross, Halifax.

J. MILTON DIXON, 29, Princess Street, North Shields.

H. E. MALLEY, 4, Bedford Circus, Exeter.

GEORGE PAYNE, Industrial School, 75, Ardwick Green, Manchester.

WALTER STOCKS, 43, Bressingham Road, Sheffield.

FREDERICK WAITE, Grosvenor Library, 35, Chapel Street, Belgrave Square, S.W.

GEORGE MORRIS, "Old Parr's Head," High Street, Gravesend.

FREDERICK BARDWELL, Stoue House, Elliott Street, London Road, Ipswich.

E. HILL, York Cottages.

G. H. DOUTHWAITE, 9, The Crescent, Leicester.

JOSHUA F. GRUBB, 157, Ingrave Street, Clapham Junction, S.W.

J. W. CONSTANTINE, 15, Milton Place, Halifax.

JOSEPH SMITH, care of Mr. G. Smith, High Street, Leytonstone, Essex.

JABEZ ELTON, The Park Lodge, Rolleston Hall, Burton-on-Trent.

JONATHAN F. WILKINS, 9, Hawkes Street, Grange Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

ALEX. HUBBARD, Sherborne Lodge, Queen Anne's Place, Bush Hill Park, Enfield, N.

Name admitted omitted from Junior Division:—

ERNEST P. BROOKES, Upper School, Kingscliffe, Wansford, Northants.

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### What is Catarrh.

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amœba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favorable circumstances, and these are:—Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of mbercle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxœmia, from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the br nchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distre-sing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue.

Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should without delay, communicate with the business managers, Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King St. West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh.

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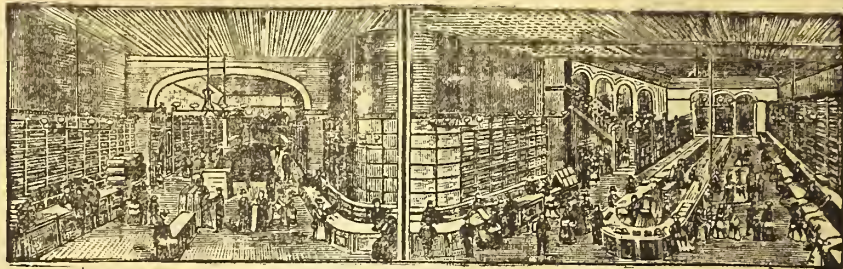
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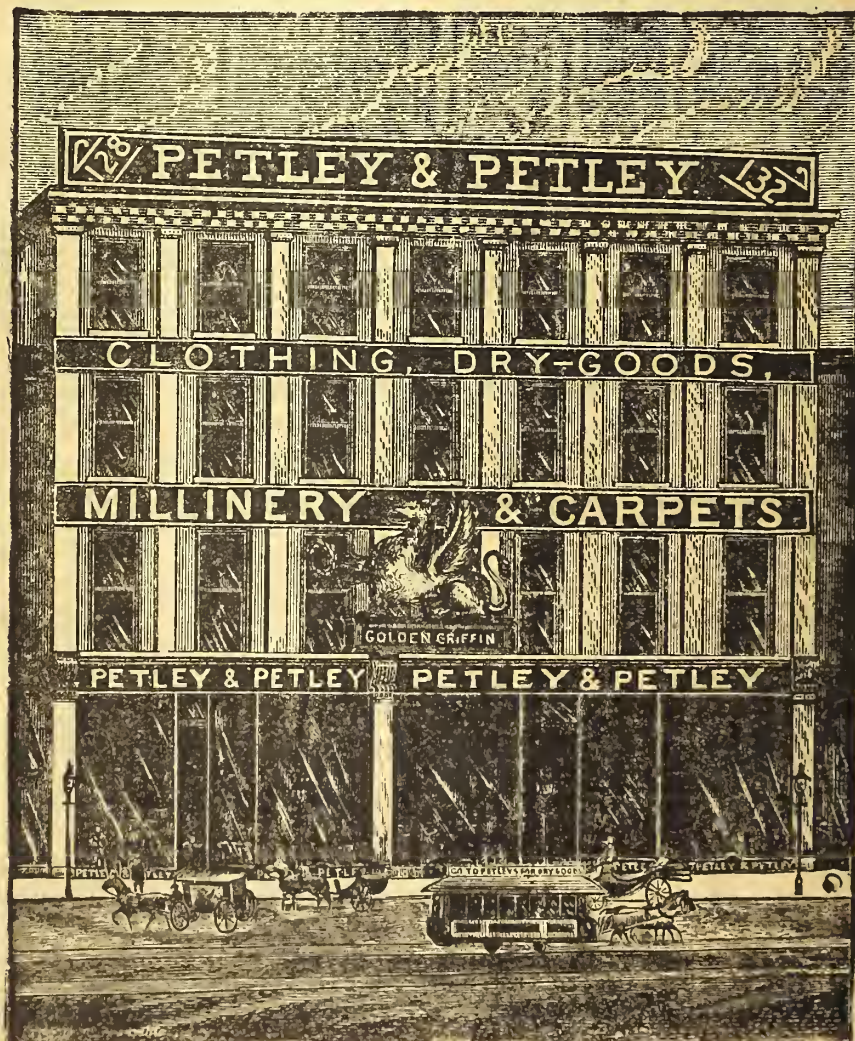
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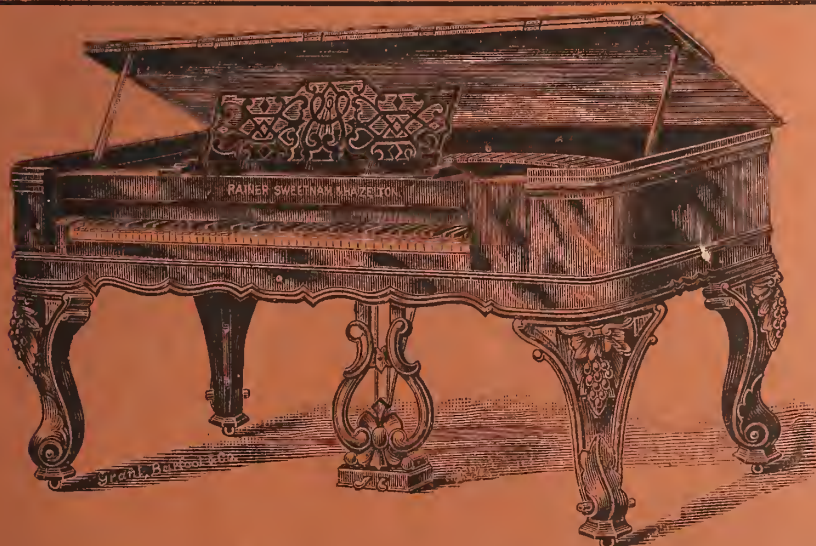
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